St. Nicholas

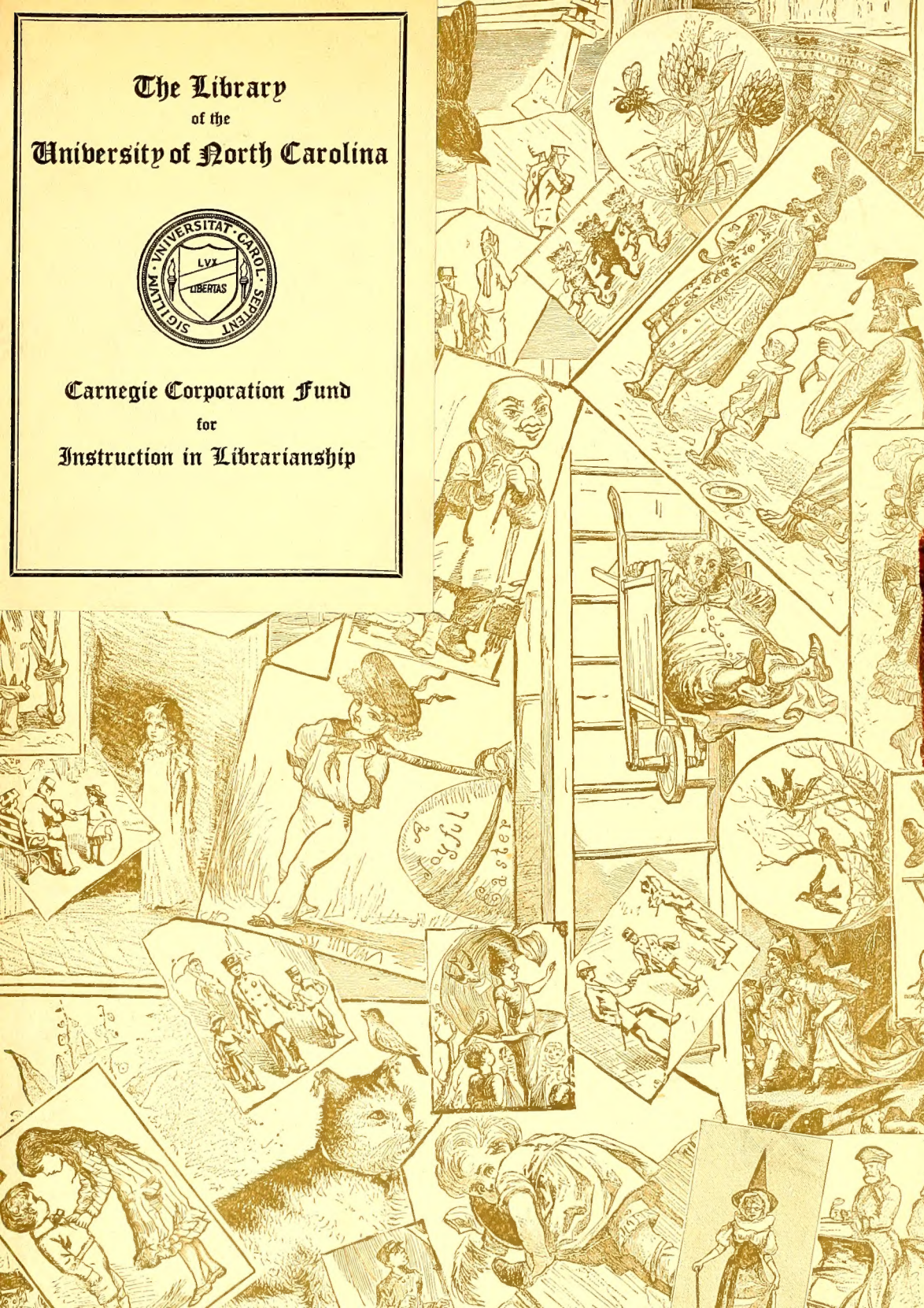
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GREAT GRANDMOTHERS GIRLHOOD.

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XII.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1884, TO APRIL, 1885.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XII.

PART I.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE PRINCESS'S HOLIDAY.

BY NORA PERRY.

UP from broidery frame and book
The Princess lifted a longing look.
Green were the fields that stretched before
The castle gate and the castle door;
And soft and clear the tinkling call
Of sheep-bells over the castle wall;
And sweetly, cheerily rose the song
Of the shepherd lad, as he strolled along
By his nibbling flocks: — "Come hither, come hither,"
He lightly sang. "And whither, and whither
I wander, I wander, come follow, come follow!
Over the field and into the hollow!"

Down went broidery frame and book
From the Princess' hands; and "Look, oh, look"—
She bitterly cried to her maidens there,—
"At the beautiful world, so fresh and fair,
From which we are shut out, day after day!
Oh, what would I give to go or stay,
Hither and thither, away at my will!
To follow and follow over the hill,
Where birds are singing, and sheep-bells ringing,
And lambkins over the grass are springing!

"The meanest peasant may have his will,
To follow and follow over the hill;
But I, because I 'm a Princess born,
In tiresome state from morn to morn
Must wait, before I can go or stay,
For lackey and guard to guide my way!
Oh, what would I give to have my will
For once, just once, and over the hill,
And through the long, sweet meadowy grass
To scamper, as free as a peasant lass!"

What was it?—Did somebody whisper there?
Or was it a bird that, skimming the air,
Wickedly dropped a secret word
That nobody but the Princess heard?
For up from broidery frame and book
She suddenly springs with a joyous look;
"And listen!" she cries, "Oh, listen to me!
This is a day of victory!
For this day year the good news came
That the brave French troops had put to shame
The Spanish foe, and I heard him say—
My father, the King—that on this day,
Sinner and saint, year after year,
Should wander free, with never a fear,
On the King's highway, till the sun had set."—
She laughed a light, low laugh.—"'T is yet
Two hours and more ere the sun goes down,
And the King comes back from the market-town,
Where he went this morn;—two hours and more.
And the gate is wide at the castle door!"

They pranked themselves from head to foot
In gay disguise—a page's boot



And doublet fine to take the place
Of silken shoon and the flowing grace
Of a satin gown.— Then down they bore,
These maiden troops, to the castle door.

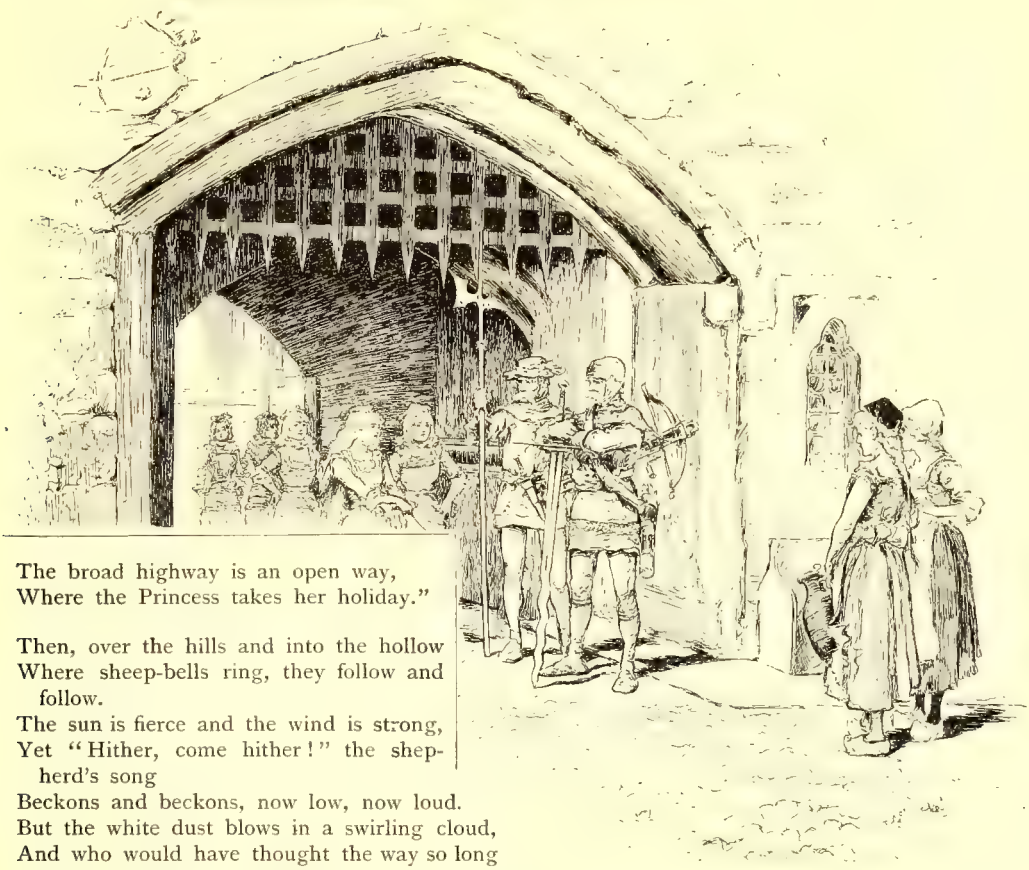
The grim old warders frowned and stared;
The pages laughed; the maids looked scared.
But the merry girl-troopers carried the day,
For who should say a Princess "Nay"?

"But what if the King should come?" one said,
Shaking her little golden head;
"What if the King should come, alack,
Before we are safely, snugly back?"

The Princess stopped in her merry race.—
"The King?" she cried, with an arch grimace,
"Let the King be told, if the King forgets,
That through this day, till the June sun sets,



"OVER THE HILL AND INTO THE HOLLOW."



The broad highway is an open way,
Where the Princess takes her holiday."

Then, over the hills and into the hollow
Where sheep-bells ring, they follow and follow.
The sun is fierce and the wind is strong,
Yet "Hither, come hither!" the shepherd's song
Beckons and beckons, now low, now loud.
But the white dust blows in a swirling cloud,
And who would have thought the way so long
To follow and follow a shepherd's song?

For it looked so near, the way he went,
When one from a palace window leant,
So near, so near,—and now so far!
The palace window shines like a star;
And the meadowy grass that smelled so sweet,
How it trips and tangles the tender feet!
And the hills, that seemed so smooth, are set
With stubble and thorn that prick and fret.

"Heigho, and heigho!" the Princess cries,
As she brushes the blinding dust from her eyes,
"Suppose we turn on our homeward way;
It must be near to the set of day!"

Torn and draggled, the little pack
Of truant troopers wandered back—
Torn and draggled, weary and spent,
Older and wiser than when they went.

The Princess gained her chamber door,
And out of her window leaned once more.
"Heigho, and heigho!" she softly sighed,
"The world is fair and the world is wide
For peasant and prince; but let who will
Follow and follow over the hill,
I 've had enough, for one long day,
Of my own sweet will and the King's highway!"



HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. Trowbridge.



"'WAL,' CONTINUED UNCLE GRAY, 'HOW WOULD YE LIKE THE FARM?'"

I.

"Let the boy come and live with me, and I will be a father to him," said Uncle Gray.

He was a hook-nosed, wiry man, with weather-beaten cheeks, and a voice cracked by asthma, and made still more harsh by driving slow oxen all his life. The cheeks twitched a little, however, and there was an unwonted softness in his tones, as he leaned back in his chair and addressed these words to the weeping woman on the sofa.

The weeping woman was his wife's brother's wife, or rather widow; for it was now nine days since Christopher Downimede, the village tinsmith, had scratched his thumb with a ragged-edged piece of metal, and three days since he had been carried to his grave, a victim of that mysterious and terrible disease, lockjaw.

The boy alluded to was his son Christopher, better known in the village by his nickname, Kit; now sixteen years old, and capable, it was thought, of beginning to earn his own living.

This it seemed quite necessary that he should do; for the late Mr. Downimede, although a thrifty mechanic, had spent his earnings in the support of his family, and left but little property, except some stock-in-trade and the house they lived in.

"He can come and live with me," said Uncle Gray, "and be a farmer; I shall be glad enough to have somebody to shift the care and burden on in a few years. You can keep the younger childr'n in school, rent a part of your house, and take in a little sewin', and, I guess, get along. Here, Christopher! Christopher!"

Hearing his uncle call, Kit, who was outside, came into the house. He was a rather bashful boy, with plump, red cheeks, which showed a distressing tendency to blush on occasions of the least embarrassment, but which had been looking unusually colorless since the shocking calamity

that had bereft him of the kindest of fathers. He was a little awed at the sight of his mother in tears, and of his uncle's solemn visage, but he advanced manfully to hear the result of the consultation.

"I 've be'n thinkin' o' your case, Christopher," said Uncle Gray, "and talkin' to your ma about you. What 's your idee o' gett'n' a livin'?"

Poor Kit had to confess that he had n't any ideas on the subject.

"You have n't any gre't hankerin' after an edecation, have ye?" said Uncle Gray.

"I don't know that I care to go to college," Kit replied. "Though if Pa had lived,"—he choked a little,—"I suppose I should have kept on going to school two or three years longer."

"To be sure; if he had lived." Uncle Gray coughed to clear his throat. "But as 't is, it 's time for you to be considerin' what you 're a-goin' to make of yourself. Ye don't fancy his trade pa'tic'larly, do ye?"

"I don't fancy it at all," said Kit. "I don't care to be a tinner."

"So I thought. And I don't blame ye. Wal, now," continued Uncle Gray, "how would ye like the farm?"

"The farm?" said Kit. "What farm?"

"Wal, f'r instance, *my* farm. I 've got a good place for ye there, if you 'd like to come. We 've no boys of our own, since Andy died,"—the harsh-toned voice softened again,—"and your aunt Gray an' I have be'n thinkin' 't would be jest the thing fer ye to come and live with us, and be like our own son, and graj'ally slip yer neck into the yoke as mine slips out. How do ye think ye would like it?"

Kit had pleasant recollections of the farm, from having visited it often in sugar-making time and huckleberry time, and enjoyed the hospitalities of Uncle and Aunt Gray.

"I think I should like it," he said, "only"—he caught his breath—"I don't want to leave Ma—just now."

"That 's right, that 's right," said Uncle Gray approvingly. "Glad to hear ye say that. But ye can't live tied to her apron-strings all your life. It 's in the natur' of things that childr'n, 'specially boys, should strike out and do for themselves. Though yer livin' with me 'll be a'most like bein' 't home; you can come and see your ma, and your ma can come and see you, often enough. Think on 't, will ye? And le' me know to-morrow, when I 'll be round ag'in."

Think of it Kit did, with many a pang of grief at the recollection of his father, who had been so much more to him than he had ever dreamed until he came to need his love and counsel.

"If he were only here to tell me what I 'd better do!" he said to his mother, as they talked the matter over that night, in the sad loneliness of their little home. "I can't make it seem that he never will be here any more. But I know I shall have to depend upon myself now."

"Yes, my son," said the widow in a stifled voice. "There never was a more upright man, nor a more generous man in his family, than your father, while he lived. But the prop of the house has been taken away. Heaven knows, I would gladly keep you with me, and do for you as he would have done, if it were in my power."

The mother and son sobbed softly together in the gloomy silence. Then Kit said:

"There 's no use wishing things could be different. I know I have got my living to work for, and I may as well work for it on Uncle Gray's farm as anywhere."

"Uncle and Aunt Gray have always been kind to you," suggested the widow.

"Yes, in their fashion," said Kit. "They 're good-hearted folks. But a dollar looks pretty big to them. I believe the boy Uncle Gray is *a father to*," he added, after a little reflection, "will have to *earn* every dollar he gets of him. He and Aunt Gray work hard themselves, and don't believe much in anybody's sitting around on the clover-banks, watching the bees and butterflies. Even when I 've been visiting them, they have made me earn my board by doing lots of little chores. But I never much cared; I like the farm, and I 've had good times out there. May be, I 'd better go; for I don't know what else I can do. I shall be near you, and if I do well I can help you. Perhaps I can make a home for us all some day."

When Uncle Gray called the next morning, he was "rejoiced," as he said, to hear that Kit had come to so sensible a conclusion. The widow was anxious to know just what he proposed to do for her boy, in the way of being "a father to him"; but the worthy farmer was not prepared to meet that point.

"Wait till we see how he takes hold," he said. "If he does well by me, I 'll do well by him; you may count on that. The only way will be for him to come and try it a few months; then we can settle the matter more definitely. We 'll see how useful he makes himself."

The widow gave her boy much good advice when the time for parting with him arrived.

"You 're a smart boy, Christopher, and you 're a well-meaning boy. You 're no shirk; and you 're strong and active. But you have one fault, which I 'm afraid will try your uncle's patience, as it has often tried your father's and mine—your heedlessness. Why is it you are sometimes so forgetful of things, right under your eyes, that you are expected to attend to?"

"I don't know," said Kit, ruefully. "But I seem to be thinking of something else."

"You must try not to be so absent-minded," the widow resumed, in a tone more of entreaty than of chiding. "Your uncle will not put up with your fault as your father and I have done. If you were a stupid boy, we should n't expect so much of you. But you 're anything but stupid; you 're one of the brightest boys I ever saw, when you have your wits about you."

Kit could not forbear a smile of gratification at this compliment, which was not ill-deserved. He had indeed a village reputation for his witty retorts. "Have you heard Kit's last joke?" was a common query among the East Adam boys, always sure to excite curiosity and provoke a laugh.

II.

IT was corn-planting time, and Kit had a good chance, to begin with, to show his uncle how "useful" he could be on the farm. He took the place of one hired man at the start, and lamed his back and blistered his hands, and was homesick enough, during the first week.

He was a plucky lad, however; and when he went home on Sunday, he did not show his blisters, nor complain to his mother of the difference between living on the farm and visiting it occasionally. And when she said, with motherly concern, that she feared the work was too hard for him, he replied stoutly: "'It 's pretty hard,' as the rat said of the old cheese-rind; 'but I guess I can stand it, if the cheese can.' I 'm not like the boy who was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and, after blowing the bellows two days, said he was sorry he had learned the trade."

The widow was cheered to see her boy in such brave spirits, and told him, with an affectionate kiss, that he was the hope of her life.

Inwardly resolved that she should not be disappointed in him, he returned to the farm, and soon worked off the lameness of his back, his homesickness, and the tenderness of his palms. His muscles hardened, his joints grew strong, his hands became callous, and the longer he staid the better contented he was with the place.

His one serious fault clung to him, however, and sorely vexed Uncle Gray, who one day declared:

"You 're as willin' a youngster as ever I saw; but the beatermost dunderpate in all creation. Now, there 's that grass-hook; ye had it a-cutt'n' off the thistle-tops, and ye dropped it somewhere, and, like as not, we never shall see it again. Why can't ye take care o' things?"

"I don't know," Kit murmured penitently, "I forget."

"Ye forgit!" Uncle Gray repeated sternly. "Ye lost the whetstone afore that; and I should think I scolded ye enough fer 't, so ye 'd 'a' be'n a little mite more careful."

"I should think so, too!" replied Christopher.

"And where, f'r instance, do you think I found the iron rake that disappeared so strangely? A-hangin' in the apple-tree, jest where you had used it last, a-pokin' at the worms' nests. It never 'll do in the world to go on at this rate! Graj'ally things 'll go, and I sha'n't have a tool to lay my hands on, next I know. Be ye asleep, or what is the matter?"

Kit smarted under these reproofs all the more because he felt they were deserved. He answered humbly:

"I don't suppose I am a downright fool; but I do believe there is a *fool-streak* in me. If I get my mind on one thing, I go off in a sort of dream, and mind nothing else. I 'll try to do better."

"You must!" Uncle Gray insisted. "I want a boy I can depend on; and I never can depend on one that goes blunderin' through the world in this way. Now, take my advice, and mind what you 're up to!"

Kit improved somewhat after this. Yet if a shovel was mislaid, or a heifer overlooked in the milking, or a calf left to bawl for its supper, Kit was always the culprit.

So anxious was he to correct his bad habit that he used often to ask himself in the evening if there was anything he had neglected during the day, and would punish himself by attending to it then, if it were not too late. In this way he reminded himself, one night as he was going to bed, that when he took care of the horse after his uncle drove home from the village, he had knocked the whip out of the wagon, and had forgotten to pick it up.

"I know just where it is," he said to himself; "and I 'm not going to let Uncle Gray find it there in the morning and give me a scolding."

He had undressed and put out the light. But he pulled his clothes on again in the dark, and went softly down-stairs, not meaning to betray his blunder by disturbing the old folk, who had also retired.

He groped his way to the kitchen, and ran his fingers along the door-frame for the key of the stable, which was left there. He found it hanging securely on its nail; for if there was one thing which Uncle Gray would never trust to anybody else, but always looked after himself, it was the locking up, at bed-time, of his barn and dwelling.

The night was dark; for though there was a moon, according to the almanac, the sky threatened rain, and a few sprinkles fell on Kit's hand as

he reached out, feeling for the stable-door. This he unlocked, and passed on into the barn, where he felt the buggy all over, to make sure that he had not, in an absent-minded way, put the whip back into it. No; it must be on the grass outside where it fell.

He had kicked about in search of it as he approached the barn; but he now went out again and made a more thorough exploration with both feet and hands. He was rewarded after a little while by entangling his toes in the lash (he was barefoot); and with the comfortable consciousness of duty done, having put the whip in place, he groped his way back into the house.

As he was on his way to the chamber-stairs, his uncle called out to him: "'S that you, Christopher?"

"Yes, sir," Kit replied, and immediately turned to the water-pail, to provide himself with an excuse for his untimely movements.

"What are you prowling about the house after bed-time for?" Uncle Gray demanded.

"I 'm getting a drink of water," Kit said, suiting the action to the word.

"Could n't you think of that afore you went to bed?" growled Uncle Gray. "I wonder what you will forgit next!"

Alas, what had not Kit already forgotten in his anxiety to find the whip and get back to bed without arousing the old folks! The morning was to show.

He was awakened shortly after day-break by his uncle pounding on the stairs with a cane, which he kept for the purpose, and calling, "Come, boy, time to be stirrin'! Goin' t' stay a-bed all day?"

Kit made a yawning answer, and was leisurely pulling on his trousers, when Uncle Gray came again to the stair-way, and the voice, rendered harsh by asthma and long experience in driving sluggish oxen, thundered forth:

"Where 's the key to the stable? D' ye know anything about it?"

"Is n't it there?" stammered the boy, remembering with consternation that he had used the key the night before, but utterly unable to remember what he had done with it.

"There? Where?" shouted the angry uncle.

"Hanging by the door," faltered Kit.

He fumbled in his pockets as he sat on the bed, frightened, half-dressed, his hair tumbled, a picture of comical dismay, which he perceived by the dim light when he raised his eyes to the looking-glass on the bare wall; although he did not notice anything very comical in it at the time.

"It *aint* hangin' by the door!" said Uncle Gray; "though I 'm sure I put it there last night. Have you had it since?"

"I—I believe—I did take it," the guilty one confessed, appearing at the head of the gloomy stair-way, jacket in hand. "But I thought I put it back again."

"Thought ye put it back ag'in!" echoed Uncle Gray with savage sarcasm. "I wonder ye don't forgit to breathe some time. Look in yer pockets!"

Kit fumbled again helplessly.

"Ye did n't leave it in the stable-door, did ye?"

"I don't know. I can't remember. I'm afraid I did!" he miserably confessed.

"Don't know! can't remember! afraid ye did!" the ox-compelling voice repeated, yet in tones the laziest ox, or indeed any creature on that well-ordered farm, except "the beatermost dunderpate in all creation," had never yet called forth.

Uncle Gray withdrew, storming; and Kit, stooping on the topmost stair, hurriedly putting on his shoes, could trace him all the way through sitting-room and kitchen, in the direction of the stable, by the wrathful ejaculations he let fall, dying away like rattling thunder in the distance.

Kit followed without his hat, in the chill dawn, aware that retribution awaited him, but hoping that no serious harm had come of his neglect. That hope was quickly dispelled, however, as he approached the stable.

His uncle had found the door unlocked, with the key in it. He had entered in haste, and was now rushing out again, his eyes glaring excitedly, and his features in a snarl of terrible wrinkles.

"Now see what 's come o' your—" he began, but choked, or hesitated for a word weighty enough to express his wrath and alarm; then spluttered forth:

"PESKINESS!"

At the same time he pointed at an empty stall.

The guilty Christopher hurried forward and looked in. It was the stall of Dandy Jim, the one serviceable horse on the place; and the horse had vanished in the night.

III.

"HAS anything happened?" said Aunt Gray, a stoutish woman, with a large, round, kindly face, hooking her dress as she came out of the house, attracted by the little drama at the stable-door.

Instead of answering her, Uncle Gray turned with fresh indignation on Kit.

"What ever possessed ye to come out and unlock the barn after I had once locked it up for the night?"

Kit explained that it was to pick up and put away the whip.

"That was mighty important!" exclaimed Uncle Gray. "Would n't the whip stay where it was till mornin', and no gre't harm done?"

"I suppose so," replied Kit. "But I had made up my mind to take care of things the moment I thought of them; and I thought of that just as I was going to bed. I meant it for the best!" added the conscience-smitten boy.

"Meant it for the best! And so you saved the whip and let the horse be stole! I never!" And with a gesture of impatience Uncle Gray turned back into the barn.

"What!" ejaculated Aunt Gray, who had finished hooking her dress by this time,—a somewhat formidable operation,—"the hoss has n't been stole, has he?"

"I hope not; I don't see how he can have been," said Kit. "To think the thief should come just the very night when the door was left unlocked—I can't believe it!"

"You don't know how many times thieves may have come and found the door locked," said Aunt Gray. "Though it don't seem to me Dandy can be really stole! Pa!"—for so she called her husband,—"be ye sure?"

"Sure 's I want to be, and a good deal more so," he replied. "The mare is there, but the hoss is gone, stole or not; and the saddle and best bridle gone with him. A hundr'd and eighty dollars right out of my pocket, if it 's a penny!"

He turned once more on Kit. "The idee of your comin' out here at nine o'clock, unlockin' the stable, and leavin' the key in the door, as if to invite tramps and vagabonds to walk in and help themselves! I 've no patience with such stupidity!"

"Neither have I!" said Kit, with the candor of abject remorse. "But I don't know how I am to cure myself of it, unless I go and jump into the pond with a plowshare hitched to my neck. I did mean to do better!"

Seeing his tears begin to fall, Aunt Gray said, soothingly:

"Your comin' out here for the whip shows you did mean to, though to patch a little hole you sp'ilt cloth that would have made a garment. You 're like the man that went to stop a little leak o' cider, and burst the hoops off his barrel. But there 's no use cryin' for spilt milk, nor scoldin' about it, neither. If the hoss is stole, the next thing to be done is to try to find him. Here 's Abram; mebbe he knows something that 'll clear up the mystery."

Abram was the hired man, who lived in his own home a mile away, and used to come up to the farm every morning. He was as much surprised as anybody to learn that Dandy Jim was gone, with saddle and bridle; and he had to go and look the stalls and pens all over before he would be convinced. Then he suddenly exclaimed: "Jingo!"

"What is it?" Uncle Gray asked eagerly.

"The hoss-tracks I see comin' up from the village! This accounts for 'em!"

"Did you see hoss-tracks?" Aunt Gray inquired; while Uncle Gray said frowningly that "hoss-tracks" were "plenty enough"; the roads were "full of 'em."

"But not such tracks as I saw this mornin'," replied Abram. "There was a light rain some time in the night, and these tracks were made afterward, as you could see plain enough. I come up the cow-lane, or I might, likely, have followed 'em to your front gate."

"Here they are!" cried Kit, who was already searching the drive-way which led from the barn, past the house, to the road. "Fresh tracks after the rain! There they go! there! there!"

He was off like a hound on a scent, following the tracks to the road. Uncle Gray went more slowly, scrutinizing them with a sight not so keen, and muttering discouragingly:

"I guess they 're Dandy's tracks, sure enough; but what 's the use of any more evidence that I 've lost a hoss? I was sure on 't before."

"We can track him!" cried Kit earnestly.

"A sight of good that 'll do!" said Uncle Gray. "You may track him a mile or so; but what 'll ye do, f'r instance, when ye find the roads full of all sorts of tracks, as they will be long 'fore you come in sight of the thief?"

"Here are a man's tracks, too!" exclaimed Kit. "He led Dandy past the gate; and here 's where he mounted. I 'm going to see which way he has gone, before it 's too late. I wish the mare was fit to ride!"

"I would n't trust her with ye," was Uncle Gray's grim response; "such a blunderhead as you be!"

"But I am going, anyway!" Kit declared.

"Nobody 'll hinder ye," growled Uncle Gray. "Go, if ye wan' to; and I guess, on the whole, ye better not come back 'ithout the hoss."

"Well! I wont!" said Kit, desperately.

"Don't say that, Christopher!" interposed Aunt Gray. "Don't talk that way, Pa! you don't mean it."

"Yes, I do! I 'm tired of the boy's blunderin', blunderin'! I don't want to see him ag'in 'ithout he brings back Dandy, which, I guess, he 'll do about next day after never."

"Christopher!" Aunt Gray called again, raising her voice to be heard in the distance; "wait for a mouthful of breakfast!"

"I don't want any breakfast," Kit answered, as he ran.

"Come back for your hat!" screamed Aunt Gray.

Kit did not hear; nor had he the least idea that he had started off on his hopeless chase after a tolerably well-mounted rogue, without a hat to his uncombed head.

He scanned the tracks carefully as he went, noting the difference between those of the hind feet, which were shod, and those of the fore feet which were not, in places where fore foot and hind foot had left separate prints. He also observed that Dandy had started off evidently on a walk, then struck into a trot, and finally been urged to a gallop, when he had gone well out of hearing from the house; his strides growing longer, and his feet throwing up the dirt of the road-way more plentifully as his speed increased.

The widow Downimede had barely risen that morning, and her door was still unfastened, when it was shaken and pounded violently, and she heard a voice calling: "Hallo! Mother! Mother!"

"It is Christopher!" she exclaimed in very great astonishment, which was not lessened, be sure, when she hastened to open the door and saw him standing there, hatless, with wild eyes and hair, flushed with running, and out of breath.

"Why, my child!" she cried, "what *is* the matter?"

"Don't be frightened," he said. "Uncle's horse has been stolen. The thief has ridden him" —he gasped for breath—"right by the house here. I am on his track."

"My dear boy!" replied the widow, whose first concern was not for the loss of the horse, "you will kill yourself with running!"

"Never fear!" said Kit. "I am all right—only"—panting again—"I started off without my breakfast. Give me a doughnut or two to put in my pocket—to eat—when I have a chance."

On his way to the village, he had had time to reflect that he very likely had an all-day's chase before him, and that his strength would not hold out without food. He had also discovered the absence of his hat, before reminded of it by his mother.



"'GO, IF YE WAN' TO,' GROWLED UNCLE GRAY; 'AND YE 'D BETTER NOT COME BACK 'ITHOUT THE HOSS.'"

"Yes," he said, putting up his hand to his tossed hair, "that 's one thing I stopped for—my base-ball cap. Where is it?" For, of course, so heedless a lad as Kit was careless of any of his things at home, and had to ask his mother for them.

"I 'll find it," she replied. "But you must eat something—a bowl of bread and milk. Mr. Pierce has just left our pint. Take it all."

The can was on the doorstep. Kit took it up and handed it to her, declaring at the same time that he could not stop to eat, nor even wait for his cap unless she could put her hand on it at once.

"For I must find that horse," he said, "if such

a thing is possible. It was my fault that he was stolen, and I am not to go back to Uncle Gray's without him."

"Why! how did it happen?" asked his mother.

"I left the stable-door unlocked. Uncle Gray was mad as fury, and I don't blame him. I sometimes think I 'm half a fool!" And poor Kit burst into tears of self-hatred and grief.

The widow tried to soothe him, as she urged him into the house and poured the milk into a bowl on the table before him; yet she could not help speaking reproachfully of his fault.

"I was afraid it would bring you into trouble; and I warned you,—don't you remember I warned you, Christopher? And now if your uncle has cast you off on account of it, I don't know what we are going to do. I 'm so sorry, so sorry! for I don't see the least chance of your finding the horse, unless you have a still faster one to ride."

"Well, I have n't that, and I can't afford to hire one," said Kit, gulping down the milk, for he found that he was thirsty, if not hungry. "I 'll take my chances; and if I don't have a horse to ride, why, then I sha'n't be bothered with one. The thief is not many hours ahead of me, for he started after it stopped raining."

"It rained till two o'clock, and after," said the widow, stuffing his pockets with doubled slices of buttered bread. "I was awake; and I remember now, I heard a horse clattering fast along the street about then. I thought of your father's sudden illness, and wondered who was riding fast for the doctor. I think of your father so much, night and day, Christopher!"

Her mind was running off upon her great sorrow; but Kit could not stop to hear. He seized the cap which, with a housekeeper's instinct, she had found and handed him; clapped it on his frizzly pate, took another swallow of milk and a bite of bread, allowing her at the same time to drop some small change into his pocket,—all she had; — then he rushed out of the house.

The tracks were still traceable, and they led straight through the village; growing more and more indistinct beyond, however, as they mingled with other tracks made since the rain.

(To be continued.)



THE YOUNGEST GUEST AT THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.



ELEVENTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

A YOUNG girl in a little cap and a big apron sat poring over a cook-book, with a face full of the deepest anxiety. She had the kitchen to herself, for Mamma was out for the day, and cook was off duty. So Edith could fuss to her heart's content. She belonged to a cooking class, the members of which were to have a luncheon at two o'clock with the girl next door; and now the all-absorbing question was "What shall I make?" Turning the pages of the well-used book, she talked to herself as the various recipes met her eye.

"Lobster-salad and chicken-croquettes I 've had, and neither were very good. Now, I want to distinguish myself by something very nice. I 'd try a meat-porcupine or a mutton-duck if there were time; but they are fussy, and ought to be rehearsed before they are given to the class. Bavarian cream needs berries and whipped cream, and I will not tire my arms beating eggs. 'Apricots *à la* Neige' is an easy thing and wholesome, but the girls 'll not like it, I know, as well as some rich thing that will make them ill, as Carrie's plum-pudding did. A little meat-dish is best for lunch. I 'd try sweet-breads and bacon, if I did n't hate to burn my face and scent my clothes, frying. Birds are fine; let me see if I can do larded grouse. No, I don't like to touch that cold, fat stuff. Potted pigeons — the very thing! We had that in our last lesson, but the girls are all crazy about puff-paste, so they wont try pigeons. Why did n't I think of it at once? — for we have them in the house, and don't want them to-day, Mamma being called away. All ready, too; so nice! I do detest to pick and clean birds. 'Simmer from one to three hours.' Plenty of time. I 'll do it! La, la, la!"

And away skipped Edith in high spirits, for she did not like to cook, yet wished to stand well with the class, some members of which were very ambitious, and now and then succeeded with an elaborate dish, more by good luck than skill.

Six plump birds were laid out on a platter, with their legs folded in the most pathetic manner. These Edith bore away in triumph to the kitchen, and opening the book before her, she went to work energetically, resigning herself to frying the pork and cutting up the onion, which she had overlooked when hastily reading the recipe. In time they were stuffed, the legs tied down to the tails, the birds browned in the stew-pan, and put to simmer with a pinch of herbs.

"Now I can clear up, and rest a bit. If I ever have to work for a living, I 'll not be a cook," said Edith, with a sigh of weariness, as she washed her dishes, wondering how there could be so many; for no careless Irish girl would have made a greater clutter over this small job than this young lady who had not yet learned one of the most important things that a cook should know.

The bell rang just as she finished and was

planning to lie and rest on the dining-room sofa till it was time to take up her pigeons.

"Please say that I 'm engaged," she whispered, as the maid passed on her way to the door.

"It 's your cousin, Miss, from the country, and she has a trunk with her. Of course she 's to come in?" asked Maria, coming back in a moment.

"Oh, dear me! I forgot all about Patty. Mamma said any day this week, and this is the most inconvenient one of the seven. Of course she must come in. Go and tell her I 'll be there in a minute," answered Edith, too well bred not to give even an unwelcome guest a kindly greeting.

Whisking off cap and apron, and taking a last look at the birds, just beginning to send forth a savory steam, she went to meet her cousin.

Patty was a rosy country lass of sixteen, plainly dressed and rather shy, but a sweet, sensible little body, with a fresh, rustic air which marked her for a field-flower at once.

"How do you do, dear? I 'm so sorry Mamma is away; she was called to a sick friend in a hurry. But I 'm here, and glad to see you. I 've an engagement at two, and you shall go with me. It 's only a lunch close by, with a party of girls; I 'll tell you about it upstairs."

Chatting away, Edith led Patty up to the pretty room ready for her, and soon both were laughing over a lively account of the exploits of the cooking class. Suddenly, in the midst of the cream-pie which had been her great success, and almost the death of all who partook thereof, Edith paused, sniffed the air, and crying tragically, "They are burning! They are burning!" rushed down-stairs as if the house were on fire.

Much alarmed, Patty hurried after her, guided to the kitchen by the sound of lamentation. There she found Edith hanging over a stew-pan, with anguish in her face and despair in her voice, as she breathlessly explained the cause of her flight.

"My pigeons! Are they burnt? After all my trouble — I shall be heart-broken if they are spoilt."

Reluctantly Patty owned that a slight flavor of scorch did pervade the air, but suggested that an additional mite of seasoning would conceal the sad fact.

"I 'll try it. Do you love to cook? Don't you want to make something for the class? It would please the girls, and make up for my poor burnt pigeons," said Edith, as she skimmed the broth and added pepper and salt with a lavish hand.

"I don't know anything about pigeons, except how to feed and pet them," answered Patty. "We don't eat ours. I can cook plain dishes and make all kinds of bread. Would biscuit or tea-cake do?"

Patty looked so pleased at the idea of contributing to the feast, that Edith could not bear to tell her that hot biscuits and tea-cake were not just "the thing" for a city lunch. She accepted the offer, and Patty fell to work so neatly and skillfully that, by the time the pigeons were done, two pan-fuls of delicious little biscuit were baked, and folded in a nice napkin ready to carry off in the porcelain plate with a wreath of roses painted on it.

In spite of all her flavoring, the burnt odor and taste still seemed to linger about Edith's dish; but fondly hoping that no one would perceive it, she dressed hastily, gave Patty a touch here and there, and set forth at the appointed time to Augusta's lunch.

Six girls belonged to this class, and the rule was for each to bring her contribution and set it on the table prepared to receive them all; then, when the number was complete, the covers were raised, the dishes examined, eaten (if possible), and pronounced upon, the prize being awarded to the best. The girl at whose house the lunch was given provided the prize, which was often both pretty and valuable.

On this occasion a rich bouquet of Jacqueminot roses in a lovely vase ornamented the middle of the table, and the eyes of all rested admiringly upon it, as the seven girls gathered around, after depositing their dishes.

Patty had been kindly welcomed, and soon forgot her shyness, in wonder at the handsome dresses, graceful manners, and lively gossip of the girls. A pleasant, merry set, all wearing the uniform of the class,—dainty white aprons, and coquettish caps with many-colored ribbons, like the maid-servants on the stage. At the sound of a silver bell, each took her place before the covered dish which bore her name, and when Augusta said, "Ladies, we will begin," off went napkins, silver covers, white paper, or whatever hid the contributions from longing eyes. A moment of deep silence, while quick glances took in the prospect, and then a unanimous explosion of laughter followed; for six platters of potted pigeons stood upon the board, with nothing but the flowers to break the ludicrous monotony of the scene!

How they laughed! For a time they could do nothing else; because if one tried to explain, she broke down and joined in the gale of merriment again quite helplessly. They made such a noise that Augusta's mamma peeped in to see what was the matter. Six agitated hands pointed to the comical sight on the table, which looked as if a flight of potted pigeons had alighted there, and six breathless voices cried in a chorus: "Is n't it funny? Don't tell!"

Much amused, the good lady retired to enjoy the joke alone, while the exhausted girls wiped their eyes and began to talk, all at once. Such a clatter! But out of it all, Patty evolved the fact

that each had meant to surprise the rest,— and certainly had succeeded.

"I tried puff-paste," said Augusta, fanning her hot face.

"So did I!" cried the others.

"And it was a dead failure."

"So was mine!" echoed the voices.

"Then I thought I 'd make the other dish we had that day ——"

"Just what I did!"

"Feeling sure you all would try the pastry, and perhaps get on better than I."

"Exactly like me!" and a fresh laugh ended this general confession.

"Now we must eat our pigeons, as we have nothing else, and it is against the rule to add from outside stores. I propose that each girl passes her dish around; then we all can criticise it, and so get some good out of this very funny lunch.

Augusta's plan was carried out; and all being hungry after their unusual exertions, the girls fell upon the unfortunate birds like so many famished creatures. The first one went very well, but when the dishes were passed again, each taster looked at it anxiously; for none were very good, there was nothing to fall back upon, and variety is the spice of life, as every one knows.

"Oh, for a slice of bread!" sighed one damsel.

"Why did n't we think of it?" asked another.

"I did; but we always have so much cake, I thought it was foolish to lay in rolls," exclaimed Augusta, rather mortified at the neglect.

"I expected to have to taste six pies, and one does n't want bread with pastry, you know."

As Edith spoke, she suddenly remembered Patty's biscuit, which had been left on the side-table by their modest maker, as there seemed to be no room for them.

Rejoicing now over the rather despised dish, Edith ran to get it, saying, as she set it in the middle, with a flourish:

"My cousin's contribution. She came so late, she only had time for that. I 'm so glad I took the liberty of bringing her and them."

A murmur of welcome greeted the much-desired addition to the feast, which would have been a decided failure without it, and the pretty plate went briskly round, till nothing was left but the painted roses in it. With this help, the best of the potted pigeons were eaten, while a lively discussion went on about what they would have next time.

"Let us each tell our dish, and not change. We shall never learn if we don't keep to one thing till we do it well. I will choose mince-pie, and bring a good one, if it takes me all the week to do it," said Edith, heroically taking the hardest thing she could think of, to encourage the others.

Fired by this noble example, each girl pledged herself to do or die, and a fine list of rich dishes was made out by these ambitious young cooks. Then a vote of thanks to Patty was passed, her biscuit unanimously pronounced the most successful contribution, and the vase presented to the delighted girl, whose blushes were nearly as deep as the color of the flowers behind which she tried to hide them.

Soon after this ceremony the party broke up, and Edith went home to tell the merry story, proudly adding that the country cousin had won the prize.

"You rash child, to undertake mince-pie! It is one of the hardest things to make, and about the most unwholesome when eaten. Read the recipe and see what you have pledged yourself to do, my dear," said her mother, much amused at the haps and mishaps of the cooking class.

Edith opened her book and started bravely off at "Puff-paste"; but by the time she had come to the end of the three pages devoted to directions for the making of that indigestible delicacy, her face was very sober, and when she read aloud the following recipe for the mince-meat, despair slowly settled upon her like a cloud.

One cup chopped meat; 1½ cups raisins; 1½ cups currants, 1½ cups brown sugar; 1½ cups molasses; 3 cups chopped apples; 1 cup meat liquor; 2 tea-spoonfuls salt; 2 tea-spoonfuls cinnamon; ½ tea-spoonful mace; ½ tea-spoonful powdered cloves; 1 lemon, grated; ¼ piece citron, sliced; ½ cup brandy; ¼ cup wine; 3 tea-spoonfuls rose-water.

"Oh, my, what a job! I shall have to work at it every day till next Saturday, for the paste alone will take all the wits I have. I *was* rash, but I spoke without thinking, and wanted to do something really fine. And now I must blunder along as well as I can," groaned Edith.

"I can help about the measuring and weighing and chopping. I always help mother at Thanksgiving time, and she makes delicious pies. We never have mince-pies at any other time, as she thinks it 's bad for us," said Patty, full of sympathy and good-will.

"Patty, what are you to take to the lunch?" asked Edith's mother, smiling at her daughter's mournful face, bent over the fatal book full of dainty messes that had tempted the unwary learner to her doom.

"Only coffee," replied Patty. "I can't make fancy things, but my coffee is always good. They said they wanted it, so I offered."

"I shall have my pills and powders ready, for if you all go on at this rate, you will need a dose of some sort after your lunch. Give your orders, Edith, and devote your mind to the task. I wish you good luck and good digestion, my dears."

With that the mamma left the girls to cheer each other, and to make plans for a daily lesson till the perfect pie was made.

They certainly did their best, for they began on Monday, and each morning through the week went to the mighty task with daily increasing courage and skill. And they truly needed the former, for even good-natured Nancy became tired of having "the young ladies fussing round so much," and looked cross as the girls appeared in the kitchen.

Edith's brothers laughed at the various failures which appeared at table, and dear Mamma grew weary of tasting pastry and mince-meat in all stages of progression. But the undaunted damsels kept on till Saturday came, and then a very superior pie stood ready to be offered for the inspection of the class.

"I never want to see another," said Edith, as the girls dressed together, weary, but well satisfied with their labor; for the pie had been praised by all beholders, and the fragrance of Patty's coffee filled the house, as it stood ready to be poured, hot and clear, into the best silver pot at the last moment.

"Well, I feel as if I 'd lived in a spice-mill this week, or a pastry-cook's kitchen; and I 'm glad we are done. Your brothers wont get any pie for a long while, I guess, if it depends on you," laughed Patty, putting on the new ribbons her cousin had given her.

"When Florence's brothers were here last night, I heard those rascals making all sorts of fun of us, and Alf said we ought to let them come to lunch. I scorned the idea, and made their mouths water, by telling about the good things we were going to have," said Edith, exulting over the severe remarks she had made to these gluttonous young men, who adored pie and yet jeered at unfortunate cooks.

Florence, the lunch-giver of the week, had made her table pretty with a posy at each place, put the necessary roll in each artistically folded napkin, and hung the prize from the gas burner,—a large blue satin bag full of the most delicious bonbons money could buy. There was some delay about beginning, as one distracted cook sent word that her potato-puffs would n't brown, and begged them to wait for her. So they adjourned to the parlor, and talked till the flushed but triumphant Ella arrived with the puffs in fine order.

When all was ready and the covers were raised, another surprise awaited them; not a merry one, like the last, but a very serious affair, which produced domestic warfare in two houses at least. On each dish lay a card bearing a new name for its carefully prepared delicacies. The mince-pie was re-christened "Nightmare," veal cutlets "Dyspepsia," escalloped lobster "Fits," lemon sherbet "Colic," coffee "Palpitation," and so on, even to the pretty sack of confectionery, which was labeled "Toothache."

Great was the indignation of the insulted cooks, and a general cry of "Who did it?" arose. The poor maid who waited on them declared with tears that not a soul had been in, and she herself absent only five minutes in getting the ice-water. Florence felt that her guests had been insulted, and promised to find out the wretch and punish him or her in the most terrible manner. So the irate young ladies ate their lunch before it cooled, but forgot to criticise the dishes, so full were they of wonder at this daring deed. They were just beginning to calm down, when a loud sneeze caused a general rush toward the sofa that stood in a recess of the dining-room. A small boy, nearly suffocated with suppressed laughter and dust, was dragged forth, and put on trial without a moment's delay. Florence was judge, the others jury, and the unhappy youth, being penned in a corner, was ordered to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on penalty of a sound whipping with the big Japanese war-fan that hung on the wall over his head.

Vainly trying to suppress his giggles, Phil faced the seven ladies like a man, and told as little as possible, delighting to torment them, like a true boy.

"Do you know who put those cards there?" asked Florence, who conducted the examination of the culprit.

"Don't you wish *you* did?"

"Phil Gordon, answer at once."

"Yes, I do."

"Was it Alf? He 's at home Saturdays, and it 's just like a horrid Harvard soph to plague us so."

"It was — not."

"Did you see it done!"

"I did."

"Man, or woman? Mary fibs, and may have been bribed."

"Man," with a chuckle of great glee.

"Do I know him?"

"Oh, don't you!"

"Edith's brother Rex?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do be a good boy, and tell us! We wont scold, though it was a very, very rude thing to do."

"What will you give me?"

"Do you need to be bribed to do your duty?"

"Well, it 's no fun to hide in that stuffy place, and sniff things good to eat, and see you make

way with them, without offering a fellow a taste. Give me a good trial at the lunch, and I 'll see what I can do for you."

"Boys are such gluttons! Shall we, girls?" said Florence, turning to her guests.

"Yes, we *must* know," came the unanimous answer.

"Then go and eat, you bad boy; but we shall stand guard over you till you tell us who wrote and put those insulting cards here."

Florence let out the prisoner, and stood by him while he ate (in a surprisingly short time) the best of everything on the table, for he well knew that such a rare chance would not soon be his again.

"Now, give me some of that candy, and I 'll tell," demanded the young Shylock, bound to make the best of his power while it lasted.

"Did you ever see such a little torment? I can't give the nice bonbons, because they 're a prize, and we have n't decided who is to have them."

"Never mind. Pick out a few and get rid of him," cried the girls, hovering about their prisoner and longing to shake the truth out of him.

A handful of caramels was reluctantly bestowed, and then all waited for the name of the evil-doer with breathless interest.

"Well," began Phil, with exasperating slowness, "Alf wrote the cards, and gave me half a dollar to put 'em 'round. Made a nice thing of it, have n't I?" And before any of the girls could catch him, he had bolted from the room, with one hand full of candy, the other of mince-pie, and his face shining with the triumphant glee of a small boy who has teased seven big girls and got the better of them.

What went on just after that is not recorded, though Phil peeped in at the windows, hooted through the slide, and beat a tattoo on the various doors. The opportune arrival of his mother sent him whooping down the street, and the distressed damsels finished their lunch with what appetite they could muster.

Edith won the prize, for her pie was pronounced a grand success, and partaken of so heartily that several young ladies had reason to think it well named "Nightmare" by the derisive Alfred. Emboldened by her success, Edith invited them all to her house on the next Saturday, and suggested that she and her cousin provide the luncheon, as they had some new dishes to offer, not down in the recipe-book they had been studying all winter.

As the ardor of the young cooks was somewhat dampened by various failures, and the discovery that good cooking is an art not easily learned, anything in the way of novelty was welcome; and the girls gladly accepted the invitation, feeling a sense of relief at the thought of not having any dish to worry about, though not one of them owned that she was tired of "mussing," as the disrespectful boys called it.

It was unanimously decided to wither with silent scorn the audacious Alfred and his ally, Rex, while Phil was to be snubbed by his sister till he had begged pardon for his share of the evil deed. Then, having sweetened their tongues and tempers with the delicious bonbons, the girls departed, feeling that the next lunch would be an event of unusual interest.

The idea of it originated in a dinner which Patty cooked one day when Nancy, who wanted a holiday, was unexpectedly called away to the funeral of a cousin,—the fifth relative who had died in a year, such was the mortality in the jovial old creature's family. Edith's mother was very busy with a dressmaker, and gladly accepted the offer the girls made to get dinner by themselves.

"No fancy dishes, if you please; the boys come in as hungry as hunters, and want a good solid meal; so have something wholesome and plain, and plenty of it," was the much-relieved lady's only suggestion, as she retired to the sewing-room and left the girls to keep house and prepare dinner in their own way.

"Now, Edie, you be the mistress and give your orders, and I 'll be cook. Only have things that go well together,—not all baked or all boiled, because there is n't room enough on the range, you know," said Patty, putting on a big apron with an air of great satisfaction; for she was fond of cooking, and was tired of doing nothing.

"I 'll watch all you do, and learn; so that the next time Nancy goes off in a hurry, I can take her place, and not have to give the boys what they hate,—a 'picked-up dinner,'" answered Edith, pleased with her part, yet a little mortified to find how few plain dishes she could make well.

"What do the boys like?" asked Patty, longing to please them, for they all liked her and were very kind to her.

"Roast beef and custard pudding, with two or three kinds of vegetables. Can we do all that?"

"Yes, indeed. I 'll make the pudding right away, and have it baked before the meat goes in. I can cook as many vegetables as you please, and soup too."

So the order was given and all went well, if one might judge by the sounds of merriment in the kitchen. Patty made her best gingerbread, and cooked some apples with sugar and spice for tea, and at the stroke of two had a nice dinner smoking on the table, to the great contentment of the hungry boys, who did eat like hunters, and advised mamma to send old Nancy away and keep

Patty for cook; which complimentary but rash proposal pleased their cousin very much.

"Now, this is useful cookery, and well done, though it looks so simple," said Edith's mother. "Any girl can learn how, and so be independent of servants if need be. Drop your class, Edith, and take a few lessons of Patty. That would suit me better than French affairs that are neither economical nor wholesome."

"I will, Mamma, for I 'm tired of creaming butter, larding things, and beating eggs. These dishes are not so elegant, but we must have them; so I may as well learn, if Patty will teach me."

grew the lunch which Edith proposed, and to the preparation of which went much thought and care; for the girls meant to have many samples of country fare, so that various tastes might be pleased. The plan gradually grew as they worked, and a little surprise was added, which was a great success.

When Saturday came, the younger boys were all packed off for a holiday in the country, that the coast might be clear.

"No hiding under sofas in my house, no meddling with my dinner, if you please, gentlemen," said Edith, as she saw the small brothers safely off, and fell to work with Patty and the maid to



A MEETING OF THE COOKING CLASS—"LADIES, WE WILL BEGIN."

"With pleasure, all I know," replied her cousin. "Mother thinks it a very important part of a girl's education; for if you can't keep servants, you can do your own work well, and even if you are rich you are not so dependent as is one who is ignorant of these things. All kinds of useful sewing and housework come first with us, and the accomplishments afterward, as time and money allow."

"That sort of thing turns out the kind of girl I like, and so thinks every sensible fellow," exclaimed Rex. "Good luck to you, Cousin, and my best thanks for a capital dinner and a wise little lecture for dessert."

Rex made his best bow as he left the table, and Patty colored high with pleasure at the praise of the tall collegian.

Out of this, and the talk they had afterward, arrange the dining-room to suit the feast about to be spread there.

As antique furniture is the fashion nowadays, it was easy to collect all the old tables, chairs, china, and ornaments in the house, and make a pleasant place of the sunny room, where a tall clock always stood, and damask hangings a century old added much to the effect. A massive mahogany table was set forth with ancient silver, glass, china, and all sorts of queer old salt-cellars, pepper-pots, pickle-dishes, knives, and spoons. High-backed chairs stood around it, and the guests were received by a very pretty old lady in plum-colored satin, with a muslin pelerine, and a large lace cap very becoming to the rosy face it surrounded. A fat watch ticked in the wide belt, mitts covered the plump hands, and a reticule

hung at the side. Madam's daughter, in a very short-waisted pink silk gown, muslin apron, and frill, was even prettier than her mother, for her dark, curly hair hung on her shoulders, and a little cap with long pink streamers was stuck on the top. Her mitts went to the elbow, and a pink sash was tied in a large bow behind. Black satin shoes covered her feet, and a necklace of gold beads was around her throat.

Great was the pleasure this little surprise gave the girls, and gay was the chatter that went on as they were welcomed by their hostesses, who constantly forgot their parts. Madam frisked now and then, and "pretty Peggy" was so anxious about dinner that she was not as devoted to her company as a well-bred young lady should be. But no one minded, and when the bell rang, all gathered about the table, eager to see what the feast was to be.

"Ladies, we have endeavored to give you a taste of some of the good old-style dishes rather out of fashion now," said Madam, standing at her place, with a napkin pinned over the purple dress, and a twinkle in the blue eyes under the wide cap-frills. "We thought it would be well to introduce some of them to the class and to our family cooks, who either scorn the plain dishes or don't know how to cook them *well*. There is a variety, and we hope all will find something to enjoy. Peggy, uncover, and let us begin."

At first the girls looked a little disappointed, for the dishes were not very new to them, but when they tasted a real "boiled dinner," and found how good it was; also baked beans, neither hard, greasy, nor burnt; beefsteak, tender, juicy, and well flavored; potatoes, mealy in spite of the season; Indian pudding, made as few modern cooks know how to make it; brown bread, with home-made butter; and pumpkin-pie that cut like wedges of vegetable gold,—they changed their minds, and began to eat with appetites that would have destroyed their reputations as delicate young ladies, if they had been seen. Tea in egg-shell cups, election-cake and cream-cheese, with fruit, ended the dinner; and as they sat admiring the tiny old spoons, the crisp cake, and the little cheeses like snow-balls, Edith said, in reply to various compliments paid her: "Let us give honor where honor is due. Patty suggested this, and did most of the cooking; so thank her, and borrow her recipe-book. It 's very funny, ever so old, copied and tried by her grandmother, and full of directions for making quantities of nice things, from pie like this to a safe, sure wash for the complexion. May-dew, rose-leaves, and lavender,—does n't that sound lovely?"

"Oh, let me copy it!" was the simultaneous request of Ella and May, who were afflicted with freckles, and Laura, who was sallow from over-indulgence in coffee and confectionery.

"Yes, indeed. But I was about to say, as we have no prize to-day, we have prepared a little souvenir of our old-fashioned dinner for each of you. Bring them, Daughter; I hope the ladies will pardon the homeliness of the offering, and make use of the hint that accompanies each."

As Edith spoke, with a comical mingling of the merry girl and the stately old lady she was trying to personate, Patty brought from the sideboard, where it had stood in hiding, a silver salver, on which lay five dainty little loaves of bread. On the top of each loaf appeared a recipe for making it, nicely written on a colored card and held in place by a silver scarf-pin.

"How cunning!" "What lovely pins!" "I 'll take the hint and learn to make good bread at once." "It smells as sweet as a nut, and is n't hard or heavy anywhere!" "Such a pretty idea, and so clever of you to carry it out so well!"

These remarks went on as the little loaves went around, each girl finding her pin well suited to her pet fancy or foible; for all were different, and all very pretty, whether the design was a palette, a pen, a racquet, a fan, or a bar of music.

Seeing that her dinner was a success in spite of its homeliness, Edith added the last surprise, which had also been one to Patty and herself when it arrived, just in time to be carried out. She forgot to be Madam now, and said with a face full of mingled merriment and satisfaction, as she pushed her cap askew and pulled off her mitts:

"Girls, the best joke of all is that Rex and Alf sent the pins, and made Phil bring them, with a most humble apology for their impertinence last week. A meeker boy I never saw, and for that we may thank Floy; but I think the dinner Pat and I cooked the other day won Rex's heart, so that he made Alf eat humble pie in this agreeable manner. We 'll not say anything about it, but will all wear our pins, and show the boys that we can forgive and forget as 'sweet girls' should, though we do cook and have ideas of our own beyond looking pretty and minding our older brothers."

"We will!" cried the chorus with one voice, and Florence added: "I also propose that when we have learned to make something besides 'kick-shaws,' as the boys call our fancy dishes, we have a dinner like this, and invite those rascals to it; which will be heaping coals of fire on their heads, and will put a stop for evermore to their making jokes about our cooking class."

LORRAINE'S REASON.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

LORRAINE has wonderful, lustrous eyes,
Clear as the depths of a mountain lake,
Blue as the blue of morning skies
That frost and sunshine together make.

"Give me those beautiful eyes," I said,
"Those merry blue eyes of yours, Lorraine!"
The sunbeams danced on the golden head,
While into the eyes crept a look of pain.

"I tan't!" the little maid said, at last,
Her mind all free from the sudden doubt,
As over the lids her fingers passed.
"Dod put 'em in tight, and I tan't det 'em out!"

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

I.

THE ROMANS, BUT NOT ROME.

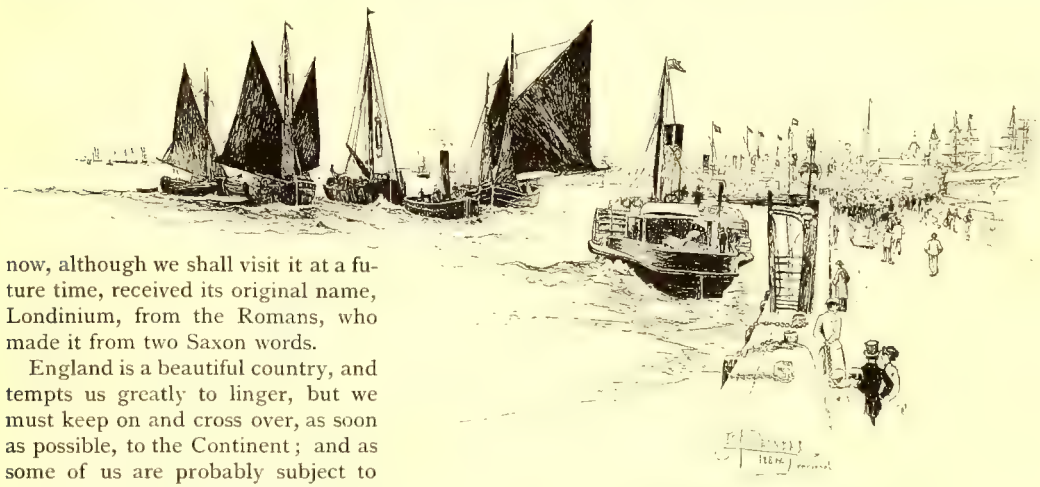
IT is quite a common thing for persons traveling in Europe who are unacquainted with the countries they intend to visit, to form themselves into companies under the charge of a man who makes it his business to go with such parties and personally conduct them during the tours and journeys that may be agreed upon. Besides relieving travelers from the troubles and perplexities which often befall them in countries with the language and customs of which they are not well acquainted, the personal conductor is familiar with all the objects of interest in the various places visited, and is able to explain to those under his charge everything that they see.

It is my purpose to offer my services to you, boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS, to personally conduct you, in the pages of your magazine, to various interesting places in Europe. I do not propose to take you over all Europe, nor to stop at every well-known place upon our route, for to do this would require a long time. Of course, there are few places in the world which the ST. NICHOLAS young people have not read about; but every traveler sees something new, or sees old things in a new light, and when we visit great cities or noted localities, we shall not only try to enjoy what we have read of before, but to find out as much as possible for ourselves. I shall conduct you only over such ground as I myself have previously visited. And now, as we know what is to be done, we will set out.

If we cross the Atlantic by one of the fast steamships, we shall make the voyage in about a week. But if we are going to Liverpool, to which port most of the steamers sail, we must not think that our journey is over at the end of the seventh day. At that time we have only reached Queenstown, Ireland. The time of steamers crossing the Atlantic is estimated by the number of days and hours occupied in going from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, or from Queenstown to Sandy Hook. It is true that, on arriving at Queenstown we have reached Europe, but we must go on for about a day more before we get to Liverpool, the end of our voyage; unless, indeed, we choose to stop for a time in Ireland, which many people do. We are landed at Liverpool by a little side-wheel steam-boat, which conveys us from the ocean steamer, anchored in mid-stream, to the "landing-stage" or floating dock.

And here I may as well state at once that we are on our way to the south of France and Italy, and that, therefore, we shall make short stops, at present, at intervening places, no matter how interesting they may be. For this reason we shall soon leave behind us Liverpool, with its magnificent stone docks, its seven miles of quays, and its enormous draught-horses, which bear the same relation to common horses that Jumbo bears to common elephants. Nor shall we stop very long at the queer old town of Chester, full of quaint and curious houses of the olden time, some with Scriptural texts upon their fronts, and which has a wall entirely around it, built by the Romans when these mighty people were masters of England. If there is in our company any boy or girl

who has studied ancient history so much that he or she is tired of hearing about the Romans, that member of our party must either turn back and go home, or else be prepared to exercise a great deal of resignation during the rest of our journeys. For, in traveling over civilized Europe, we might as well try to avoid English or American travelers (who are to be found everywhere) as to avoid the architectural remains of the Romans, who were as great in colonizing as they were in conquering, and who left marks of their enterprise from Africa to Scotland. If this energetic nation had known of the existence of a continent on the other side of the Atlantic, it is very likely that there would now be the remains of a Roman amphitheater on Coney Island, and a Roman wall around Burlington, New Jersey. Even London, the greatest city in the civilized world, where we shall not stop now, although we shall visit it at a future time, received its original name, Londinium, from the Romans, who made it from two Saxon words.



THE LANDING-STAGE AT LIVERPOOL.

England is a beautiful country, and tempts us greatly to linger, but we must keep on and cross over, as soon as possible, to the Continent; and as some of us are probably subject to sea-sickness, we will choose the shortest sea route—that between Dover and Calais.* The English Channel is one of the worst places in the world for causing sea-sickness, and we shall take passage upon a very curious vessel, built for the purpose of preventing, so far as possible, the rolling, pitching, and tossing which cause many travelers to suffer more in a few hours' trip between England and France than they had suffered in their whole voyage across the wide Atlantic. This vessel is, in reality, two boats, placed side by side, and covered with one deck like the catamarans in use in the United States. It has a comparatively easy and steady motion, and it is quite a novel experience to go out to the forward rail, and see the bows of the two vessels in front of us plowing through the water, side by side, as if they were a pair of steam-boats running a very even race. From Calais we go by rail to Paris, the most beautiful of all the great cities of the world; but it is not our intention to stop here now, and so we keep on toward the south of France.

Our first actual visit will be made to the small but very old city of Avignon † on the River Rhone. This is a good place at which to begin our foreign life, for there are few towns in Europe which to an American boy or girl would seem more thoroughly foreign than Avignon. The town is surrounded by a high wall, with the battlements and towers almost as perfect as when they were built in the fourteenth century. Nearly all the streets are either narrow or crooked, and many are both, as streets used to be in the Middle Ages, and some of them are cut through solid rock, with queer old houses perched high overhead. But there are broad open spaces, and one straight wide street, which, with the handsome gate at the end of it, was formerly called the street and gate of Petrarch, after the famous poet who lived near Avignon. Lately, however, the French people have changed its name, and now it is called the street of the Republic. But with this exception there is nothing about Avignon that would remind us of any modern town. Everything we see—the houses, the streets, the churches—looks as if it had been in use for centuries.

In the year 1309 Avignon became a very important place in the eyes of Europe; for in that year the Pope of Rome came to live here, and made this little city the central seat of government of the Christian church. Civil wars in Italy made Rome a very unpleasant place for the popes to live in, and through the influence of the King of France, Pope Clement V. established himself at Avignon, and other popes succeeded him; and the fact that for nearly a hundred years the popes

* Pronounced: in English, *Kal'-is*,—in French, *Kal ā*

† Pronounced *A-veen yone'*

lived at Avignon has given this little city an important place in history.

The massive palace in which the popes used to live still stands upon a hill called the Rocher des Doms, overlooking the town. This building, lofty in height and immense in extent, is now occupied as a military barracks, but visitors can walk through it and see many remains of its former grandeur. But in its lofty halls—(the walls of which were covered with fresco paintings by Italian masters)—rude soldiers now eat, drink, and sleep, where popes and cardinals once moved about in state.

After a visit to the old cathedral near by, we go out upon the upper part of the hill, which is laid out as a pleasure-ground, with handsome walks and shrubbery. From a high point here we have one of the finest views in France. Far off to the eastward, with its white head against the deep blue sky, is a mountain, its top covered with perpetual snow. It is Mont Ventoux,* one of the Maritime Alps; and although we shall see much grander mountains, we shall not be likely to forget this one, on top of which is lying, perhaps, the first perpetual snow that some of us have ever seen. Far away on every side, we have beautiful views of the Rhone valley and the surrounding country with its dark masses of forest, its vast stretches of fields and groves of olive-trees, and its little white stone villages scattered about, here and there, upon the landscape. The river Rhone runs close to the foot of the Rocher des Doms; and looking across its two branches, which are here separated by a large island, we see something that seems like a fortress. The four walls, inclosing a large square space, have battlements and towers, most of which are now broken down; but two fine old towers, with a gate-way between them, still stand up bold and high. Near these ruins is a long, straggling town, which is the very old town of Villeneuve,† or New City; and the place with the walls around it is the ruins of the fortified Abbey of St. Andrew, which used to be a very important establishment in the time of the popes. Just beneath us there is a part of an ancient bridge which once stretched across the two branches of the river, and over the island, to the other side. The swift-flowing Rhone, however, has long since carried away nearly all of it, and there is nothing left but a small portion, with a little chapel standing on the outermost and broken end.

There is now a modern bridge over the river, and as I know we will all wish to examine the ruins of the abbey on the other side, we will cross over this; and we soon enter the town of Villeneuve, which I am sure is the saddest and most deserted-looking place that any of you ever saw in your lives.

There are few persons to be seen anywhere. We go up a long street with dead-looking houses on each side, and occasionally we see a magnificent stone portal with pillars and carved ornaments, which would seem to lead to some grand palace; but on looking through the gate-way we see nothing behind but a miserable little stone shanty, the palace having long ago gone to ruin. An imposing entrance of this kind, which leads to nothing of any consequence, reminds me of some people I have met.

I must say here, while speaking of the aspect of Villeneuve, that we must not allow ourselves to be depressed by the melancholy little villages we shall meet with in our travels in the southern part of Europe. We must not expect pretty houses, surrounded by shade-trees, fresh grass, and flower-beds, such as we see in country places at home. In England, and some parts of the Continent, many of the small country houses and villages are extremely picturesque and attractive, but in the

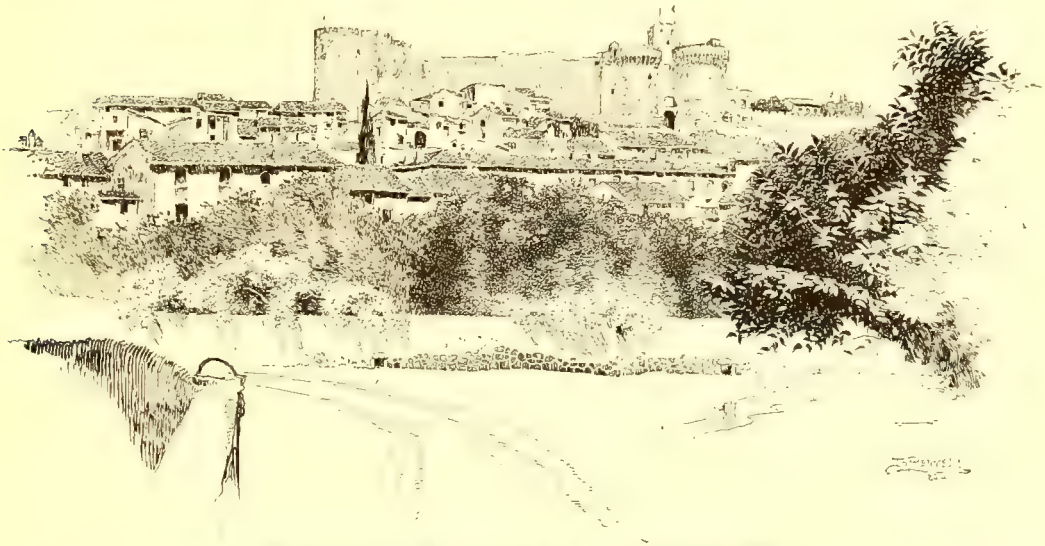


THE TWIN STEAMER "CALAIS-DOUVRE" CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

* Pronounced *Monz vonz-too'*.

† Pronounced *Veel-nuv'*.

southern part of Europe, where the summers are long and hot, the houses in the villages are built of gray or whitish stone, with as few windows as possible, and are crowded close together. The narrow streets are hard and white, and look as if they were made of the same stone as the houses. The heat can not penetrate into these tomb-like



DISTANT VIEW OF THE OLD ABBEY OF ST. ANDREW, AT AVIGNON.

buildings, and they may be very cool and satisfactory to the people who live in them, but they have not a cheerful air. But we shall get used to this and many other things which are either better or worse than what we have left behind us at home; and the sooner we make up our minds to enjoy, so far as we can, whatever sights we see, without continually comparing them with things at home, the greater pleasure shall we take in our travels, and the greater advantage will they be to us.

When we have passed through the town and have reached the old abbey, we find a little man with a bunch of keys; he is called the *gardien*, and has the privilege of showing the place. Did any of you ever read "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by Mrs. Radcliffe? If you have, you will remember that the story is full of secret passages, concealed door-ways, trap-doors, and dungeons. The two great round towers which stand on each side of the main entrance to this abbey are very much like my idea of the Castle of Udolpho. We enter one of the towers by a little door on the ground, and find ourselves in a dark apartment; then we go up narrow, winding stone stairs, with a rope on one side to take hold of; and so visit, one after another, the various dungeons and rooms of the two towers, which are connected, and which for centuries were used for prisons. In a small dark, stone cell there is an inscription stating that Gaston, brother of Louis XIV., was here confined. This was the "Man with the Iron Mask," who was, from time to time, shut up in various prisons of France. One of the large rooms has its stone floor literally covered with inscriptions scratched or carved there by prisoners. Some of these were made as late as the great French Revolution, while others date back to the tenth century; some are very elaborate, and it must have taken the prisoners a long time to cut them out, but that was probably the only way they had of passing the time. In the upper part of one of the towers is the bakery, with immense ovens, still apparently in good order. Near by is the little cell where the baker, who was always a prisoner, was every night locked up. The *gardien* will point out to us trap-doors, on which we feel somewhat fearful to tread, and doors and dark passages which we should never be likely to find by ourselves. And, at last, we make our way down the stone stairs, which are worn by the steps of many generations of prisoners, guards, and jailors, and out into the great inclosed space surrounded by the abbey walls. There are other towers at the corners of these walls, but they are in a ruined condition. Almost in the center of the inclosure is a comparatively modern convent, with a wall around it. This is the only place within the bounds of the ancient abbey that is inhabited.

Ruins of this kind possess a historical interest,

and those who wish to understand the manners and customs of people of the Middle Ages should not fail to visit them, if it is in their power; but, after all, I think we shall feel relieved when we go away from this gloomy fortress and these melancholy dungeons, and prepare to visit something which is a relic of the past,—I may say of the very long, long past,—but which has no saddening traditions connected with it.

What we are now going to see is not at Avignon, but is distant about an hour's ride by rail. It is the Pont du Gard* (or "Bridge of the Gard"), a great bridge, or aqueduct, built here by the Romans at a time when this part of France was occupied by the soldiers and colonies of that people; and, next to the Colosseum at Rome, it is considered the grandest and most perfect piece of Roman architecture now standing in the world.

In order to properly see this great ruin, we shall give a day to the visit; and we shall take a morning train at the station at the end of the bridge opposite Avignon, and go to Remoulin,† a small village about two miles from the Pont du Gard. Then as many of us as can be accommodated will get into little carriages, each drawn by one horse with a high horn to his collar, on which hang bells, and driven by a man in a blue blouse, with a whip that cracks as merrily as the bells jingle; and the rest of us, I suppose, will have to walk. The most of our road is by the little river Gardon, usually called the Gard; and as we go along, we see French rural life much better than we can from the windows of a railway train. The road is smooth and hard, like those of our city parks. Of this kind, indeed, are nearly all the roads in France. When we have gone about two miles, we reach a valley formed by two rows of high hills, which rise on each side of the river; and at a turn in the road we suddenly see before us the great Pont du Gard. It is an immense stone bridge, rising high into the air and stretching across the whole valley. It consists of three rows of arches, one above the other. In the lower row there are six very large arches; above this is a longer row of eleven smaller arches; and over this, thirty-five arches still smaller. On the top of the upper row, and forming the summit of the bridge, is a covered aqueduct, or water-way. At a little distance this vast bridge seems almost as entire and perfect as when first built, and we can hardly realize the fact that it has stood there for nineteen centuries. The valley here is wild and almost desolate. There is a mill on one side of the river and a small house, nearly concealed by trees, on the other, and an occasional wagon may be seen moving slowly along the road, or crossing the river on a bridge, which was built in 1743 for military purposes, close to the lower arches of the ancient structure and partly resting on them. Otherwise the place is quiet and deserted, as it probably always has been; and it seems strange that the Romans should have built such a stupendous and costly bridge in a spot like this. But it was not put here that people might cross the little river Gardon, which is spanned by a single one of the lower row of arches. There is a broad pavement of great slabs of stone on the top of this first row of arches, and on this persons could walk if there happened to be anybody who wanted to cross the river at this point, but vehicles could never go over the Pont du Gard. It was erected solely for the purpose of carrying water across the valley, and was part of an aqueduct, twenty-five miles long, constructed by the Romans to conduct the water of the springs of Airan to their town of Nemausus, now the French town of Nîmes.‡ Remains of this aqueduct may still be seen in various parts of the country between the springs and Nimes.

We all stop for a few moments to gaze at this massive structure,—even now one of the greatest bridges in the world,—and then we hurry forward to take possession of it. This we may truly do for as long a time as we please, for there is no *gardien* here in charge of the bridge; there are no guides to take us about and explain everything, as if they were "saying a lesson" which they had learned years ago, and had repeated every day since; and it is very likely there are no tourists wandering up and down with red guide-books in their hands, for it is an out-of-the-way place. So we have the great bridge to ourselves, and can wander and climb about it as much as we like. We send the little carriages back to Remoulin, with orders to return for us in the afternoon, and give ourselves up to the pleasant occupation of finding out exactly what sort of a bridge the Romans constructed when they made up their minds to build a really good one. The first thing we do is to pass under some of the lower arches to the farther side; and this we can easily do, for, as I said before, the little river runs under but one of these arches, the others stretching over the rocks, the grass, and the road in the bottom of the valley. From the other side we get a view of the ancient bridge unobstructed by the modern one, which was built by a warrior duke for the purpose of getting his cannon and military wagons across the stream, and which is now a very good bridge for vehicles of the present day. As we gaze up at the old bridge, we see great stones projecting at regular intervals from its sides, from the bottom up to the top of the second row of arches. These

* Pronounced *Pon^g du Gar*

† Pronounced *Reh-moo-lan^g*

‡ Pronounced *Neem*

served as supports to the derricks and other machines by which the massive stones were raised as the building progressed; and when Agrippa (the son-in-law of Cæsar Augustus), who is believed to have built this bridge, had finished his great work, he did not think it necessary to make his workmen cut off these projecting stones, and thus we have an idea of one of the methods by which the Roman stone-masons worked. When we go up to the road which is on a level with the top of the first row of arches, we all cross the bridge on the broad pavement, which seems as smooth and solid as when it was laid down, before the beginning of the Christian era. The second row of arches rests upon this pavement, but there is plenty of room on the outside of them for us to walk, and if we keep on the side next to the modern bridge, there is no danger of falling off. When we step under the arches of this second row and look up, we see the square indentations in the stone-work which were made there to support the scaffolding of the Roman masons. The world has changed so much since those holes were made that it is almost like a new world; and if Agrippa, the famous aqueduct-builder, could come back to life, he would find a wonderfully different Rome and a wonderfully different Europe from those he used to know, but he would see the square holes in his arches exactly as he left them.



"TOURISTS WANDERING UP AND DOWN, WITH RED GUIDE-BOOKS IN THEIR HANDS."

When we have examined the bridge as much as we wish to from this broad lower pavement, we make up our minds to go to the very top of it, and see what is to be seen there. The aqueduct, which rests on the upper row of arches, extends from the upper part of the hills on one side of the valley to the hills on the other, and we can reach it by climbing a steep path. When we get to the end of the path,—and those of you who are inclined to be fat, and also inclined to be in a hurry, must expect to puff a little at this point,—we find that we can look through the long covered water-way from one end to the other. But more than this, we can walk through it if we choose, and this we immediately prepare to do. This long passage, through which the water used to run, is several feet wide, and higher than a tall man, and in some places the broad slabs of stone which formed its roof are missing, so that it is now quite well lighted. There is no danger in walking through it, for there are no holes in the floor through which one might fall, and the walls of the aqueduct are still perfect. The bridge is very old, but it is solid enough to support all the people who may choose to walk through its water-way, and hundreds of years from now it will probably be as strong as it is to-day. There have been young men who have partly crossed this bridge by climbing on the roof of the water-way and walking on the top of the stone slabs. There is no railing there for any of them to catch hold of should they make a misstep, and, although it is quite wide enough to walk on, it is too high in the air to make it safe for a promenade. So the ST. NICHOLAS boys will keep off this roof, if they please, and walk in the narrow passage through which the water used to flow to the old Roman town.

When this water-way was built, it was lined with the famous Roman cement, through which water could not penetrate. The bottom, or floor, of the passage is now a good deal broken, and there are loose pieces of this plaster, about half an inch thick, lying here and there. I dare say many of the young people will pick up some of these, and carry them away as mementoes of masonwork which was comparatively new and fresh at the time when Mary and Joseph, with their little Child, took their flight into Egypt. It is not right to injure monuments or buildings, either ancient or modern, by carrying away pieces of them as relics, but there is no harm in taking a piece of plaster

which may be crushed by the first heavy heel that treads upon it. It is a queer sensation, walking through this long rectangular pipe, for it is nothing else, which is raised to such a great height in the air. When we arrive at about the middle, those of us who happen to think of the three rows of arches beneath us, and of the good old age to which they have arrived, may perhaps begin to feel a little nervous, but there is really no danger, and if you think you feel the bridge swerving from side to side, it is all imagination. It is certainly a very narrow bridge, considering its great height and length, but the storms of nineteen centuries have not moved it.

When we come to the other end of the bridge, we find that it is somewhat broken and does not reach the hill-top in front of it, but there are stones, like steps, by which we can make our way to a path which will take us down the hill to the valley. This valley is a delightful place for a picnic, and here we shall sit down and eat the luncheons we have brought with us. In some places the ground is covered with beautiful green grass, shaded by trees; and near the bridge are many rocks which are pleasant to sit upon. Not far away is an olive orchard, and when I first visited this place many of the olives were ripe. I had never before seen ripe olives, which are of a dark purple, almost black, and look like little plums. I naturally wished to know how they tasted, and so I picked one and tried it. I do not believe the owner of the grove would object to the boys and girls picking as many ripe olives as they chose, provided they would give him a cent apiece for all they did not eat after tasting them. The foliage of olive-trees is of a dull grayish green, and although picturesque when seen in masses, and at a little distance with the sunlight upon it, is not of a cheerful hue. But an olive grove will always appear more cheerful to those who have not tasted the ripe fruit than to those who have. The olives which we use on our tables are picked green and pickled; those which ripen are used for oil.

We wander by the side of the little river, which sometimes spreads out to quite a width, overhung by trees, and then hurries between rocks toward the mill, where it spreads itself out again and falls gayly over a dam. Then we sit upon the rocks and the grass, and look through the great lower arches of the old bridge, and we see through each one a different picture; sometimes a bit of the river, the mill, and distant hills spotted with villages and steeples; sometimes the river, a grove, the bright green grass, and the deep blue sky; and then again a white road, with a queer old-fashioned wagon making its way slowly along; or high, rocky hills, and a mass of deep green foliage, with a bit of sky just visible at the top.

And, when we gaze upward, there is the bridge, wonderful in its size, its beauty, and enduring strength, and still more wonderful in the story it tells of that great nation which once spread itself over the known world, leaving everywhere monuments of its power and wealth. But, with one exception, none of its monuments which survive to-day are so vast and imposing as this immense bridge, built simply for the purpose of giving good pure water to the inhabitants of a little town. Nearly every one who sees the Pont du Gard makes the remark that it seems strange that such an enormous and expensive bridge should have been built just to carry water across that valley. Truly, the Romans were an energetic people.

The reason why the Pont du Gard is now so much more a perfect structure than that other great remaining work of the Roman architects, the Colosseum, is that it has always stood at a distance from towns and cities whose inhabitants might want its stones to build their palaces and their huts. It is not the hand of time that has, in most cases, destroyed the temples and other architectural works of the ancients, but the hand of man. They were built strongly and massively; but, although they could resist the storms of centuries, they could not resist the crow-bars of men who found it much easier to take away their stones, already cut and shaped, than to quarry building-material from the rocks. The world has now more respect for ancient remains than it used to have; and I feel sure that if ever a town arises near the Pont du Gard, the stones of the old bridge will not be taken to build its houses.

But now we hear jingling bells, and the cracking of whips, and here come the little carriages to take us back to Remoulin.

At Nîmes, and at some other places in the south of France, there are ruins of amphitheaters and other Roman buildings; but we shall not visit these now. After a while we wish to go to Rome, and if we see too many Roman ruins before we get there, it may take off a little of the edge of the keen pleasure we expect in the Eternal City.

But the Pont du Gard is something that is different from anything else in the world; it would not do to miss that.

[An illustration, showing the Pont du Gard, arrives too late for the present issue of ST. NICHOLAS. It will appear in the December number. — Ed.]

WILLOW WARE



On Grandmamma's table is waiting for me
A plate with gingerbread piled,—
Bread and milk, and berries and cream,
And the mug marked "For a Good Child."
And I eat my supper and wonder where
That wonderful land may be
Where the sky is white and the earth is blue,
That on my plate I see.



"Grandma, you know 'most everything—
Tell me the story about it all.
Do the long-tailed birds
know how to sing?
Did a princess live in that
castle small?
The princess's hair in a
fairy tale
Is generally gold, but this is blue
How does the boat go without
any sail?
Tell me the story,—
Grandmamma do."

So she tells me the legend — centuries old,
Of the mandarin, rich in lands and gold;
Of Li-chi fair and Chang the good,
Who loved each other as lovers should.
How they hid in the gardener's hut awhile,
Then fled away to the Beautiful Isle:
Though the cruel father pursued them there
And would have killed the hapless pair;
But a kindly Power, by pity stirred
Changed each into a beautiful bird.

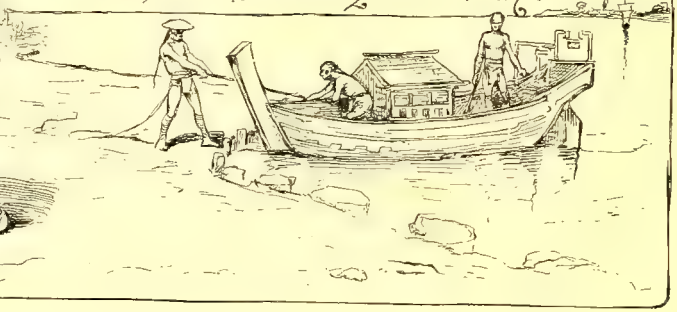






Grandmamma puts her spectacles on,
And shows me on the plate
The mandarin's house, the island home,
The boat, the bridge, the gate.
"Here is the orange-tree where they talked —
Here they are running away —
And over all at the top you see "
The birds making love alway.



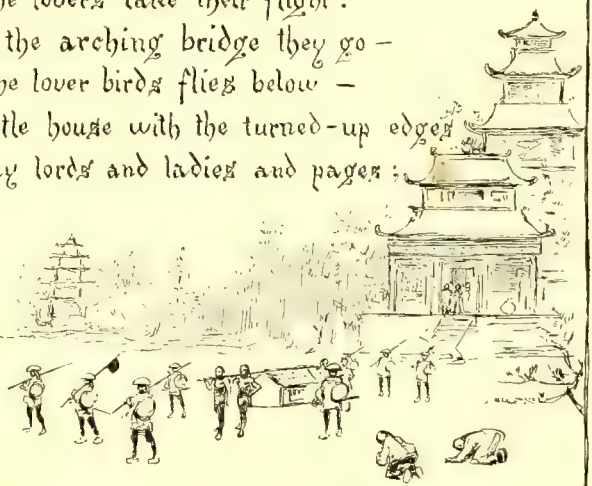




And the odd little figures seem to live.
Strange fancies fill my head,
Till grandmamma tells me, much too soon,
It's time to go to bed.

But I dream of a land all blue and white,
I see the lovers take their flight.
Over the arching bridge they go—
One of the lover birds flies below—
From the little house with the turned-up edges
Come tiny lords and ladies and pages:





And the bed-post turns to a willow-tree
And I myself seem at last to be
An azure lassie wandering through
That beautiful queer little land of blue.



A STARTLING DISCOVERY.



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB: "BAA! THAT DOLL'S HAIR IS *wool!*"

MIKKEL.

By Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

I.

HOW MIKKEL WAS FOUND.

You may find it hard to believe what I am going to tell you, but it is, nevertheless, strictly true. I knew the boy who is the hero of this story. His name was Thor Larsson, and a very clever boy he was. Still I don't think he would have amounted to much in the world, if it had not been for his friend Michael, or, as they write it in Norwegian, Mikkel. Mikkel, strange to say, was not a boy, but a fox. Thor caught him, when he was a very small lad, in a den under the roots of a huge tree. It happened in this way. Thor and his elder brother, Lars, and still another boy, named Ole Thomlemo, were up in the woods gathering faggots, which they tied together in large bundles to carry home on their backs; for their parents were poor people, and had no money to buy wood with. The boys rather liked to be sent on errands of this kind, because delicious raspberries and blue-berries grew in great abundance in the woods, and gathering faggots was, after all, a much manlier occupation than staying at home minding the baby.

Thor's brother Lars and Ole Thomlemo were great friends, and they had a disagreeable way of always plotting and having secrets together and leaving Thor out of their councils. One of their favorite tricks, when they wished to get rid of him, was to pretend to play hide-and-seek; and when he had hidden himself, they would run away from him and make no effort to find him. It was this trick of theirs which led to the capture of Mikkel, and to many things besides.

It was on a glorious day in the early autumn that the three boys started out together, as frisky and gay as a company of squirrels. They had no luncheon baskets with them, although they expected to be gone for the whole day; but they had hooks and lines in their pockets, and meant to have a famous dinner of brook-trout up in some mountain glen, where they could sit like pirates around a fire, conversing in mysterious language, while the fish was being fried upon a flat stone. Their *tolle* knives* were hanging, sheathed, from their girdles, and the two older ones carried, besides, little hatchets wherewith to cut off the dry twigs and branches. Lars and Ole Thomlemo, as usual, kept ahead and left Thor to pick his way over the steep and stony road as best he might; and when he caught up with them, they started to run, while he sat down panting on a stone. Thus several hours passed, until they came to a glen in which the blue-berries grew so thickly that you could n't step without crushing a handful. The boys gave a shout of delight and flung themselves down, heedless of their clothes, and began to eat with boyish greed. As far as their eyes could reach between the mossy pine trunks, the ground was blue with berries, except where bunches of ferns or clusters of wild flowers intercepted the view. When they had dulled the edge of their hunger, they began to cut the branches from the trees which the lumbermen had felled, and Ole Thomlemo, who was clever with his hands, twisted withes, which they used instead of ropes for tying their bundles together. They had one bundle well secured and another under way, when Ole, with a mischievous expression, ran over to Lars and whispered something in his ear.

"Let us play hide-and-seek," said Lars aloud, glancing over toward his little brother, who was working like a Trojan, breaking the faggots so as to make them all the same length.

Thor, who in spite of many exasperating experiences had not yet learned to be suspicious, threw down an armful of dry boughs and answered: "Yes, let us, boys! I am in for anything."

"I'll blind first," cried Ole Thomlemo; "now, be quick and get yourselves hidden."

And off the two brothers ran, while Ole turned his face against a big tree and covered his eyes with his hands. But the very moment Thor was out of sight, Lars stole back again to his friend, and together they stepped away under cover of the bushes, until they reached the lower end of the glen. There, they pulled out their fish-lines, cut rods with their hatchets, and went down to the tarn, or brook, which was only a short distance off; the fishing was excellent, and when the large speckled trout began to leap out of the water to catch their flies, the two boys soon ceased to trouble themselves about little Thor, who, they supposed, was hiding under some bush and waiting to be discovered.

In this supposition they were partly right and partly wrong.

No sooner had Ole Thomlemo given the signal for hiding, than Thor ran up the hill-side, stumbling over the moss-grown stones, pushing the underbrush aside with his hands, and looking eagerly for a place where he would be least likely to be found. He was full of the spirit of the game, and anticipated with joyous excitement the wonder of the boys when they should have to give up the search and call to him to reveal himself. While these thoughts were filling his brain, he caught sight of a huge old fir-tree, which was leaning down the mountain-side as if ready to fall. The wind had evidently given it a pull in the top, strong enough to loosen its hold on the ground, and yet not strong enough to overthrow it. On the upper side, for a dozen yards or more, the thick, twisted roots, with the soil and turf still clinging to them, had been lifted, so as to form a little den about two feet wide at the entrance. Here, thought Thor, was a wonderful hiding-place. Chuckling to himself at the discomfiture of his comrades, he threw himself down on his knees and thrust his head into the opening. To his surprise the bottom felt soft to his hands, as if it had been purposely covered with moss and a layer of feathers and eider-down. He did not take heed of the peculiar wild smell which greeted his nostrils, but fearlessly pressed on, until nearly his whole figure, with the exception of the heels of his boots, was hidden. Then a sharp little bark startled him, and raising his head he saw eight luminous eyes staring at him from a dark recess, a few feet beyond his nose. It is not to be denied that he was a little frightened; for it instantly occurred to him that he had unwittingly entered the den of some wild beast, and that, in case the old ones were at home, there was small

*The national knife of Norway. It has a round or oblong handle of wood, bone, or ivory, often beautifully carved, and a slightly curved, one-edged blade, with a sharp point

chance of his escaping with a whole skin. It could hardly be a bear's den, for the entrance was not half big enough for a gentleman of Bruin's size. It might possibly be a wolf's premises he was trespassing upon, and the idea made his blood run cold. For Mr. Graylegs, as the Norwegians call the wolf, is not to be trifled with; and a small boy armed only with a knife was hardly a match for such an antagonist. Thor concluded, without much reflection, that his safest plan would be to beat a hasty retreat. Digging his hands into the mossy ground, he tried to push himself backward, but, to his unutterable dismay, he could not budge an inch. The feathers, interspersed with the smooth pine-needles, slipped under his fingers, and, moreover, the roots caught in his clothes and held him as in a vice. He tried to force his way, but the more he wriggled the more he realized how small was his chance of escape. To turn was impossible, and to pull off his coat and trousers was a scarcely less difficult task. It was fortunate that the four inhabitants of the den, to whom the glaring eyes belonged, seemed no less frightened than himself; for they remained huddled together in their corner, and showed no disposition to fight. They only stared wildly at the intruder, and seemed anxious to know what he intended to do next. And Thor stared at them in return, although the darkness was so dense that he could discern nothing except the eight luminous eyes, which were fixed upon him with an uncanny and highly uncomfortable expression. Unpleasant as the situation was, he began to grow accustomed to it, and he collected his scattered thoughts sufficiently to draw certain conclusions. The size of the den, as well as the feathers which everywhere met his fumbling hands, convinced him that his hosts were young foxes, and that probably their respected parents, for the moment, were on a raid in search of rabbits or stray poultry. That reflection comforted him, for he had never known a fox to use any other weapon of defense than its legs, unless it was caught in a trap and had to fight for bare life. He was just dismissing from his mind all thought of danger from that source, when a sudden sharp pain in his heel put an end to his reasoning. He gave a scream, at which the eight eyes leaped apart in pairs and distributed themselves in a row along the curving wall of the den. Another bite in his ankle convinced him that he was being attacked from behind, and he knew no other way of defense than to kick with all his might, screaming at the same time so as to attract the attention of the boys, who, he supposed, could hardly be far off. But his voice sounded choked and feeble in the close den, and he feared that no one would be able to hear it ten yards away. The strong odor, too, began to stifle him, and a strange dizziness wrapped his senses, as it were, in a gray, translucent veil. He made three or four spasmodic efforts to rouse himself, screamed feebly and kicked; but probably he struck his wounded ankle against a root or a stone, for the pain shot up his leg and made him clinch his teeth to keep the tears from starting. He thought of his poor mother, whom he feared he should never see again, and how she would watch for his return through the long night and cry for him, as it said in the Bible that Jacob cried over Joseph when he supposed that a wild beast had torn him to pieces and killed him. Curious lights, like shooting stars, began to move before his eyes; his tongue felt dry and parched, and his throat seemed burning hot. It occurred to him that certainly God saw his peril and might yet help him, if he only prayed for help; but the only prayer which he could remember was the one which the minister repeated every Sunday for "our most gracious sovereign, Charles XV., and the army and navy of the United Kingdoms." Next he stumbled upon "the clergy, and the congregations committed to their charge"; and he was about to finish with "sailors in distress at sea," when his words, like his thoughts, grew more and more hazy, and he drifted away into unconsciousness.

Lars and Ole Thomlemo in the meanwhile had enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent, and when they had caught a dozen trout, among which was one three-pounder, they reeled up their lines, threaded the fish on withes, and began to trudge leisurely up the glen. When they came to the place where they had left their bundles of faggots, they stopped to shout for Thor, and when they received no reply, they imagined that, being tired of waiting, he had gone home alone, or fallen in with some one who was on his way down to the valley. The only thing that troubled them was that Thor's bundle had not been touched since they left him, and they knew that the boy was not lazy, and that, moreover, he would be afraid to go home without the faggots. They therefore concluded to search the copse and the surrounding underbrush, as it was just possible that he might have fallen asleep in his hiding-place while waiting to be discovered.

"I think Thor is napping somewhere under the bushes," cried Ole Thomlemo, swinging his hatchet over his head like an Indian tomahawk. "We shall have to halloo pretty loud, for you know he sleeps like a top."

And they began scouring the underbrush, traversing it in all directions, and hallooing lustily, both singly and in chorus. They were just about giving up the quest, when Lars's attention was attracted by two foxes which, undismayed by the

noise, were running about a large fir-tree, barking in a way which betrayed anxiety, and stopping every minute to dig up the ground with their fore-paws. When the boys approached the tree, the foxes ran only a short distance, then stopped, ran back, and again fled, once more to return.

"Those fellows act very queerly," remarked Lars, eying the foxes curiously; "I 'll wager there are young un's under the tree here, but" —Lars gasped for breath—"Ole—Ole—Oh, look! What is this?"

Lars had caught sight of a pair of heels, from which a little stream of blood had been trickling, coloring the stones and pine-needles. Ole Thomlemo, hearing his comrade's exclamation of fright, was on the spot in an instant, and he comprehended at once how everything had happened.

"Look here, Lars," he said resolutely, "this is no time for crying. If Thor is dead, it is we who have killed him; but if he is n't dead, we 've got to save him."

"Oh, what shall we do, Ole?" sobbed Lars, while the tears rolled down over his cheeks, "what shall we do? I shall never dare go home again if he is dead. We have been so very bad to him!"

"We have got to save him, I tell you," repeated Ole, tearless and stern; "we must pull him out; and if we can't do that, we must cut through the roots of this fir-tree; then it 'll plunge down the mountain-side, without hurting him. A few roots that have burrowed into the rocks are all that keep the tree standing. Now, act like a man. Take hold of him by one heel and I 'll take the other."

Lars, who looked up to his friend as a kind of superior being, dried his tears and grasped his brother's foot, while Ole carefully handled the wounded ankle. But their combined efforts had no perceptible effect, except to show how inextricably the poor lad's clothes were intertangled with the tree-roots, which, growing all in one direction, made entrance easy, but exit impossible.

"That wont do," said Ole, after three vain trials. "We might injure him without knowing it, driving the sharp roots into his eyes and ears, as likely as not. We 've got to use the hatchets. You cut that root and I 'll manage this one."

Ole Thomlemo was a lumberman's son, and since he was old enough to walk had spent his life in the forest. He could calculate with great nicety how a tree would fall, if cut in a certain way, and his skill in this instance proved valuable. With six well-directed cuts he severed one big root, while Lars labored at a smaller one. Soon with a great crash the mighty tree fell down the mountain-side, crushing a dozen birches and smaller pines under its weight. The moss-grown sod around about was torn up with the remaining roots, and three pretty little foxes, blinded and stunned by the rush of daylight, sprang out from their hole and stared in bewilderment at the sudden change of scene. Through the cloud of flying dust and feathers the boys discerned, too, Thor's insensible form, lying outstretched, torn and bleeding, his face resting upon his hands, as if he were asleep. With great gentleness they lifted him up, brushed the moss and earth from his face and clothes, and placed him upon the grass by the side of the brook which flowed through the bottom of the glen. Although his body was warm, they could hardly determine whether he was dead or alive, for he seemed scarcely to be breathing, and it was not until Ole put a feather before his mouth and perceived its faint inward and outward movement, that they felt reassured and began to take heart. They bathed his temples with the cool mountain water and rubbed and chafed his hands, until at last he opened his eyes wonderingly and moved his lips, as if endeavoring to speak.

"Where am I?" he whispered at last, after several vain efforts to make himself heard.

"Why, cheer up, old fellow," answered Ole, encouragingly; "you have had a little accident, that 's all, but you 'll be all right in a minute."

"Unbutton my vest," whispered Thor again; "there is something scratching me here."

He put his hand over his heart, and the boys quickly tore his waistcoat open, but to their unutterable astonishment a little fox, the image of the three that had escaped, put his head out and looked about him with his alert eyes, as if to say: "Here am I; how do you like me?" He evidently felt so comfortable where he was, that he had no desire to get away. No doubt the little creature, prompted either by his curiosity or a desire to escape from the den, had crept into Thor's bosom while he was insensible, and, finding his quarters quite to his taste, had concluded to remain. Lars picked him up, tied a string about his neck, and put him in the side-pocket of his jacket. Then, as it was growing late, Ole lifted Thor upon his back, and he and Lars took turns in carrying him down to the valley.

Thor's ankle gave him some trouble, as the wound was slow in healing. With that exception, he was soon himself again; and he and Mikkel (for that was the name he gave to the little fox) grew to be great friends and had many a frolic together.

But the little fox was not a model of deportment, as you will see when I tell you, in the next chapter, how Mikkel disgraced himself.

(To be continued.)

THE ISLE OF CONTENT.

By S. Conant Foster.

THERE 'S a land in a latitude near to us all
  Where each dweller may follow his bent;
It is under no monarch's tyrannical thrall,
  And is known as the Isle of Content.

It 's a wonderful spot: if you ask, it will bring
  To you quickly whate'er you desire;
What it can not produce—(it 's a singular thing),—
  That is just what you never require.

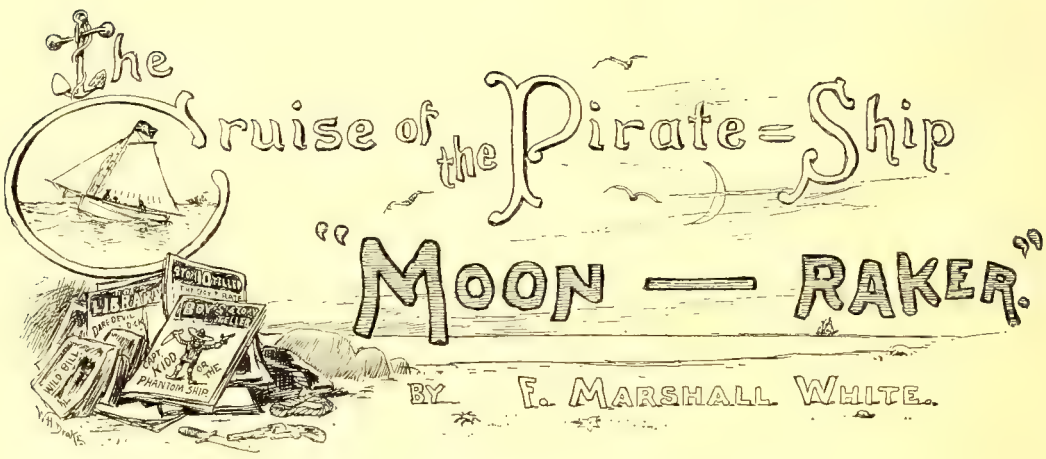
By the balmiest zephyrs of Happiness fanned,
  It is neither too cold nor too hot,
And the lassies and lads never care in this land
  Whether school is in session or not.

In Content, tho' but poor, yet you feel, ne'ertheless,
  You are equal in wealth to a king,
While a tear in the trousers or darn in the dress
  You consider a capital thing.

If you have n't the money to purchase a meal
  (I have been in that strait once or twice),
Take a reef in your vest and you 'll instantly feel
  (If you live in Content) "very nice."

When I notice a lad with a bright, sunny smile
  That extends for three inches, or more,
Then I nudge myself inwardly, thinking, the while,
  "He 's encamped on Content's happy shore."

I have dwelt on this beautiful island at times,
  While inditing small verses for you,
And I often have wondered if, reading my rhymes,
  You were there as a resident, too.

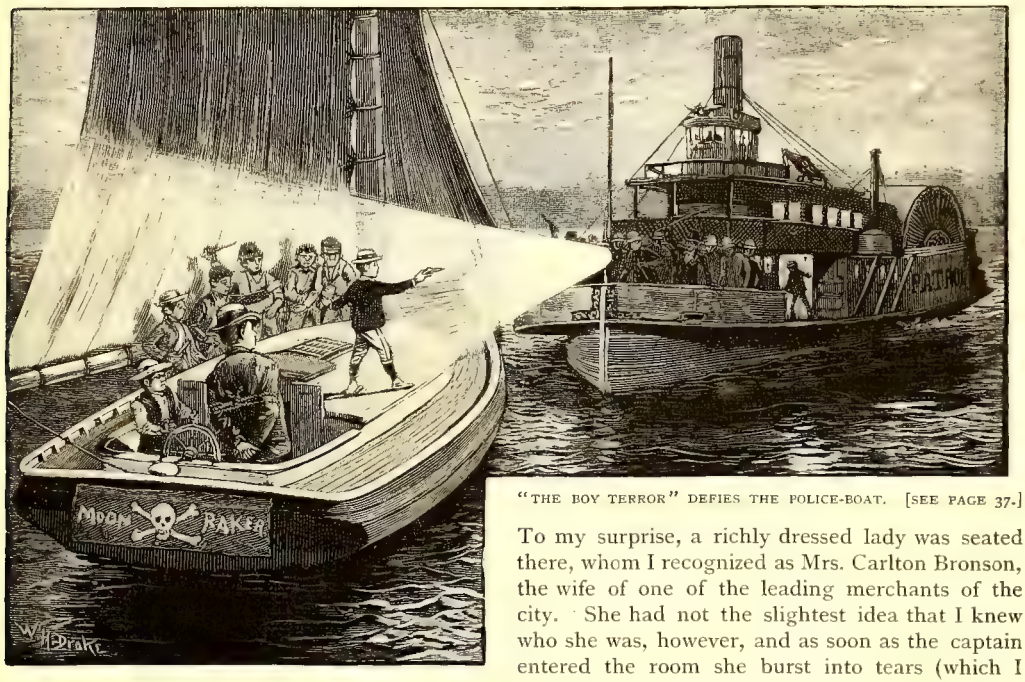


(Disrespectfully dedicated to young readers of trashy literature.)

I HAVE great difficulty at first in making any one believe that I am a detective, because I hav'n't a hooked nose, nor a fierce black mustache, nor a restless, penetrating gray eye. On the contrary, my nose is aquiline, I have no mustache at all, and my eyes are mild and blue. But this has nothing to do with the cruise of the pirate-ship "Moonraker."

One afternoon in August—a hot, sultry afternoon—I was idly resting at Police Station No. 1, and the reserve squad were sitting about the room, with their coats, vests, and collars off, trying to keep cool. We were discussing the adventures of a small boy who had run away from his home in the country a short time before, and had made an attempt to start for the West to be an Indian-fighter. I had caught him, while he was trying to buy a worn-out musket from a pawn-

broker. We found that his head had been turned by reading "flash," or trashy, stories, and we locked him up overnight and sent him back to his father, the homesickest, meekest, and worse-scared youth you ever saw. Well, as I said, we were talking over his case, and Officer Bounce was saying that if that boy were his son, he would keep him locked up in the smoke-house for a year, when suddenly the telegraph instrument began



"THE BOY TERROR" DEFIES THE POLICE-BOAT. [SEE PAGE 37.]

to click "L. M.," which was the call for Station 1, concluding with "K.," which meant that it came from the sub-station on the river front.

The operator answered the call, and took down quite a long message. Then he gave a sharp whistle, and ran into the captain's office. A moment after, the captain rushed out, with the dispatch, which he read aloud:

"A gang of river roughs have stolen a yacht, and are sailing up the river,—setting fire to the shipping near Harbor street. The police-boat is getting up steam. I have sent the alarm of fire. Make the greatest haste.

"DALTON, Captain of Sub-station."

The men sprang to their feet, and the captain said quietly to the sergeant of the reserves, for there was no use in getting excited:

"Sergeant: Report with your men on the police-boat at once, and take what measures are necessary for the suppression of whatever lawlessness is going on. Telegraph if you need assistance. Mr. Glenn," he said, turning to me, "come into my office. I have something else for you to do."

Now, you may believe that I was disappointed at this turn of affairs. I was expecting to have a stirring time with the men on the police-boat; for if a gang of roughs were really trying to burn up the city, it meant the liveliest kind of a row. However, I had to do as the captain said, and therefore I followed him rather sulkily into his office.

To my surprise, a richly dressed lady was seated there, whom I recognized as Mrs. Carlton Bronson, the wife of one of the leading merchants of the city. She had not the slightest idea that I knew who she was, however, and as soon as the captain entered the room she burst into tears (which I could see were not the first she had shed that afternoon), and exclaimed:

"Oh, Captain! My poor child! Have you learned anything about him? Can anything be done?"

The captain turned to me and said: "Glenn, go with this lady to her house. She'll tell you her story on the way, and you must do what you think best about it." And he winked with that eye which was concealed from Mrs. Bronson's vision, to let me know that the case was not as bad as she thought. Mrs. Bronson had risen from her seat before he could conclude his orders to me, and she said beseechingly:

"Oh, come at once, Mr. Glenn! There is not a moment to lose. My carriage is waiting at the door."

Surely enough, the carriage was waiting, and a number of small boys and two or three reporters were waiting also, astonished at the sight of the elegant equipage in that locality. One of the

reporters tried to button-hole me, but I got into the carriage safely with the lady, who called to the coachman: "Don't lose a moment. Get me home as quickly as possible." And we rolled away so rapidly that the reporters gave us up, and went into the station to make life miserable for the captain.

Mrs. Bronson told me that, while she was absent from home on a shopping expedition that morning, the house had been entered by burglars, who had stolen a great deal of the family silver and most of her own jewelry. But this was not the worst of their depredations, for they had kidnapped her youngest child, little Harry, aged twelve years; and at this point Mrs. Bronson wept again, and was unable to go on with her story until we reached the house. There she told me that Harry was a very quiet and studious boy, and spent most of his time reading in his room. It was quite impossible that he had gone out with any of his little friends without saying anything about it, for he was obedient and tractable, and never left the house without informing some one where he was going. I told Mrs. Bronson that it would be impossible for burglars to enter the house and carry away valuables in the middle of the day, especially as the servants were about at the time; but she was quite indignant that I should combat her theories. She showed me the places where the missing silver and jewelry had been kept; and I informed her that the articles had been stolen by some one familiar with the premises, at which she seemed inclined to send me back to the station.

However, when I asked to be shown her boy's room, she took me into a prettily furnished apartment, containing more appliances for the amusement of a boy of twelve than I supposed had ever been invented. Connected with this room was a smaller sleeping-apartment, and at the sight of the little white bed, Mrs. Bronson went into a third fit of weeping. She seemed to forget my presence, and finally went to the little bureau and opened the drawers, one after the other, to gaze at the articles which had belonged to her lost boy. I was in no hurry, as I am paid by the year, and so I sat down in an easy-chair and tried to think out some theory for the disappearance of the silver and jewelry. I was sure that the boy had not been kidnapped. In the first place, he was too old; and then, too, he had been missed only a few hours, and had probably gone off to play with some of his friends.

While I was engaged in these reflections, a very "swell" young man, of about twenty-one years, entered the room — one of those young men who maintain an equilibrium by parting their hair in the middle and wearing a watch in each side of the waistcoat. This particular young man further balanced a slender cane, which he carried in his right hand, by a yellow kid glove in the left. Mrs. Bronson fell on his neck and shed tears on his standing collar, which threatened to melt it down from its glossy altitude under his adolescent chin.

"Oh, my dearest Charles!" she exclaimed. "You are all I have left now. Your little brother Harry has been kidnapped by burglars!"

Charles looked as if he did n't care very much, but he said:

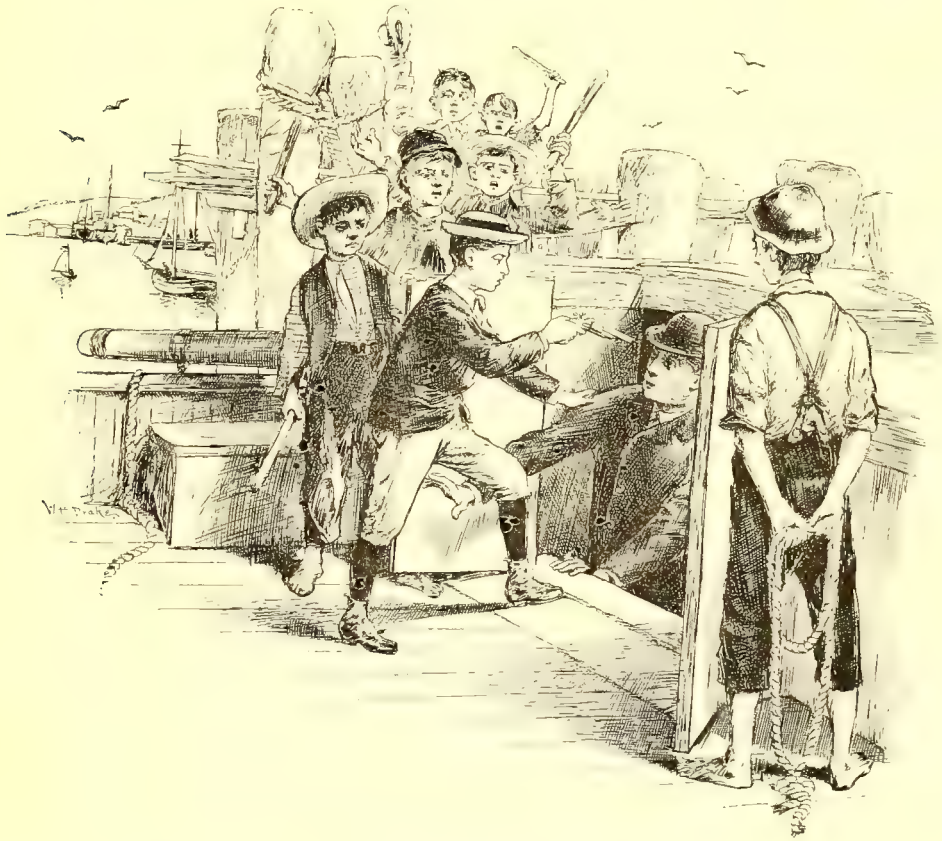
"Aw, you don't mean it! But what *do* you think! Somebody has stolen my yacht, the 'Norseman.' Can't find her anywhere. Awful bore, you know, because I 'd invited a party to go out this afternoon."

While they were talking, I caught a glimpse of a soiled, yellow-covered book in one of the bureau drawers. I took it up. It was *The Adventures of Wild Bill;* and scattered about the drawer were several others with similar titles, such as *Dare-devil Dick, the Terror of the Seas, The Boy Pirate, The Symbol of the Red Hand,* and *The Pirate's Bride.* The truth flashed upon me in a moment. The boy's mind had been poisoned by reading this trash, and he had stolen his mother's silver and his brother's yacht to go on a piratical cruise of his own. That might account, also, for the message which came to the police station, about roughs burning up the shipping. Possibly Harry, with some of his companions, had set fire to something, and the story had been exaggerated — as stories generally are before reaching the station.

I said nothing of my theories to Mrs. Bronson or her son; but merely informing her that I had a clew which I thought sufficient to work upon, and that I would guarantee to bring back her child before morning, I left the house and went directly to the station, where I laid my views before the captain. He told me that Mr. Bronson had been in since I left, and that he, knowing more of boy-nature than his wife, had an idea that his son might have run away, particularly as he had also taken a hint from the yellow-covered literature in Harry's room. The captain told me to go and look for the stolen yacht along the river front, and to take possession of it if I found it in charge of Harry and his companions, — for, of course, he had taken companions with him. Meantime, he would send Mr. Bronson on board the police-boat, and instruct his men to look for the yacht, up and down the river.

I knew the mooring-place of the "Norseman" in front of the boat-club houses, and I went, at once, to the spot. There I found additional indications that boys had been at work, for a bonfire had been kindled; and no boy ever started out on an adventure

of any kind that did n't include a fire. The flame had set fire to a boat-house, and had burned it to the ground, which had probably — as I surmised — started the rumor of roughs burning the shipping. I walked down the river until I had left the city a mile behind, and in a little bay I caught sight of a yacht moored to a wooden pier which had belonged to an old boat-house, now falling to decay. It was the "Norseman," but over the name on the stern a piece of coarse, brown packing-paper had been



"THE BOY TERROR" CAPTURES THE DETECTIVE.

tacked, which bore in rudely painted letters the words, "The Moonraker," and an attempt at a representation of a skull and cross-bones.

There were no boys to be seen on the deck of the yacht, and I concluded that they had left her and gone ashore on a foraging expedition. Accordingly, I went out on the end of the pier and jumped aboard. The yacht was a small vessel, about thirty feet in length, and it had a cabin amidships. Into this cabin I descended, and there, in a confused heap, was a pile of silver and Mrs. Bronson's jewelry-casket; but Harry and his companions were nowhere to be seen. I started to go up again, but just as my eyes rose to a level with the deck, a small hand seized my collar, and the touch of the cold steel of a revolver against my temple made me shiver, while a boy's voice screamed excitedly:

"Another step, you varlet, and I fire!"

Half a dozen boys, from ten to fifteen years of age, clustered around me. What could I do? Mrs. Bronson's beloved youngster was holding to my head a glistening seven-shooter, which carried a number thirty-two cartridge, as big as the end of my little finger, and a boy could pull that trigger with just as fatal results as a man. A boy of his age, too, would be just foolish enough never to give a thought to the fact that he was committing an act which would blight his whole life.

The only thing to do was to submit as gracefully as possible, and so those boys tied me hand and foot with heavy cord, which is always a part of the boy-adventurer's outfit. He may want it

to tie up Indians with, you know. I saw that Harry Bronson had for his companions a number of rough street-boys, some of whom were older than himself, and who had come on the trip merely for the fun of it. He had his father's revolver, however, and they stood in some awe of that and of his fine clothes. But this feeling would soon have worn off, and then they would have done as they pleased with him and the yacht. At present, however, he was commander, and he now gave orders to make sail. I was afraid the boys would be unable to run the yacht; but as there was a dead calm, I knew they could not get into danger.

Of course, Harry was unaware that I was a detective—my appearance being, this time, in my favor—and they had only captured me on the general principle that a pirate-ship is hardly a success without a few prisoners. Master Harry did me the honor to converse with me as I lay in the hot cabin. He told me that his name was "The Boy Terror," and seemed very much surprised when I told him what his name really was.

"I just left your mother," I said, "and if you knew how badly she felt, and could see her crying and sobbing because her son, whom she had always considered an honorable little gentleman, had actually become a thief, I think you 'd be inclined to go back home, and leave these dirty little rascals you 've picked out for companions."

Harry winced at the allusion to his mother's grief, which made me think that he was not a bad boy at heart, and I believe that in time I could have induced him to take the yacht back quietly, if one of the boys on deck had not called out:

"Hullo, Terror! Here comes a boat."

Harry bustled up on deck. I had no doubt that it was the police-boat, as no merchant vessels navigated that part of the river. But whatever it was, it did not come up to us, and a bend in the river soon hid us from sight. Ere long, "The Boy Terror" came into the cabin again, and the boys on deck had evidently talked him into carrying out his piratical designs. Nothing I could say moved him. He gave me the cheerful information that I was to be hanged at sunrise. I informed him that I was glad he had decided not to make me walk the plank, for I might have got my feet wet. Then I told him he ought to be ashamed to steal his brother's boat, especially as that young nobleman had invited some friends to go out in it that afternoon.

"Pooh!" said "The Boy Terror." "I asked Charlie if I could take the yacht this morning, and he stuck a one-barreled eye-glass in his eye—(he tries to be awfully English since he went abroad for three months, and he 's practicing with that eye-glass at home 'cause he 's afraid to try it yet in the street)—and then he called me a 'nuisance.' I 'm going to capture him, and not send him home until I get a ransom. I should n't think Papa would pay anything to get him back, though," he added, meditatively.

It grew late in the afternoon, and, as no wind sprang up, the yacht still lay in the little bay, near the old boat-house. When it began to grow dark in the cabin, I asked to be allowed to go on deck and see the sun set for the last time, as I was to be hanged in the morning. Accordingly, my feet were loosened enough for me to go upstairs, and I was permitted to lie down on the deck.

"Bo's'n!" called "The Boy Terror," "pipe all hands to supper."

And disappearing into the cabin, he brought up a square tin box, labeled in gilt letters "Cake." This was filled with nice fresh cakes, which he informed me, the cook had baked for him that morning; and he fed me one or two of them as I lay with my hands and feet tied.

We watched the sun go down into the river below us; and when the moon came up and fantastic shadows lengthened upon the water, and uncouth shapes were revealed in the shades upon the shore, "The Boy Terror" became remarkably quiet and subdued. To keep his courage up, he began to relate wonderful stories of the adventures of Captain Kidd and other pirates.

"I 'm going to write a song like Captain Kidd's," he said. "I 've begun it already:

> "'Oh, my name was The Boy Terror, as I sailed,
> And many wicked things I did, as I sailed.
> Oh, I murdered ——'

"What 's your name?" he asked, suddenly breaking off.

"John Flood," I said, giving a name I sometimes went by.

The Terror continued:

> "Oh, I murdered John Flood, as I sailed,
> And left him in his blood, as I sailed."

This was cheerful; but here he suddenly stopped, for the hoarse throbbing of a steamer sounded over the still waters, and soon a red eye of fire shot into the night from the river's bend. I divined at once that it was the powerful lantern of the police-boat, which, since it made directly toward us, had probably been directed to our location by some one who had seen the yacht from the shore.

The boys sprang to their feet in consternation as the vessel came up alongside, and turned full upon us a calcium light, which made everything as bright as day on board the yacht. I saw among the policemen on board the other boat, a well-

dressed gentleman, who carried a lithe and supple cane, and I knew it was Mr. Bronson, the father of "The Boy Terror." He caught sight of his son, and called out excitedly:

"There 's the little rascal, now! What do you mean, sir, by running away from home and frightening your mother almost to death?"

At this moment the boats were close enough for the officers to jump from one to the other. But "The Boy Terror" suddenly remembered that he was a pirate, and he drew the revolver.

"You little idiot!" I cried. "Put that up, or you 'll hurt somebody!" And the officers, who were preparing to jump aboard, shrank back.

"Never mind that pop-gun!" shouted Mr. Bronson, furiously. "It is n't loaded, and never has been." And he suddenly jumped upon the deck, snatched the revolver from the Terror's grasp, threw it overboard, and began to wield that lithe and supple cane swiftly and fiercely over the unfortunate young pirate's back and shoulders. "The Boy Terror" screamed, begged, and implored; he promised to "be good" and "never to do so again," but his father did not cease plying the cane until he was satisfied that the boy's punishment was complete.

"There, you young vagabond," he exclaimed, "that 's the first whipping I ever gave you, but it will not be the last." And he took him by the collar upon the police-boat, where the vanquished pirate crept abjectly into a corner and wept with pain and mortification.

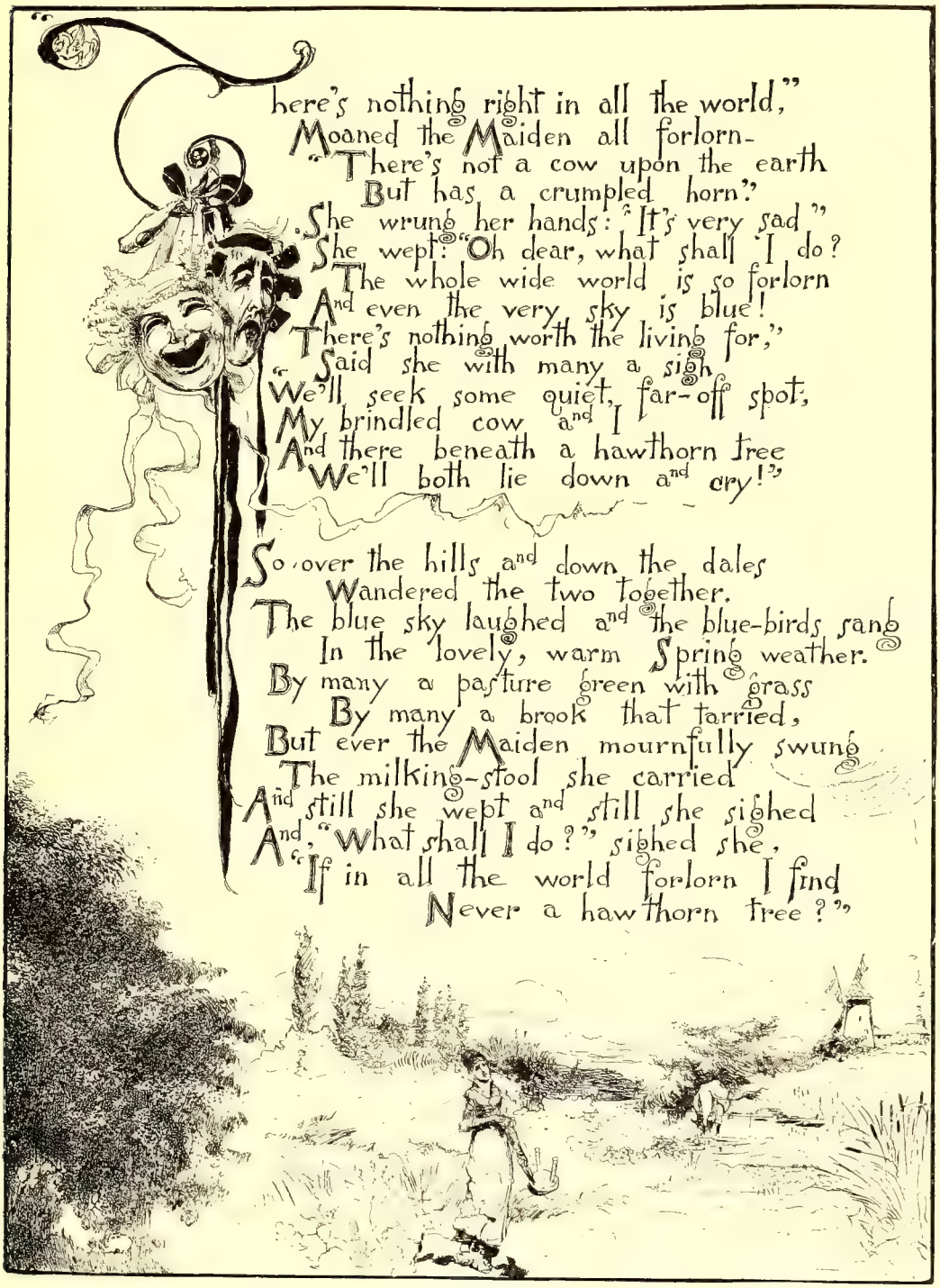
You should have seen the officers laugh when they found me tied hand and foot. They laugh about it to this day, and I probably never shall hear the last of it.

Never was a piratical cruise more thoroughly broken up. We took "The Boy Terror's" associates to the station, and scared them well by locking them up overnight. Young Harry Bronson fared worse; for his father restricted him to bread and water and one room, for a week. However, his "swell" brother, Charles, had compassion on him, and looked in upon him without the one-barreled eye-glass, and brought him *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Swiss Family Robinson*. Harry is a young man now, but he is said to still dislike to hear allusions to the cruise of the pirate-ship "Moonraker."



FOR SOME MUST PIPE WHILE OTHERS DANCE.—
"THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."


THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT—
With Variations.
Graf. Ogden
It was the MAIDEN all forlorn
Who was driving the Cow with the crumpled horn
Down through the lane where the sweet-brier grew
Thorny and fragrant and wet with the dew
To the pasture lot.



"There's nothing right in all the world,"
Moaned the Maiden all forlorn-
"There's not a cow upon the earth
But has a crumpled horn."
She wrung her hands: "It's very sad"
She wept: "Oh dear, what shall I do?
The whole wide world is so forlorn
And even the very sky is blue!
There's nothing worth the living for,"
Said she with many a sigh,
"We'll seek some quiet, far-off spot,
My brindled cow and I
And there beneath a hawthorn tree
We'll both lie down and cry!"

So over the hills and down the dales
Wandered the two together.
The blue sky laughed and the blue-birds sang
In the lovely, warm Spring weather.
By many a pasture green with grass
By many a brook that tarried,
But ever the Maiden mournfully swung
The milking-stool she carried
And still she wept and still she sighed
And, "What shall I do?" sighed she,
"If in all the world forlorn I find
Never a hawthorn tree?"

It was the Man all tattered and torn
Who was hoeing away in a field of corn.
His dinner-pail stood at the foot of the tree;
His tattered old coat lay beside it while he
Worked on at his row.

Then he saw the Maiden all forlorn
Driving the Cow with the crumpled horn.
He saw her weep, he heard her sigh
For a far-off spot in which to cry,
And he said "Pretty maiden, I'll go too
To the hawthorn tree to cry with you!"

So over the hills and down the dales
Wandered the three together
Till they met, by the brook that rippling flows
Over the grass where the spear-mint grows,
The Old Man dressed in Leather.



"Good mornin'! Good mornin'! my mournful pair
And where are you going?" quoth he;
"We go," said the Man all tattered and torn,
"We go," moaned the Maiden all forlorn,
"To cry 'neath the hawthorn tree."



"I've been gathering herbs the whole day long
And I'm weary of life" quoth he;
"So I'll go too along with you
To cry 'neath the hawthorn tree."

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So over the hills and down the dales
Wandered the four together:
The brindled Cow with the crumpled Horn,
The Pretty Maiden all forlorn,
The Man with his Coat all tattered and torn
And the Old Man dressed in Leather;

And they met, by the rock where the Columbines grow,
Old Mother Hubbard
With the key of her Cupboard
Swinging it to and fro;
While a lean yellow Dog that ran beside her
Ever most sadly and wistfully eyed her.



"There's nothing on earth to live for now,"
Said Old Mother Hubbard dangling her key,
"The one poor bone
In the cupboard is gone;
There's not a thing left for the Dog or for me!"

Then over the hills and down the dales
Went all the six a-straying,
When they came on a Cat with a fiddle
Under an apple-tree, playing
Such a merry, merry tune
As the brooks in June
Sing, as they hurry down the mountain,
Or the bright drops play
On a sunny day
As they tinkle on the grass from the fountain.

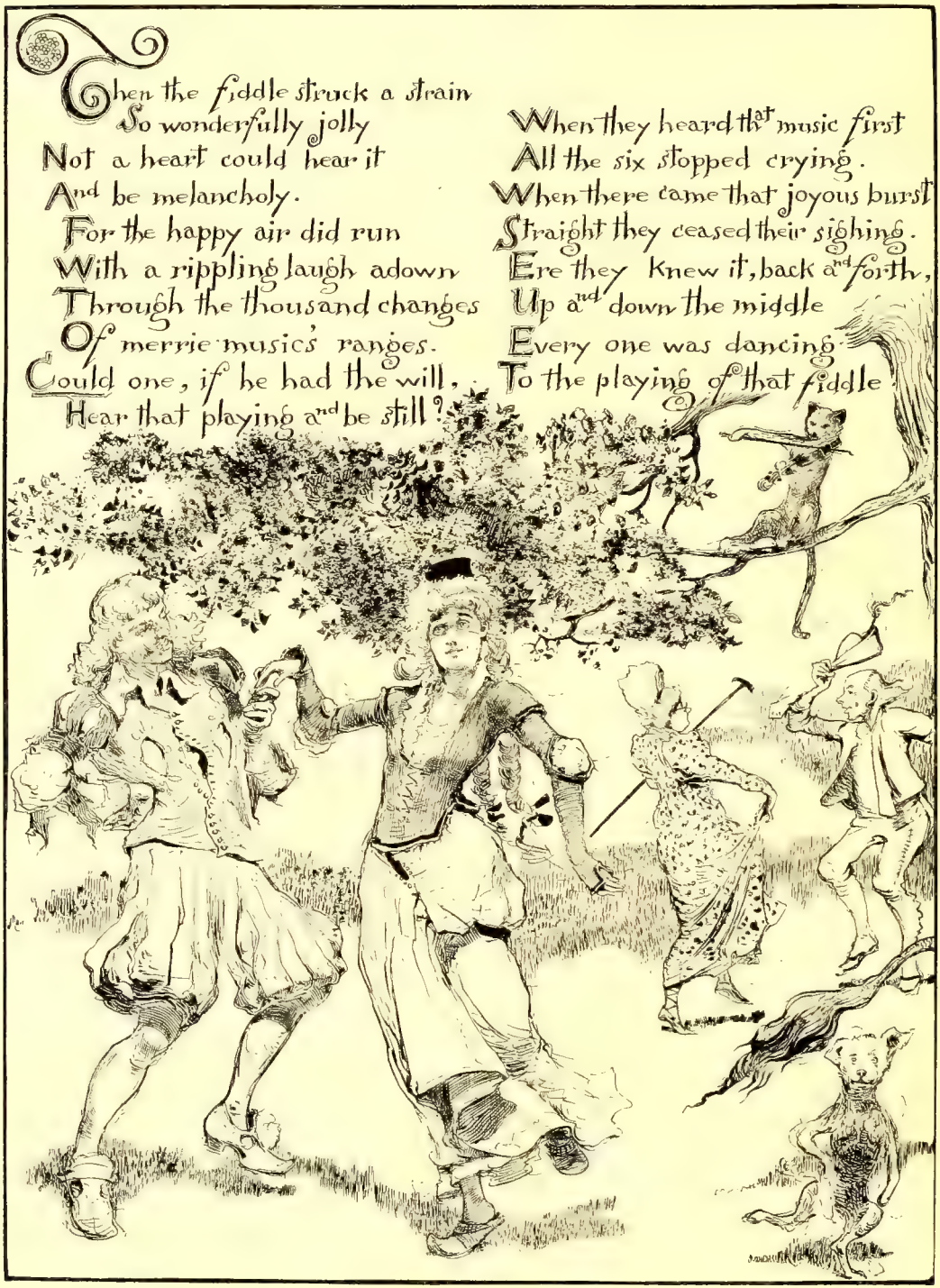


"There's nothing wrong in all the world"
Played the fiddle gaily.
"The sun-beams fall, the wild birds call
And new flowers blossom daily.
Dance the leaves on every tree
Dance the leaping shadows

Dance the merry brooks that run
Through the laughing meadows.
See the happy squirrels
Spring from bough to bough!
Hark the cat-bird's whistle
In the branches now!"

When the fiddle struck a strain
So wonderfully jolly
Not a heart could hear it
And be melancholy.
For the happy air did run
With a rippling laugh adown
Through the thousand changes
Of merrie musics' ranges.
Could one, if he had the will,
Hear that playing and be still?

When they heard that music first
All the six stopped crying.
When there came that joyous burst
Straight they ceased their sighing.
Ere they knew it, back and forth,
Up and down the middle
Every one was dancing
To the playing of that fiddle.



Faster, louder grew the strains
Wilder grew the dancing
In and out alternately
Retreating and advancing
Till inextricably mixed
Cow, Old Man in Leather,
Mother Hubbard, Dog, MAN, MAID,
Were jumbled up together.

But the music came to a sudden halt
As a Rat ran by with a grain of Malt
Stole from the HOUSE that JACK built!
The Cat dropped the fiddle and sprang on the Rat,
The Dog ceased dancing and rushed for the Cat,
The brindled Cow, with wrath in her eye,
Tossed the Dog up into the sky.
Dame Hubbard and the Man in Leather
Went dancing across the hills together
While the MAIDEN forlorn sat down to cry
And then ——

"The MAN all tattered and torn
Kissed the MAIDEN all forlorn
That milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat
That killed the Rat
That stole the Malt
That lay in the HOUSE
that JACK built."

AB

A QUEER COASTING-PLACE.

By E. George Squier.



THOUGH America was, in truth, a "new world" to Europeans when Columbus discovered it for them, it was no new world to many of the races and tribes which inhabited various parts of its vast surface. For three centuries before the time of Columbus, Peru, in South America, had been a great country, containing large cities and rich in gold and silver. It was ruled by kings, or chiefs, called Incas, and, as many of you know, the last Inca was the one who was captured by Francisco Pizarro, the Spaniard, who conquered Peru in 1532. From that time until about fifty years ago, when it revolted and became a republic, Peru was under the dominion of Spain.

Cuzco,* the ancient capital of the old Inca Empire of Peru, is situated high up among the Andes, at a point so elevated that, although under the tropics, it has the climate and products of the temperate zone. It still has many remains of Inca architecture, distinguished for its massiveness, and these are likely to endure for centuries to come. On a hill nearly a thousand feet high, overlooking the present city of Cuzco, are the remains of the great Inca fortress of the Sac-sa-hua-man, in the storming of which, Juan Pizarro, the brother of the conqueror of Peru, was slain. This fortress was built of gigantic stones, or rather rocks, and their great size and the accuracy with which they are fitted together astonish all who see them.

In front of this fortress is a curious, dome-shaped mass of rock, called the Ro-da-dero, and sometimes also *La Piedra Lisa*, or "smooth rock,"

* Pronounced *Koos'ko*.

because its convex surface is grooved, as if the rock had been squeezed up, while in a plastic state, between irregular and unyielding walls, and then hardened into shape. A mass of dough, forced up under the outspread hands, would give something of the same appearance in miniature. But the hollows of the grooves on the Peruvian hill are smooth and glassy. It is said in the old chronicles and traditions, that the Inca youth, long years ago, amused themselves by coursing, or sliding, through these polished grooves on festival days and holy-days; and this custom is still practiced by the modern youth of Cuzco. It must have been an amusing sight to have seen the royal "Children of the Sun," as they called themselves, sitting on the cold rock, going at full speed, and full of fun, from top to bottom, down the hill. And if the customs and dress of the present Cuzco boys are like those of their ancient predecessors, three hundred years ago, we can form some idea of the scene.

There is one advantage, and it is a great one, too, which these boys possess over the northern boys, who live in the land of ice and snow, and that is, it is not necessary for them to toil up a long and slippery hill, dragging after them their heavy sleds, which grow heavier with every step they take, so that the longer they ride the harder work it is to get back to the starting-place. The Cuzco boy sits down at the top of the rock in one of the grooves, and, with a slight start, away he goes with all the speed imaginable, until he reaches the bottom, landing in a soft bed of earth; then he picks himself up, runs around to an easy place of ascent, and is up again in a minute to repeat his ride. It no doubt occurs to many of you that there would be trouble in store for some of the youngsters on their arrival at home in the evening with their clothes torn and the heels and toes of their boots worn out. That no doubt would be the case if they lived in a country like ours; but in Peru it makes but little difference if a boy is well dressed or not; and as for shoes, he never wears them, but goes barefoot all the year round, and all through life.

On the summit of the rock is a series of broad seats, cut in the rock itself, rising one above the other, like a stair-way, and called "The Seats of the Inca." It is said the Incas, or Kings, themselves came here to watch the construction of the fortress. From these seats they could also watch the gay sports of the boys, and perhaps recall the happy time when they were boys themselves, just as the old boys of our land often do, when watching the sports of their descendants.

But the glory of Cuzco has gone, and the royal Incas are no more. The city that was once the seat of an advanced civilization and the home of great and powerful kings, is now in a state of decay, and the descendants of the Inca kings are but sorry specimens of humanity,—ignorant, ragged, dirty, poorly fed, and rapidly passing away.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.



PERHAPS I *am* little. But what of that?
I am big enough to find Charley's hat
He left it here with its queer little feather,
Lying right out in the wind and weather.
He 's searching now; I can hear him call;—
Never thinking of me, because I am small.
He 's shouting and calling to this one, and that,
"I say, have you seen my gray felt hat?"

Oh, yes, I 've seen it! But *he* does n't know.
He thinks I am nothing but Baby Bo.
That 's what they called me before I could walk;
And now I can run, and jump, and talk.
See him stooping and hunting out there in the hay!
He 'd find it right off, if he 'd just look this way.
Why does n't he see me? Oho! Oho!
He thinks I am nothing but Baby Bo!

ASKING A BLESSING.



THE BICYCLE BOYS.

By Joel Stacy.

I.

Oh, the bicycle boys,
The bicycle boys!
They care not for tops
Or babyish toys;
They're done with their hobbies
And that sort of play,
As mounted on nothing
They're off, and away!

II.

Oh, the bicycle boys,
The bicycle boys!
They travel along
Without any noise.
They travel so softly,
They travel so fast,
They always get somewhere,
I 'm told, at the last.

III.

They race with each other,
They race with a horse,
All sure they will beat
As a matter of course;
And often they win,
And often they fall;—
Then "down comes bicycle,
Boy, and all!"

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

By George J. Manson.

Introduction.

"The world was all before him where to choose."

Let us suppose that a boy has arrived at the age when he wants to answer for himself and friends the question: "What work shall I do? What occupation shall I follow in which I can make name and fame and money?" And the boy sometimes, nay ofttimes, ruminating on this all-important subject thinks, we will imagine, in this wise: "I 'd like to be an architect or a house-builder. I wonder how I 'd be pleased with such work? Wonder if it 's hard? No; I 'd rather be a sea-captain. But how do boys ever get to be sea-captains? To be a traveling salesman would be pleasant—to go all around the country and see the different cities, and stay only a little while here and a little while there. Yes, that would be fine; but how do boys get to be traveling salesmen, and is it really as agreeable an occupation as I think it is? Perhaps, to keep a store might be better. Really, I wish I did know what I would like to do best. I 've asked Father; he 's a lawyer, and though they say he 's great on 'authorities,' he is no authority on this matter. He just says I must think of what I want to be, and then start out. I *do* think, and the more I think, the less I am able to decide what I want. If I only knew some one who could give me an idea about the good and bad features of the different occupations that I think I should like, why, I could decide very soon which one to take."

If I am right in supposing there are a large number of boys who think as I have just suggested, the series of sketches, of which this is the first, will be found useful. My aim is to give in them what might be called an inside view of various trades and businesses which, as a rule, are attractive to youth, and to help the lad in either making his selection from a number of industries, or give him more light on the one which he feels sure will please him, but about the real nature of which he has probably only a cursory knowledge. In other words, the effort will be made to answer just such questions as a boy would naturally ask about an occupation while he was making up his mind as to whether or not he would like to enter it.

On the general topic of how to succeed in life, I shall in these articles have little to say. Scores of books have been written on success, and hundreds of men, some great, but many small, have endeavored to tell us the secret of success. I have read many of these works, and doubtless my young

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readers have perused volumes of that kind; but I have failed to find any new or short road to that goal for which we all are striving.

And so, at the outset, let my young reader understand that I have no new or mysterious suggestions to make on *how* he can be successful. Let him remember that in each and all of the occupations of which I shall speak, he must, if he would reach a high place in the business, work hard and be attentive, always willing to learn, steady in his habits, that he must choose good associates, and must have within him a thorough determination to work up higher. Success in any calling, it seems to me, depends on a great many conditions, among which may be mentioned temperament, industry, quickness to learn from your own experience and the failures of those about you, and an ever-watchful eye for opportunities to reach a better position than the one you occupy.

I shall aim to make these articles thoroughly reliable. The facts in regard to each calling have been obtained, in personal interviews, from prominent and trustworthy persons engaged therein.

I.—A RETAIL DRUG STORE.

THERE have been two important changes in the drug business within the past few years. In the first place, the scope of the drug store has been enlarged. In old times the term "drug store" indicated an establishment where simply drugs were kept. Now you can go to many drug stores and purchase cigars, tobacco, canes, umbrellas, tea, coffee, stationery, confectionery, and many kinds of fancy articles. Some say that druggists have been forced into selling these goods on account of the competition they have had to contend against in the sale of patent medicines by dry-goods establishments and book stores, and because some of their own number sell the patent, or proprietary, medicines below the regular marked price. There is much truth in this statement, but I think there is another reason to account for the practice, and that is the increased rate of rent. In former times the item of rent was not so great as it is now, and the druggist could make a good living by confining himself to drugs proper. Now the expense for rent is a matter for serious financial consideration. It is true that the business yields a large percentage of profit, but the total sales are comparatively small. At one time, when the calling was confined to its legitimate sphere, the profit was fifty per cent. Now the average rate of profit is probably twenty-five or thirty per cent.

In the second place, the drug clerks of to-day are required to be better educated than those of former times. Many of the men—in fact, most of the men who are the owners of drug stores now—learned the business simply by working with a druggist for a greater or less period, and "picked up" their knowledge from behind the counter and at the prescription desk. Literally, they have "grown up" in the business. Some got into it accidentally. As boys, they were looking for something to do, they found a situation in a drug store, staid there because they could not find any better place, gradually obtained a knowledge of the business, and have made it their life-work. At the present time, in most of the States, a drug clerk is either required to serve a certain period in a store, and to pass a satisfactory examination as to his qualifications before he can become a licensed druggist, or else he must be a graduate of a college of pharmacy.

In the allusion just made to the druggists who have not been compelled to comply with these conditions, I do not mean to be understood as stating that they are all incompetent druggists or pharmacists, for that would be untrue. Some men, under the most adverse circumstances, in any trade, business, or profession, will learn more and do better than others with every advantage. But it is not too much to affirm that, owing to this condition of affairs in the past, there are now many druggists and old clerks who have contented themselves with obtaining only a superficial knowledge of their calling, and have burdened themselves with no more than enough information to get along quietly and comfortably. Hence, the assertion can be safely made that there is room for thoroughly competent, well-qualified drug clerks and druggists.

Aside from the preliminary study required, it is not what may be called an easy business, at least in its early stages. It requires constant care, and, even with the best of care, money and reputation may be lost in a very short space of time, not through the fault of the druggist himself, but from the negligence, carelessness, dishonesty, or stupidity of his clerks. But such failures are rare, and only call for incidental mention.

Now, what will a boy do who wants to be a druggist? He should be an apt scholar, quick to learn, and should have what may be called a good technical memory; that is, the ability to keep in mind arbitrary terms and phrases. A knowledge of Latin, even of the rudimentary principles of that language, would be found very useful, while a taste for botany would be the very groundwork for love of the occupation, and an almost certain prophecy of success. He must have a good knowledge of the English branches, and, though he need not have a student's love for books, he must not be absolutely averse to study. These

preliminaries borne in mind, let him, not earlier than at the age of sixteen, enter a drug store, taking for wages any sum that is offered. It will be small, probably not more than two dollars a week, and he will have to board himself. But it is presumed that he lives at home, and that his parents or guardians are giving him his living while he is making his start in life. For a year or two he will do little more than open and sweep out the store, carry medicines to the homes of customers, learn to do up packages neatly, and, perchance, his professional acquirements will have grown so great that he can be trusted to sell a seidlitz powder or a small cake of Windsor soap. But, no matter what he is allowed to do, he must, within two years, if he is a bright, observing boy, have gathered considerable miscellaneous information about drugs and the drug business.

He is now prepared to enter a college of pharmacy. There are sixteen of these colleges, or schools, in the United States. There is a college of pharmacy at each of the following cities: Albany, New York; San Francisco, California; Chicago, Illinois; Cincinnati, Ohio; Louisville, Kentucky; Baltimore, Maryland; Boston, Massachusetts; New York City, New York; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; St. Louis, Missouri; Washington, D. C., and Iowa City, Iowa. And there are schools of pharmacy connected with the Michigan University, the University of Wisconsin, and the Vanderbilt University of Nashville, Tennessee.

It will not be necessary to speak of the method of instruction in each of these institutions. It is substantially the same in all. The plan pursued in the New York College will serve to show what is done in each. The full course extends over two years, and is divided into junior and senior classes. The instruction is by lectures and practical experiments. In the department of *materia medica*, all the parts of plants and animals that are used in medicine are described, the student being taught where they come from, how they are obtained, how they are used, and the proper doses to be given. In the chemical department, all the fundamental principles of chemistry are presented and the chief compounds carefully studied, with special reference to their mode of occurrence in nature, the methods employed in their preparation, their effects upon and with other substances, the methods for determining their purity, and their application in the arts. The great chemical operations are investigated, and the chemistry of the metals and organic chemistry studied in detail. Lectures are given on botany, illustrated by plates, diagrams, and plastic models. In the department of pharmacy the student is taught how to make the finished product from the organic vegetable, or chemical. Analytical chemistry is taught, and the chemical nature of poisons, their antidotes, and the methods for detecting them. The total charge for full courses in the various departments is sixty dollars. To those who comply with the rules, and who pass a satisfactory examination, diplomas, conferring the title of Graduate in Pharmacy (Ph. G.), are granted.

The student is now, or ought to be, a good pharmacist. He has had his early experience in the drug store; he has obtained a large amount of theoretical knowledge at the college, and has seen there many interesting experiments in the laboratory and the lecture-room while attending college. Possibly he has kept his position in the store, working during the evenings of the week, in which case he has had a great advantage, for he has had daily opportunity to make a practical use of some of the knowledge he has gained.

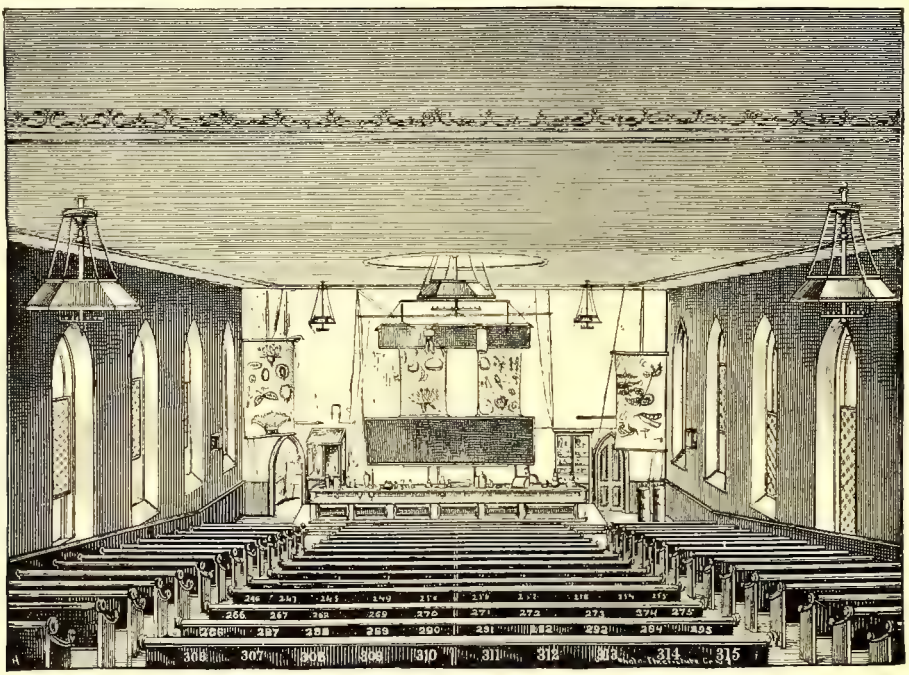
What does he do when he gets out of college? If he is favorably situated financially, and feels confident that he has the ability, he may open a store for himself, or enter into partnership in some concern already established. If neither of these conditions exists, he will get a clerkship in a store. Now he will receive say $12 a week, or more, depending on the location of the store and the liberality of his employer; also upon whether he is in a large city, a good-sized town, or the country. But all the time the ambitious worker is looking forward to a store of his own. In this connection it may be well to give a list of the number of druggists in the United States. The following table is believed to be approximately correct. The number in some of the large cities is given, as well as the number in the State.

Alabama	265	Nebraska	321
Arkansas	365	Nevada	41
California	341	New Hampshire	161
San Francisco	117	New Jersey	538
Colorado	125	New York	1550
Connecticut	282	New York City	572
Delaware	75	Brooklyn	337
Florida	90	North Carolina	200
Georgia	278	Ohio	1400
Illinois	1819	Cincinnati	142
Chicago	290	Cleveland	100
Indiana	1386	Oregon	103
Iowa	1155	Pennsylvania	1320
Kansas	605	Philadelphia	464
Kentucky	606	Pittsburg	77
Louisiana	257	Rhode Island	112
Maine	222	South Carolina	163
Maryland	152	Tennessee	389
Baltimore	206	Texas	635
Massachusetts	735	Vermont	173
Boston	265	Virginia	273
Michigan	974	Washington, D. C.	119
Minnesota	412	West Virginia	163
Mississippi	306	Wisconsin	559
Missouri	1236	Territories	205
St. Louis	164	Canada	927

Now, it would not seem probable that a drug clerk, without money of his own and with no

prospect of getting any by gift or inheritance, could become the owner of a store. And yet, by perseverance, ability, and energy, a great many do. The amount of capital required to start the business, of course, varies. The young apothecary might start a little store in a small town for $500. But it would look very plain indeed. There would be very modest fixtures, common shelves, no inclosed cases bordering the side walls. One authority says that no one ought to start with less capital than from $2000 to $5000. Another thinks $1000 or $1500 would be sufficient. But no rule can be laid down on this point, except that it requires more money in large cities, less in smaller cities and towns, and still less in villages, where, strange to the reader; it certainly seemed strange to me when I heard of it. But, after all, though the financial backer might lose his money, the young man has everything to gain by striving to be successful, and loses everything if he acts negligently or dishonestly.

Here is a true story, by way of illustration. A young drug clerk wrote from the Far West to a prominent pharmacist in New York, saying he would like to come to the city and enter a store. He came, but when the pharmacist questioned him personally he found that his visitor had never put up prescriptions written in Latin; consequently, he could not get a situation. He did not know a soul in the great city, not even the gentleman to whom



LECTURE-ROOM IN THE NEW-YORK COLLEGE OF PHARMACY.

by the way, the druggist often combines the functions of pharmacist and postmaster, or keeps a stock of newspapers and periodicals and a miscellaneous assortment of cheap fancy articles.

Clerks of real ability, who have not only gained the confidence of their employers, but have established a reputation on account of their attainments, their energy, and good management, can nearly always find some responsible person who will back them in starting a store. Sometimes a man will loan the necessary amount and take a mortgage on the business, but more often the mortgage is on the personal responsibility, the ability, and the character of the young man. This may seem a little he had written (until he met him at his store). He sought in vain for a place, and finally found a subordinate position, where he was given five dollars a week and had to board himself. He was a studious, pushing, active young fellow, and soon managed to attend the lectures at the College of Pharmacy. The gentleman with whom he had corresponded took an interest in him, and invited him to come to his store and assist in the manufacturing of fluid extracts. Once he showed his employer what he could do in that line. The man was surprised. "Why can't you do something of that kind for me?" he asked. The clerk said he could, and his salary (which, in the meanwhile had been

slightly increased) was raised to very respectable proportions. He worked for a time in this way, eventually receiving a salary of $50 a week; finally he opened a laboratory of his own, and to-day he employs forty or fifty "hands." And yet, when he arrived in New York he did not have a dollar, and was without influence and without friends.

The successful young druggist must be a good salesman. Many of the sales of medicines, especially in the city stores, are of the "patent," or proprietary, kind. Their name is legion. Most druggists keep a good-sized catalogue containing a list of the different varieties. Some of them are said to be good, and many of them are undoubtedly bad.

Care in compounding prescriptions is of great importance. Two druggists may put up the same prescription, and the prescriptions will look the same to an ordinary observer, but there will be a difference in the method of compounding them, noticeable at once to the eye of a physician. When a doctor finds a pharmacist who understands his business, he is pretty sure to take pains to recommend him to his patients. So the druggist gets a good reputation, becomes better known, and grows more prosperous from year to year.

As the making up of prescriptions requires great care, a prescription clerk should be careful to have "all his wits" about him. He should not suffer any interruption or engage in conversation while he is at his work. In the handling of poisons, it is needless to say he should be exceedingly cautious, for one mistake in dealing them out might cost him his reputation for life. It is proper to add, however, that the cases of carelessness of drug clerks in this particular are yearly becoming more rare. In many drug stores all the poisons are kept on a shelf by themselves, each bottle being plainly marked. In stores where this is done, it is claimed that mistakes are less liable to occur than in places where the bottles are put on shelves in different parts of the establishment.

The young druggist will be just to his subordinates. Knowing that their work is hard, he will allow them to take respites when business is dull. He will "keep up" in his knowledge of pharmacy, by reading one or more of the journals devoted to the interests of druggists, and, having secured a good location, he will endeavor to keep it all his life, unless, for some very good reason, he believes a change would be greatly to his advantage.

A DOZEN LITTLE DOLLS.

By One of Them.



A DOZEN little dolls are we as happy as the day,
Black and white, short and tall, grave and grand and gay,
A dozen dolls all waiting here. Who will come and play?
Come and take us, little maidens, ere we run away.

TEA-CUP LORE.

By C. C. Ward.



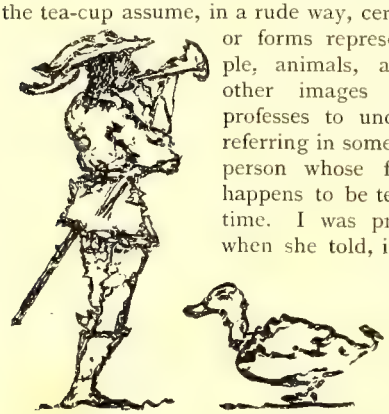
PICTURES in a tea-cup? Well, the idea is not altogether a new one, and many of my little friends have, no doubt, tried the old-fashioned plan of making pictures, or, as I think it is called, "telling fortunes," in a tea-cup. In fact, I have a friend who is





quite renowned for her success as a fortune-teller through her skill in shaking and tapping a tea-cup until the grounds, or tea-leaves, in the bottom of the tea-cup assume, in a rude way, certain shapes or forms representing people, animals, and various other images which she professes to understand as referring in some way to the person whose fortune she happens to be telling at the time. I was present once when she told, in this way, the fortune of a young lady. The prophecy and the method of making it seemed to me to be very vague; but the gist of it all was, that in a short time a young gentleman of extremely prepossessing appearance would arrive, and that he was, in some unexplained way, to exert a powerful influence on the future prospects of the young lady. Wishing to discover what there was in the cup to warrant such a forecast, I obtained possession of it without being observed. In the bottom of the cup I saw that the tea-leaves had assumed a form which, with a little aid of the imagination, might be accepted as resembling a very spare, delicate, and altogether dilapidated young man. With the aid of a tea-spoon, and using a few other grounds or leaves that were lying on the bottom of the cup, I quickly changed the young man into a most disreputable-looking old tramp, with a big bundle on his back, and accompanied by a ferocious-looking bull-dog. Then I awaited the result. Presently, the young lady whose fortune had been foretold, took up the cup, with a blush of pleasure, to examine its contents. The moment she saw the dreadful figure of the old tramp, she exclaimed,







"What a horrid old fright!" Then there was a great commotion, which was only quelled when I acknowledged my guilt. But I had learned something, which was that, with a little management, pictures of many kinds could be made in a tea-cup.





And now I will explain how the pictures are made. First drink or slowly pour out all the tea, which, by the way, should not have been too carefully strained, and then shake the cup and observe what forms the tea-leaves and sediment at the bottom have taken. In each case something will be suggested, either a figure, animal, bird, or groups suggesting all of these; but it will only be a suggestion for the imagination, not a perfect form. In order to make it more perfect, take a tea-spoon, and by adding more of the sediment and particles of leaves to some parts, and taking away from others, you will soon get the figure, or whatever is suggested, into proper shape, or "drawing" as artists say.

Now make a careful drawing on paper of what you have formed, preserving as nearly as possible the picture as it appears in the cup. Any one who has not tried to make pictures in this way will be surprised to find how easy





it is to form and draw them after a little practice. There is no limit to the number and variety of pictures that can be made, and it is really good practice for any one, not only in the way of drawing, but also in cultivating the imagination. For instance, I give the cup a shake, and what do I see? Old Mother Hubbard and her dog, perhaps, or a hurdy-gurdy man tramping along with the hurdy-gurdy on his back; if he has a trained monkey with him, it will be or ought to be on the top of the hurdy-gurdy; if he has no monkey, a slight, dexterous handling of the tea-spoon, and a few bits of tea-leaves, will soon form the little animal.





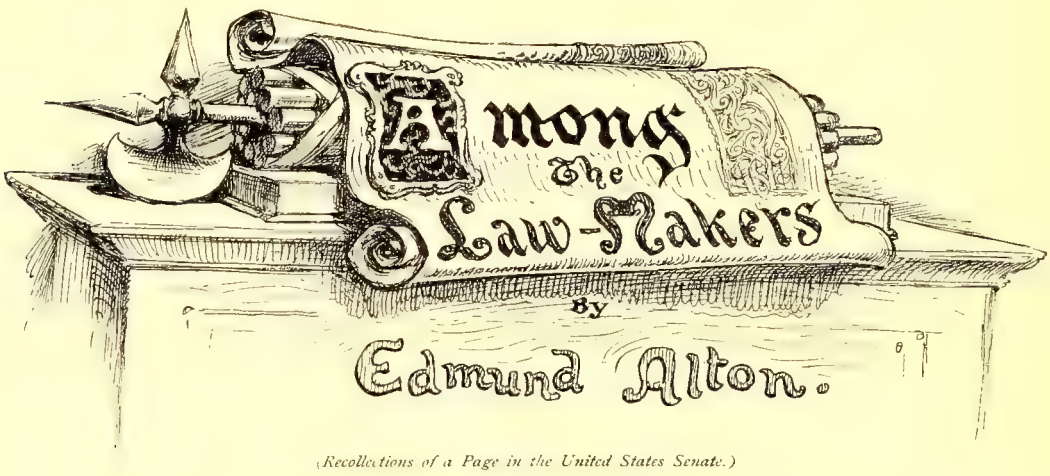
Another shake, and I see a small girl feeding the chickens. Again, and I will see the suggestion of a historical character; perhaps some character in a book — Rip Van Winkle, Barnaby Rudge, or The Marchioness. Then, again, it may be a dog, or a man on horseback. I may not be quite sure of the latter, but the spoon soon converts him into



a Cossack soldier. Another time it is three black objects, the spoon comes into play again, and then they are unmistakably bear cubs having a frolic.

The pictures can be made all black, like a silhouette, or they can be white in parts, by removing all of the sediment, and leaving the white of the cup for faces, hands, or other parts of the picture.





(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

CHAPTER I.

THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

"THE Senate will come to order!" That is exactly what he said, and when he said it the wheels of legislation began once more to revolve. Probably you do not know what I am talking about. Well, I will tell you.

When I was about thirteen years of age I was appointed page to the Senate of the United States. And before I proceed any further,—as this story is a narrative of actual facts that I trust will furnish some instruction as well as amusement to my young readers,—it would be well to make sure that they understand me, at the outset, on a question of law.

I presume, however, that many of the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS know what a government is, what it is for, and in what important respect the government of the United States differs from those of other countries of the world.

Of course, governments are necessary for the protection of society, and the object of every government is, or ought to be, to give to every man, woman, and child, security as to life, liberty, and property. To afford this security, laws are made. But then laws are of no use unless there are some means to compel obedience to them. For example, there are laws in nearly every country against killing, stealing, and other wrongs to life and property; and to deter people from committing any of these wrongs, the laws provide for the imposition of penalties—from the severe penalty of death to that of imprisonment, or the payment of a fine, according to the gravity of the offense. The system, or institution, which makes and enforces these laws constitutes a government. Every government, therefore, should possess three powers—first, the power to make laws; second, the power to execute them; and third, the power to administer justice, by the redress of grievances and the punishment of offenders, in accordance *with* the laws. These three powers are known respectively as the legislative, the executive, and the judicial powers of a government.

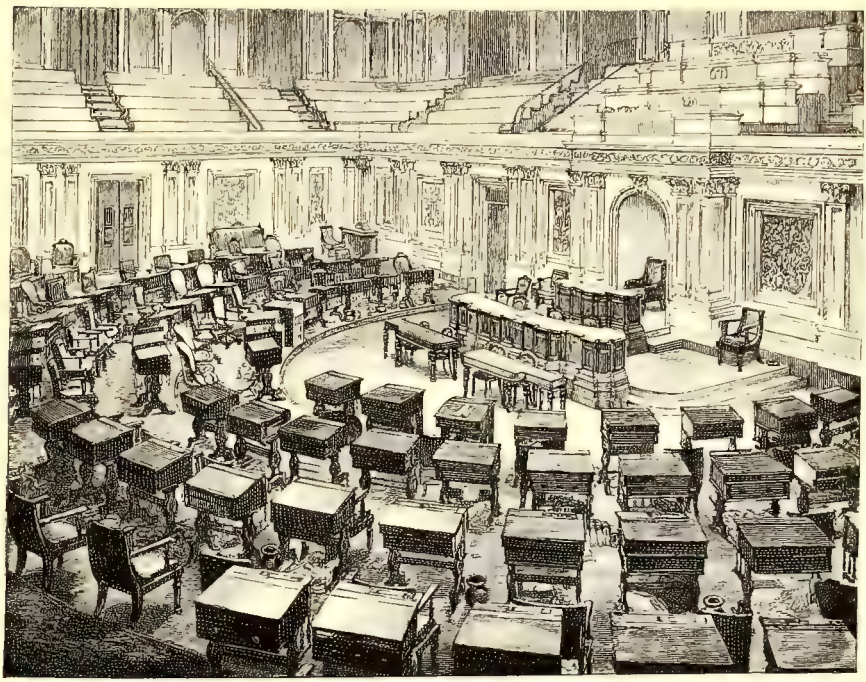
In some nations these powers reside in a single person, and such a government is called an absolute monarchy, or an autocracy. There is a government of this kind to-day in Russia. There, the sovereign or monarch can do as he pleases, having unlimited authority and control over the lives and property of his subjects. The great distinction between our government and that autocracy is this—that *here the people rule*. Every citizen of this vast republic is a sovereign, and has a voice in saying what laws shall be made, and who shall execute them. As most of the people, however, can not neglect their ordinary business affairs, they exercise their right of government through certain persons whom they elect to act for them. Every official in our government, from the highest to the lowest, derives his power from the people.

The manner in which the powers of government are distributed in the United States is declared in the great fundamental law of this country, called the *Constitution*, which perhaps some of you know by heart. This constitution was ratified, or agreed to, by the people of our republic nearly one hundred years ago, and it begins in these words:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, pro-

vide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Since the Constitution was established by our forefathers, the republic has extended its power and dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and it consists now of thirty-eight States, ten organized territories, the District of Columbia, and Alaska, containing in all 3,604,000 square miles, and fifty millions of people. But to-day, as then, the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, sacred to every American; and as you grow older and become more familiar with the history of humanity and civilization, you will learn to reverence and to love it, and be willing, as many have been in the past, to lose your lives, if necessary, in its defense.



THE SENATE CHAMBER, IN THE NORTHERN WING OF THE CAPITOL BUILDING AT WASHINGTON.

You ought, therefore, to read every word of the Constitution, and to study it carefully, before you grow to be men and citizens of our republic. By the Constitution the government of the Union (styled the "general" or "federal" government, to distinguish it from the local governments of the States forming the Union) is divided into three separate and distinct branches — the legislative, the executive, and the judicial departments. The legislative department is that which makes the laws for the country, and is called Congress; and Congress is composed of two bodies of men, one being known as The Senate and the other as The House of Representatives. Each State of the Union sends two men (called Senators) to the Senate and a certain number of men (called Representatives) to the House of Representatives. The number of Representatives sent by each State depends upon the population of the State. And every Territory sends to the House one man, called a Delegate, who may talk as much as he pleases, but is not allowed to vote in making laws. The District of Columbia, which is neither a State nor a Territory, has, like Alaska, no one to represent or to speak a kind word for it in Congress, although more people reside in the District than in some of the States and Territories that are represented. Of course, this is hardly right; but there are many imperfect features in our system of government that will, I have no doubt, be improved when the boys of the United States become old enough to take a hand in public affairs.

The manner in which the members of the House and Senate are chosen by the people, I will explain hereafter; but that you may realize what a great institution Congress, or the legisla-

tive department of the government, is, I will state that, at the time I was appointed page, there were seventy-four senators, and about three hundred members of the House of Representatives.

The executive department of the government consists of a great many officers, headed by the President of the United States, who is also chosen by the people, and is sometimes styled the Chief Magistrate of the country; and it is his duty, and the duty of his subordinate officers, to see that the laws which are made by Congress are executed—that is, carried into effect.

The judicial department of the government is vested in a great many courts, the principal one being the Supreme Court of the United States; and it is their duty to "administer" the laws. When appealed to, they should decide upon controversies involving the legal rights of parties, and dispense the relief or inflict the punishment prescribed by law. In adjusting differences, they are empowered to expound, or explain, the meaning of dubious legislation. For frequently Congress so mixes up the language of a law or statute, that it costs much time and money before the courts ascertain what Congress really intended when it enacted the law.

I have made this perhaps tedious explanation that you may know clearly what Congress is—that it is the department of the federal government which makes the laws. The members of Congress are, therefore, law-makers, and are called Congressmen; every senator is a Congressman, and so is every member of the House of Representatives. Before I conclude I shall endeavor to present to you a general idea of the proceedings of Congress in making laws, and of certain special prerogatives belonging to each "House" in addition to this law-making power. But you understand now what a law-maker is.

Well, the congressmen meet together or "assemble" in the city of Washington at noon, on the first Monday of each December, and they hold their meetings, or sessions, in the huge white building known as the Capitol, of which you have all seen pictures in your geographies. They talk and talk and legislate (which simply means to make laws for the people) for about three months in one year and about seven months the next year, and so on alternately, thus having more holidays than the boys and girls who go to school.

The senators meet in a large room in the northern wing of the Capitol, and the members of the House of Representatives meet in a still larger room in the opposite wing; and in going from one room to the other, you have to pass through the great rotunda of the building. This rotunda may be considered neutral space, separating the two legislative halls, like the dividing line between two empires; and for one of the bodies to infringe upon the privilege of the other to control its particular wing of the Capitol-building would be as much an evidence of hostility as for the army of one nation to invade the domain of another.

While each House of Congress is independent of the other, so far as the conduct of its own proceedings and the management of its own affairs are concerned, yet the Senate is usually looked upon and spoken of by the people as the "Upper House." It has been called "the grandest deliberative body the world has ever seen," and the senators are supposed to be like the senators of Venice, whom Othello addressed as "most potent, grave, and reverend Seigneurs." There is an iceberg dignity about the Senate that fills a spectator with awe, and that would almost freeze a smile before it could break into a laugh.

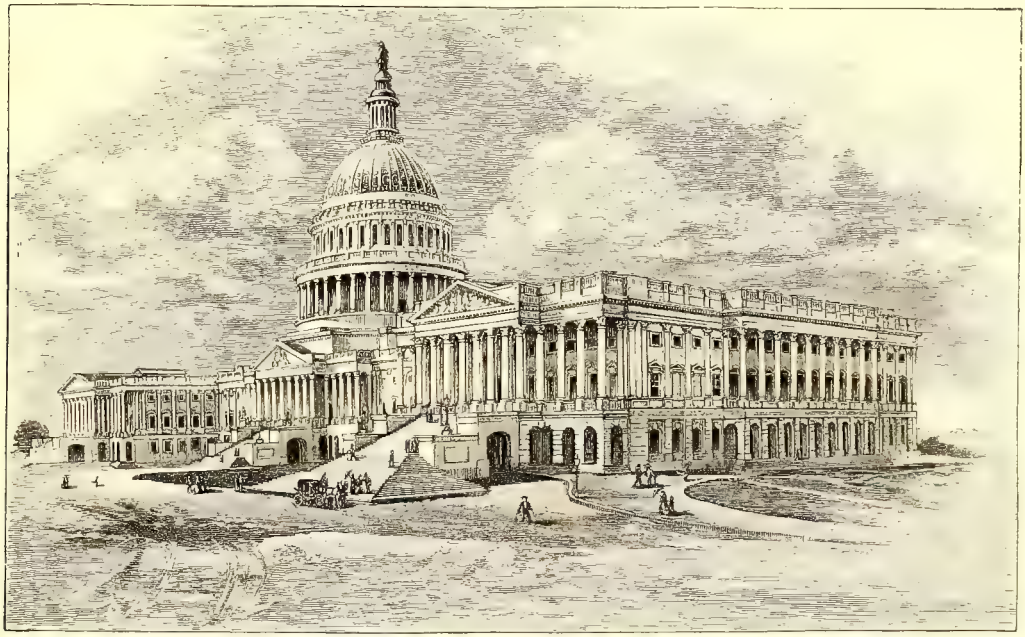
The senators are very courteous in their remarks, and you can almost hear a pin drop, at times, when a senator is speaking; whereas, there is so much confusion in the House that one might almost say that a thunderbolt falling through the roof would hardly cause an interruption in the proceedings. Of course, one of the reasons for the greater noise in the House is the much larger number of members as compared with the number of senators; and besides that, the senators, being generally older men, have more natural gravity of demeanor.

Now, the time of these senators is presumed to be very valuable; and as their thoughts ought not to be disturbed when they are engaged in making laws, only a certain number of persons are allowed to go upon the floor of the Senate when the senators are at work; and the other people, who wish to hear them talk or to look at them, must sit in the vast galleries which extend entirely around the room. The entrances leading into the room, which is called the senate chamber, are guarded by door-keepers, and only the certain select persons I have spoken of are permitted to pass. The senators naturally require a great many errands and services to be done for them; and, on this account, there are appointed fourteen boys, from twelve to sixteen years of age, who are termed "pages"—seven for the Democratic side, and seven for the Republican side. A Democrat is a man who thinks the country ought to be governed in a particular way, and a Republican is one who thinks the Democrats are always wrong, and therefore believes in governing the country in some other manner than the Democrats wish. That, in short, is what the distinction amounts to. The Democrats are called a "party," and they always talk and vote the same

way on any question of a political character — that is, any question which affects their power as a party or any of the principles of government in which they believe. The Republicans are also a party, and they talk and vote on these political questions just the opposite way from that in which the Democrats talk and vote. For this reason, the Democrats and Republicans in Congress are almost constantly quarreling when they are in session, although when they are not in session they associate and talk and joke with one another as if they all belonged to the same party.

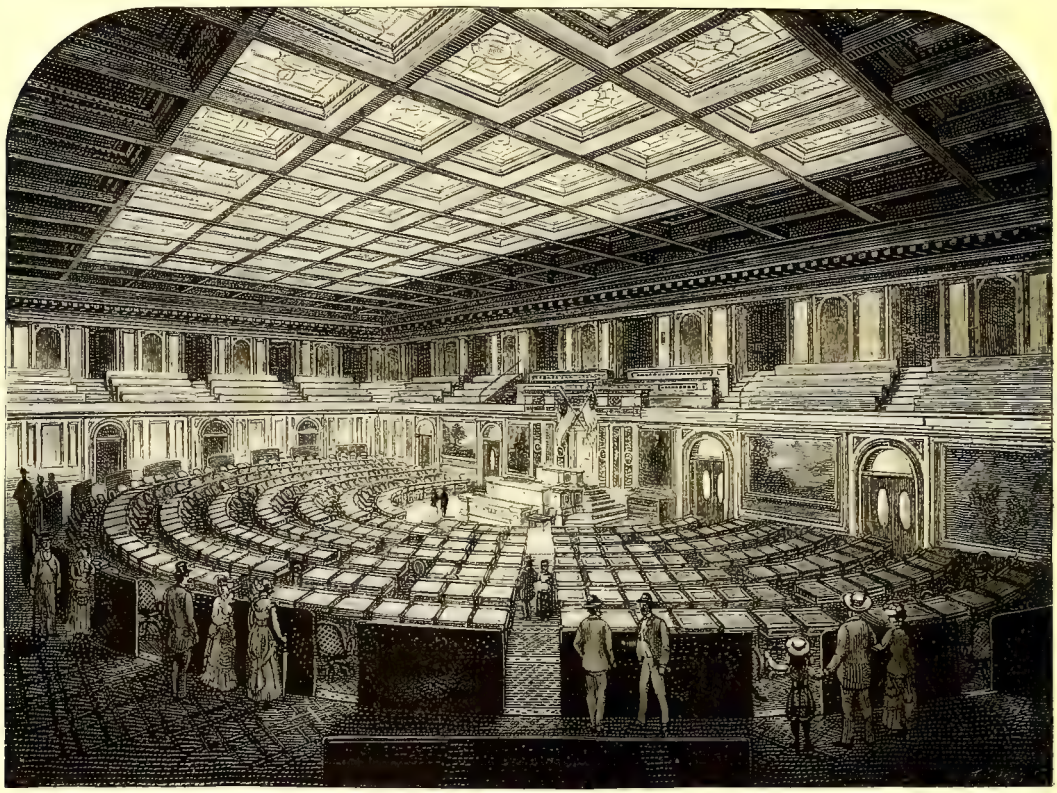
The senators sit at nice little rosewood desks, arranged in a semicircle and facing a pile of steps and tables where the clerks sit, and where, higher still, away up on top, sits the Vice-President of the United States (or whoever may act in his stead when he is absent), who is termed the "presiding officer" or "President" of the Senate, and it is his duty to keep the senators in order, just like a big school-master, and not let more than one of them talk at once. The senators on the right of the Vice-President (that is, toward the south-west) are mostly Democrats; those on the other side (toward the south-east) are principally Republicans; and when I was there they had one or two independents, — men who talk and vote sometimes with the Democrats and sometimes with the Republicans, just as they wish, — and they sat wherever they could get good seats.

As I say, speaking of the time when I was appointed, seven of the pages were to wait upon one half of the senators, while the other seven were to serve the other half. They were expected to sit on the lower steps around the big pile occupied by the Vice-President and clerks. Whenever a senator wanted an errand done he would clap his hands or beckon with his finger, and it was the duty of one of the pages on that side of the chamber to go to him and find out what he wished. After having performed the errand or attended to the wants of the senator, the page would return to his seat and wait until some other senator called. As a matter of fact, though, the pages would generally be flying about in all directions regardless of these rules — boys from the Democratic side would be running messages for the Republican side, and, as is said in Latin, *vice versa*. Sometimes the senators could not think of anything to send the pages for, and we would have an easy time; and, instead of sitting, as we ought, up in an erect and dignified position, we would kneel down upon the soft carpet and play marbles. I have often gone up on the Republican side to where the Vice-President sat, as on a throne, and played marbles with a page on the Democratic side, almost under the Vice-President's chair. It would make some of the senators angry to see us do this, especially Senator Anthony, who of late years has been called the "Father of the Senate" — because he served continuously for more years than any other senator,



THE CAPITOL OF THE UNITED STATES AT WASHINGTON.

his time of service dating back to 1859.* But most of the senators believed in letting us do whatever we pleased, so long as we kept still, while the young ladies in the gallery usually paid more attention to what we did than to what the law-makers were doing. I think it was this that used to annoy Senator Anthony. But I am running ahead of my story. I wished you to understand who a page is, and what his duties are.



THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

Of course, it was quite an honor to be appointed a page to such a distinguished body as the Senate of the United States, and as I was accredited to the State of New York, I considered that I, as well as the two senators from that State, had the honor of the State to protect. I had heard so much about the awful solemnity and power of the Senate, that I was at first afraid to touch any of these great law-makers, for fear I should be paralyzed or sent to jail.

The first day I went to the Senate was the second of December, 1872. People who wished to see the great body called to order began to arrive as early as nine o'clock, and in about two hours the galleries were crowded and would hold no more. The ladies sat in the part of the gallery reserved for them on the Republican side of the room, and looked charming in their beautiful hats and garments of every color. Over on the opposite, or Democratic, side sat the men who were unaccompanied by ladies. Then, directly over the Vice-President's chair, were the reporters for the newspapers —those industrious men who apparently never sleep, but who seem to be everywhere at once, and are always on hand whenever there is a fight or anything else of interest going on, ready to find out all about it (and more, too) and to telegraph it off, thousands of miles, to be printed in some great paper, the editor of which then preaches a sort of sermon about it, called an "editorial." Thus the people of the country are kept informed of what is happening throughout the world, and if it were not for these reporters, a great many of our public men never would be heard of outside the towns in which they live. But, as I was about to

*Since the writing of these pages this illustrious statesman has passed away. The esteem entertained for him by the people, and manifested at the funeral, was well deserved.

say, the reporters' gallery was filled with correspondents representing all classes of journals, from the powerful, thundering "organs" of New York, to the weekly publication of some little hamlet in the West.

At a few minutes before twelve o'clock, Captain Bassett, the venerable gentleman who has charge of the comfort of the senators, told me to go to the Vice-President's desk and put the gavel upon a certain spot on the table. The gavel is a small mallet of ivory with which the presiding officer of the Senate thumps upon his desk to command silence or attention, precisely as a schoolteacher taps his bell or raps with the ruler against his table. In the House of Representatives, where the members do not behave as well as in the Senate, they have a wooden gavel with a long handle to it, like a hammer, that will make more noise, and sometimes it reminded me of a blacksmith at his anvil to see the presiding officer of the House (who is called The Speaker) pounding away for dear life, trying to make the Representatives be quiet. In fact, the Speaker's gavel is known in the official parlance of that body as the "hammer."

I placed the gavel near the edge of the desk,—in order that it could be reached conveniently by the Vice-President without destroying the impressiveness desired,—and hardly had I done so when, exactly at twelve o'clock, in walked two men through the door near me. They were Schuyler Colfax, the Vice-President of the United States, and Dr. Newman, the chaplain of the Senate. The Vice-President advanced to the side of his desk, took up the gavel, and gave one loud rap. At once the buzzing in the galleries and on the floor ceased; and, in perfect silence, Dr. Newman ascended the steps to the Vice-President's chair, and standing up, as he would in a pulpit, delivered a short prayer. I do not remember all that he said, but he offered thanks to God for his blessings upon the nation since the adjournment of Congress during the preceding summer, and prayed that the senators might be blessed with wisdom and goodness, and guided of Heaven in their deliberations throughout the session then begun.

The prayer was hardly finished when nearly all the senators began to clap their hands in every part of the chamber, making quite a racket. They had a habit of doing that immediately after the opening exercises, and, on one occasion, caused an old man in the gallery to exclaim, "Wall, I 'll be hanged ef I saw anything pertikerlerly fine about that prayer!" But they were not applauding the prayer—they were merely calling for pages!

When the clapping commenced, the other pages started to run zigzag and in every direction, and at first I became confused and did not know what to do. At last I saw one senator look at me and clap, and I walked toward him, but another page ran ahead of me. I was about the only new page, and more timid and modest than the other boys. They wished to "show off," and they ran as fast as they could every time; and as I was a little fellow, with short legs, of course they distanced me. I think I tried about a dozen times to answer calls, but was beaten by the other pages. The fact was, I was not only more modest, but more deliberate and deferential in my movements.

I think several of the senators must have observed my embarrassment, for after a while Senator Conkling beckoned me with the forefinger of his right hand,—that was the way he always called a page,—and I began to walk at a quick but respectful gait. The other pages, however, were all anxious to get the message, for it would cause people in the galleries to look at them, as Senator Conkling was one of the most conspicuous men in the Senate, and people watched everything he did. He was then standing behind his desk holding a letter, and a number of pages rushed and put up their hands and grabbed at the letter, and almost fought for it. The Senator made a gesture for them to go away, and when I came up he reached over their heads and gave the letter to me, with instructions as to what I should do with it. I felt that the people in the galleries saw it all,—and so they did, and every one on the floor saw it also,—and I was scarcely able to walk straight, so flurried was I, knowing that so many eyes were upon me. The other boys not only felt flurried, but looked sheepish, and did not understand the Senator's conduct. Neither did I, for that matter, but I thought and still think it was purely out of sympathy for me.

As Dr. Newman came down from the Vice-President's table, Vice-President Colfax mounted the steps and, in a very solemn manner, said: "The Senate will come to order!" and took his seat in the chair.

Then the secretary of the Senate called the roll of senators to see how many were present, after which Senator Conkling arose and offered a resolution, the object of which was to have the Vice-President appoint two senators to act as a committee to join a similar committee of the House of Representatives, and to call upon the President of the United States and notify him that Congress was in session, and ready to hear anything he might have to say.

Senator Anthony then submitted a resolution that the secretary of the Senate inform the House of Representatives that a quorum of the Senate had assembled (that is, a sufficient number of senators

to transact business, which must be a majority of the entire Senate), and that it was ready to proceed to business; and also another resolution, "That the hour of daily meeting of the Senate be twelve o'clock, noon, until otherwise ordered." Both these resolutions offered by Senator Anthony were adopted by the Senate, and, after brief proceedings about other matters, the resolution presented by Senator Conkling was also agreed to, and Senator Conkling and Senator Thurman were appointed as a committee, Senator Conkling being the chairman, or head of the committee. At this point, as the Senate had nothing else to do, a recess was taken for one hour. Instantly the people in the gallery began to buzz again, and the senators to talk among themselves and tell jokes and laugh, and a certain senator, who sat far over on the Democratic side, even amused himself by writing letters and soaring them away up into the air, and even against the ceiling of the room, and watching the pages attempt to catch them as they sailed down toward the floor. I think he could sail a letter better than any other senator. Of course, this was no great achievement to boast about, but some of the senators sat through a whole session so quietly that they seemed never to do anything except to go to the Senate every day and sit still and vote. And I remember once a senator came into the chamber just as his name was reached by the clerk who was calling the roll on a vote. He looked around, and did not know what was going on or what he should do, and I pitied him and called out from behind him, "Vote 'No!'" And he did! Of course he thought it was some responsible senator speaking to him. But I had been in the Senate several days before I had enough courage to pretend to advise a senator.

Upon the Vice-President's calling the Senate to order after the recess, the clerk of the House of Representatives was announced, and he stated that the House had assembled and was ready to proceed to business. These notifications from each Congressional body to the other, and from both to the President, are acts of courtesy that are always observed at the beginning and close of every session of Congress.

After the lapse of a few minutes Senators Conkling and Thurman returned from the White House, whither they had gone to see the President, and said that the committee appointed by the Senate had discharged its duty, and that the President had stated that he would communicate with the Senate at once in writing. In olden times, during the early days of our government, it was usual for the President to come to the Senate chamber in person, and, in the presence of the senators and members of the House, deliver whatever address he might desire to make. But this custom was abandoned when President Jefferson went into office, and communications from the President are now always put in writing and delivered by a messenger.

After the report of the committee, there was a pause in the proceedings, during which the people



PAGES AT MISCHIEF. (SEE PAGE 59.)

resumed their conversations and whisperings. Very soon a gentleman entered the room through the door directly facing the Vice-President, carrying under his arm a package in a large white envelope fastened with a large red seal. As he entered every one became quiet again. Captain Bassett walked up the aisle in front of the Vice-President, and, when he reached the door, shook hands with the other gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Babcock, the private secretary to President Grant; and then this is what was said:

Captain Bassett: "A message from the President of the United States."

Mr. Babcock (bowing): "Mr. President."

The Vice-President (bowing): "Mr. Secretary."

Mr. Babcock: "I am directed by the President of the United States to deliver to the Senate a message in writing."

Thereupon, the President's secretary and the Vice-President exchanged bows again, and Mr. Babcock, giving the package to Captain Bassett, left the Senate and went to the House of Representatives to go through the same ceremony there.

Captain Bassett took the envelope to the Vice-President, who opened it, and said that he would lay before the Senate a message from the President of the United States. Then the secretary of the Senate began to read the message which the President had sent. It was a lengthy address, and the reading of it occupied an hour. It told how the country had prospered since the last session of Congress, and what laws ought to be enacted in order to make it more prosperous in the future. When it had been read through, Senator Anthony moved that it be laid upon the table and be printed, which was agreed to. To "lay upon the table" is what is known as a "parliamentary expression," and signifies that the Senate is not ready to consider or take action upon the message, bill, or whatever it may be, just then.

By this time we all were tired out, after keeping still and listening to the reading for so long, and shortly after Senator Edmunds arose and said:

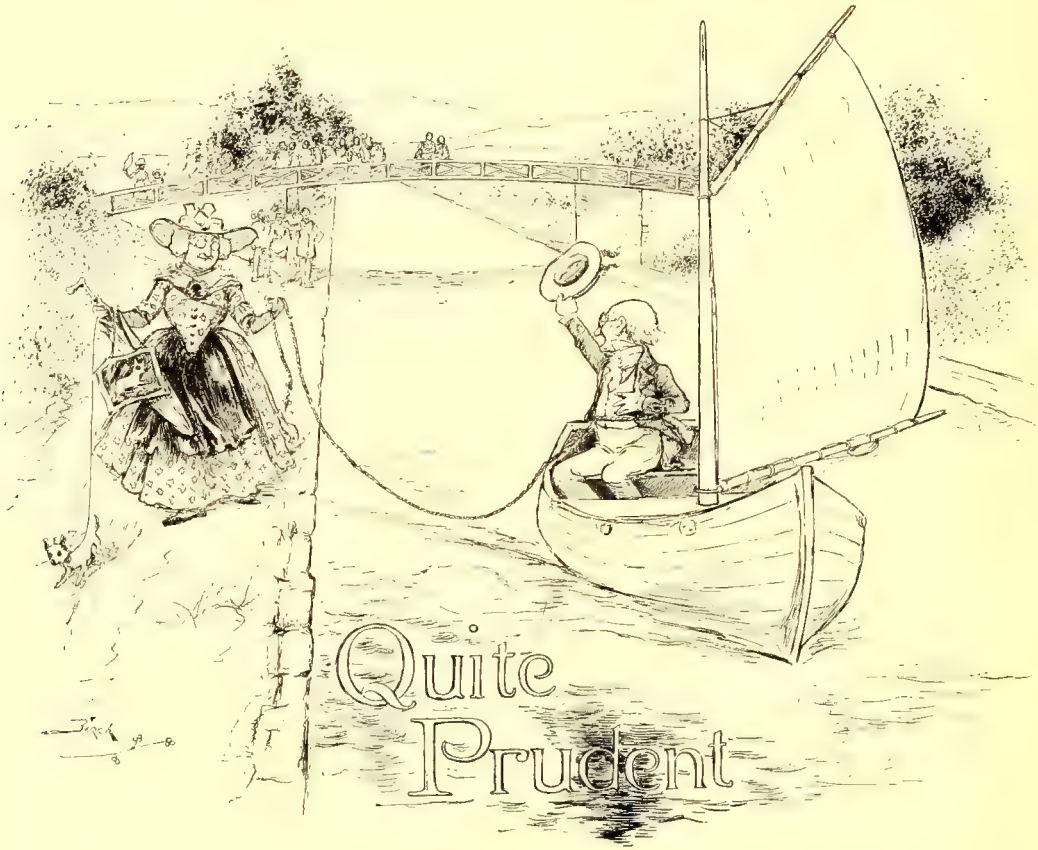
"I move that the Senate do now adjourn." Then everybody else began to move, and there was such a hubbub that all I could hear distinctly was the Vice-President saying:

"The motion is carried, and the Senate stands adjourned until to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

Then he gave another loud rap with his gavel, and the proceedings of the Senate for the first day of the session came to an end.

(To be continued.)





BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

IT was n't until he had turned sixty-three
That a longing came o'er him to follow the sea;
But his dear little wife gave a shake of her head,—
"I never could let you," she tenderly said.

"You were only in fun, I am sure, when you spoke;
It would n't be safe, for you can't swim a stroke.
If you feel you must sail, why not try the canal?"
And he said, in a weak little whisper, "I shall!"

So he put, with much practice, a roll in his walk,
And introduced nautical terms in his talk;
While the neat little suit that she made him to wear
Had anchors, to give him a sailor-like air.

On a day that was marked by a fair wind and sky,
His neighbors assembled to bid him good-bye;
And he sat in his boat while his little wife placed
A rope, with commendable care, round his waist.

"I 'll hold, on the tow-path, one end in my hand,
And, if you should sink, I will pull you to land.
I think it 's much safer," she uttered; "don't you?"
And he said, in his weak little whisper, "I do!"

Then he hoisted his sail with a feeling of pride,
And gayly sped off, while she kept at his side;
So you 'd better look out, for who knows but, some day,
These queer little folk will be coming your way?

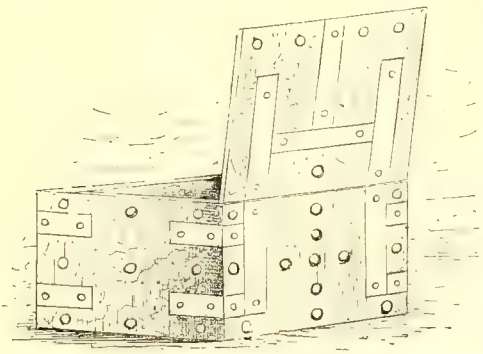
WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. NO. XIII.

METALLIC BAND-WORK AND NAILS IN DECORATION.

By Charles G. Leland.

There are few places where strips of iron or other metal are not used to hoop barrels or bind boxes; and strips of brass or zinc, for the same purpose, are to be had of any dealer in sheet-metal. These seem at first sight to be little adapted to decorative art purposes; yet, precisely the same material was largely employed, and with very good effect, in the days of old—the times of gold—to ornament not only doors, but all kinds of furniture.

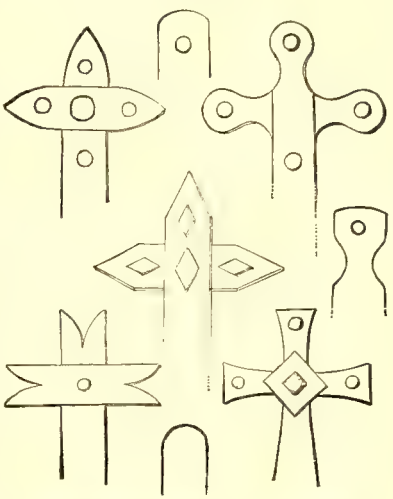
If we take a common oaken box, and place upon it strips and pieces of iron or brass hoop, cut to proper lengths, we have, of course, an iron or brass-banded chest. The strips must be fastened with large-headed iron nails, such as were used at one time freely by trunk-makers, and which may still be found. But any smith will make them to order, with either round or square heads.



BOX ORNAMENTED WITH BANDS AND NAILS.

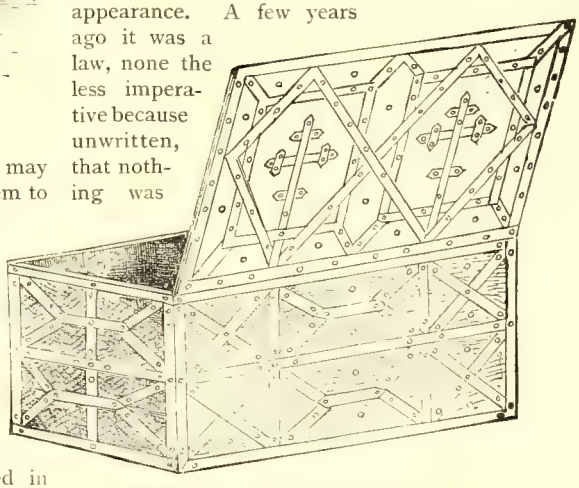
The ends of the hoops may be easily filed into shapes which will add greatly to the ornamental effect of the work. Thus, false hinges, in the shape of a cross, look very well with either rounded or pointed tips. A little study of the examples here given will readily suggest other forms to a person with any ingenuity. The file to be used for shaping these ends should be a very large one, and it will be advisable to have the iron screwed in a vise. There are several shapes which may be given to these ends, such, for instance, as the semicircle, the ball, the point, the heart-point, and the notch. By repeating them in connection, very good effects may be obtained.

There are, of course, many other ends or points which will occur to the artist; but of all, the semicircle, the point, and the heart-point, or the ogive, will prove to be the easiest to make. The best effects will be seen when the end of a strip is made into a cross with another.



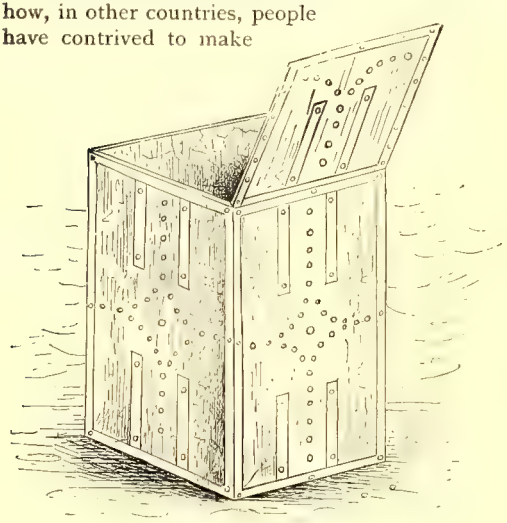
SIMPLE PATTERNS FOR FALSE HINGES.

By tasteful arrangement the simplest box or chest may be given a handsome appearance. A few years ago it was a law, none the less imperative because unwritten, that nothing was worthy of very much admiration unless it was expensive and highly finished. The upholsterer



ORNAMENTATION WITH BANDS OF BRASS.

judged for everybody, and his taste served for the world. Consequently, the upholsterer, in his own interests, invariably declared that nothing cheap could be beautiful. Now that people are beginning to study decoration for themselves, and to have opinions of their own as to how their houses should be decorated, and are finding out how, in other countries, people have contrived to make



AN EASY PATTERN.

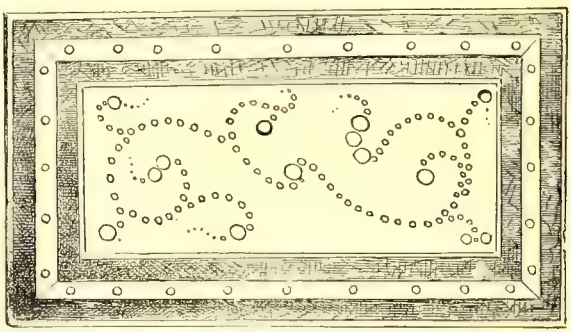
home beautiful without much money, the more ignorant upholsterer is losing his influence. He is no longer an oracle of taste. On the contrary, he stands directly in opposition to true knowledge and honest art, which proposes to teach people that they may still have beautifully decorated rooms though they may be altogether too poor to buy of the upholsterer.

It was long since discovered that a hinge was not only useful as a means of holding a lid and enabling it to be lifted up and down, but that it strengthened it, prevented it from cracking, and might be so expanded as to materially aid in preventing a chest or coffer from being broken into. But as this latter purpose could be effected by a false hinge, false hinges came to be extensively made. The illustrations on page 65 show how they can be constructed from pieces of hoop-iron and similar strips of other metals.

These hinges need not be confined to chests or boxes. It is common enough to see in country cottages doors of plain plank or boards, made without panels ; and it is needless to say that, though the easiest to make and the cheapest and strongest of all doors, they are invariably considered ugly. Yet one of these portals can be so hinged and barred with hoop-iron, and so studded with nails as to look far better than the average machinery-made, saw-mill-paneled affair, which any boy of ten years could kick to pieces in ten minutes with a pair of stout boots.

Not less effective are bands of brass. These are made of every width, from half an inch to four or six inches, and sheets of brass may be had from six inches in width to any breadth whatever. Brass hoop has the great advantage that, when made up artistically, it may be carried out with the aid of nails with "fancy" heads of many beautiful forms, such as fleurs-de-lis, rosettes in great variety, eagles, horses' heads, and flowers. One has but to send to any dealer in hardware to obtain a catalogue containing representations of these nails. Many of them are used by harness-makers and upholsterers. Some are silver-plated or made of German silver.

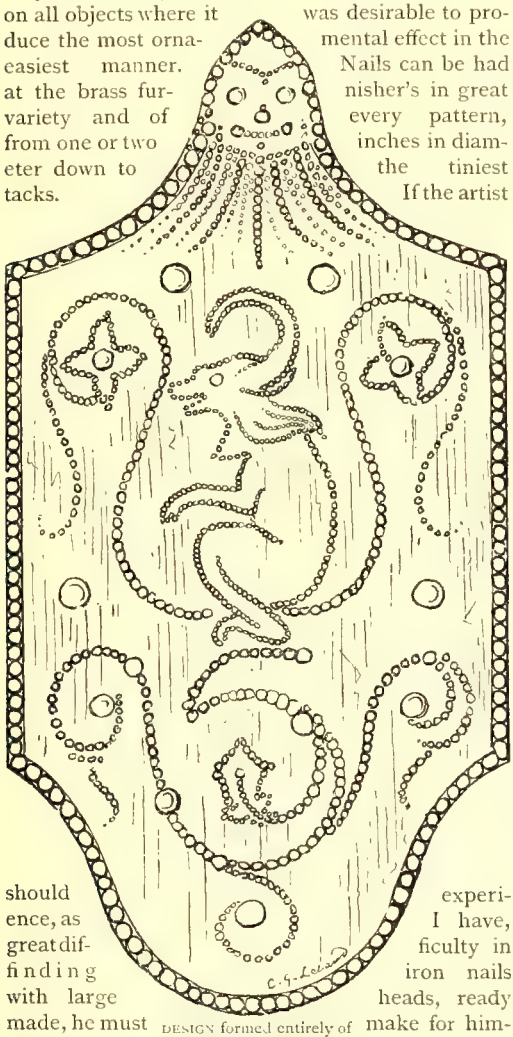
It may be observed that, apart from the iron or brass bands, these nails may of themselves be extensively used in decorating chests, etc. It is well known in repoussé or sheet-brass work that a very important point consists of introducing at regular intervals bosses, or round studs, of such a nature that they shall attract the eye by reflecting light. Thus, in the days when every room had its salvers and plates of hammered brass, favorite subjects were oranges, grapes, and other round fruits, whose hemispherical and rounded surface gave a brilliant reflect of light. Accordingly, a very favorite subject for a brass platter was the spies returning from Canaan, bearing between them an immense bunch of grapes. During three hundred years there were as many salvers made with this subject as all others combined. In fact, the em-



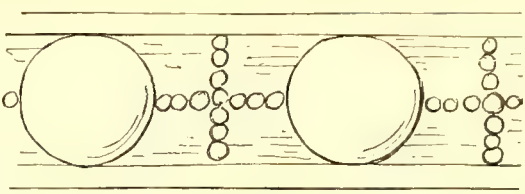
DESIGN FOR LID OR SIDE OF BOX.

ployment of the boss, or knob, or circle, in art is as old as art itself; it was common among the earliest races, and an article which I have read declares that the white dots in a blue ground which form the undying "polka-dot pattern" in cravats is a survival of the heads of the rivets in ancient armor. It is as curious as instructive to observe

how, for instance in Romanesque dress, very good effects were produced by simple circlets, surrounded at times by dots. These are seen, too, not only on old Anglo-Saxon and Gaulish dresses, but on all objects where it was desirable to produce the most ornamental effect in the easiest manner. Nails can be had at the brass furnisher's in great variety and of every pattern, from one or two inches in diameter down to the tiniest tacks. If the artist should have experience, as I have, great difficulty in finding iron nails with large heads, ready made, he must make for himself a pattern in wax or wood and have recourse to some ingenious blacksmith who can forge them for him by hand,—that is, if he wants real nails that will hold. The ornamental brass nails, of which I have spoken, have generally only a thin wire shank, and are only meant to be looked at, not subjected to any severe test. They can be plated to order with nickel, and then match well with polished brass or iron.



DESIGN formed entirely of brass-headed nails or tacks of different sizes. Suitable for a hanging-box or for a chair-back



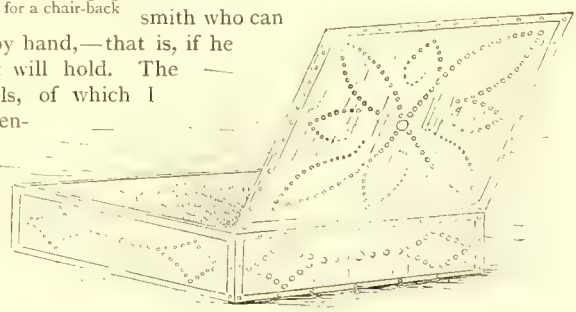
DESIGN FOR BORDER OF CHEST, FORMED OF LARGE AND SMALL BRASS NAILS.

Iron and brass hoop can be applied to doors, to boxes, panels, chests, and many plane or flat surfaces in furniture, with admirable effect. Narrow brass or German silver strips are very well suited to the covers of books, albums, and portfolios. It is quite certain that, in the whole range of the minor, or decorative, arts, there is not one in which so much elegance and utility can be combined with so little expense, as in ornamenting, let us say for example, a plain oak chest with iron or brass bands and large-headed nails.

Common, small brass nails, such as were much used for trunks fifty years ago, are still popular among our Western Indians, who ornament whip-handles with them. These and larger round heads may be set together so as to form bunches of grapes. With the aid of carving and sheet-brass leaves, very striking effects may be obtained.

It is easy to make the holes in hoop-metal, through which the nails are driven. An excellent drill for the purpose is sold for fifty cents by most dealers in tools, or will be obtained by them to order. All dealers in brass or sheet-metals supply hoop of any width.

There are few boys, who are clever or ingenious enough to do any work at all, who can not ornament boxes in the manner here described, with hoop-metal and large nails. It may be observed that, when the work is thoroughly well done, the hoop should be sunk in the wood, either by hammering it well in, or by cutting grooves with a chisel.



As a distinct art or branch of work, the application of hoop-metal and nails to caskets, etc., was first practiced in the Public Industrial Art School of Philadelphia.

A PRIZE STORY FOR GIRLS, TO BE WRITTEN BY A GIRL.

IN pursuance of the announcement made last month, ST. NICHOLAS now invites all girls not younger than thirteen, nor older than seventeen years of age, to compete for the following prizes, amounting in all to One Hundred Dollars:

PRIZES.

For the best story for girls, under the conditions named below.....A prize of Forty Dollars.
For the story ranking second in merit, under the conditions named below..A prize of Twenty Dollars.
For the story ranking third " " " " " " " ..A prize of Fifteen Dollars.
For the story ranking fourth " " " " " " " ..A prize of Ten Dollars.
For the stories ranking fifth, sixth, and seventh " " " ..A prize of Five Dollars, *each*.

CONDITIONS.

No story written by any one younger than thirteen or older than seventeen can enter into the competition.

The story must be not less than 2000 nor more than 3000 words in length.

At the head of each MS., just above its title, must be written the words "Story for Prize Competition."

Initials *only*, must be signed to the MS. But the name and address of the writer, together with the title of the story, and postage and directions for the return of the MS. (in case it does not win a prize), must be sent in a sealed envelope with the MS.

In justice to all competitors, the sealed envelope must also contain a certificate signed by parent, teacher, or some adult friend, that the story is the original composition of the sender, and that her age is within the prescribed limits.

Let the sealed envelopes contain *only* the inclosures here requested. Letters concerning the stories can not be answered.

The sealed envelopes will not be opened until all the manuscripts have been read, and the prize stories selected.

No MS. will be returned that is unaccompanied by the requisite amount of postage-stamps inclosed in the sealed envelope.

Translations will not be considered. The stories must not be Burlesque, Fairy, Sensational, exclusively Religious, nor Love Stories: but in literary quality and moral influence they must be unobjectionable. The purpose of the competition is to obtain a good, wholesome, and interesting story for girls written by a girl.

Stories may be sent in until December 15, 1884. No story received after that date can enter into the competition.

The best story — and possibly one or more of the other prize stories — will be printed in ST. NICHOLAS.

If the Awarding Committee agree unanimously that no one of the stories sent in is, even by a generous construction, worthy to receive the first prize ($40), that prize will not be awarded. But in that case, the remaining prizes will be assigned, relatively, to the best six stories received, beginning with the prize of twenty dollars.

Stories may be sent either by mail or express. Address all MSS. for this competition, to The Prize Story Committee, care of The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

THE FIRST CONVENTION OF THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION is now well known to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, as a national, and, indeed, international, union of local societies of young and old folk, for the purpose of studying natural objects by personal observation.

The first important public mention of the A. A. will be found in the number of ST. NICHOLAS, for November, 1880; and, since then, regular monthly reports of the progress of the Association have appeared in the closing pages of this magazine. The files of the magazine will thus be found to contain a complete history of its work. The first general convention of the Agassiz Association was held at Philadelphia, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September, 1884, by invitation of the Philadelphia Assembly, which is a society formed by the union of most of the chapters of the A. A. in or near Philadelphia.*

* The proceedings of the convention are printed in full, and may be had at cost price, on application to Mr. Robt. T. Taylor, 4701 Leiper street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the evening of Sept. 2d, an informal reception was held, during which the president of the A. A. and the officers of the Assembly had the pleasure of meeting about three hundred delegates from widely scattered chapters, States as far apart as Iowa and Maine being represented. The next morning, by special invitation, the convention visited the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and spent several hours in examining the treasures of the wonderful collection.

In the afternoon, the first regular session was opened by prayer, at 2 o'clock, in the hall of the Franklin Institute. John Shallcross, Esq., President of the Assembly, gave a cordial address of welcome, to which President Harlan H. Ballard responded for the Agassiz Association. Then followed a series of excellent papers and discussions by various delegates. The exercises included the histories of several chapters; a stirring debate, "Eyes *versus* Books;" papers on "The A. A. in the Family" and "The A. A. in the Public School;" and essays on "Methods of Work."

In the evening, the Rev. Henry C. McCook delivered a lecture on "Ants and Their Architecture," which was highly entertaining, instructive, and suggestive of methods of observation.

On Thursday morning, the convention visited the Zoölogical Gardens, and were courteously received by Superintendent Brown, who guided them through the different buildings, where wild animals are kept in a condition of remarkable cleanliness.

The hard-wood floors of their cages shone like the floor of a dancing-hall. We were quite interested in an attempt that was being made to secure a photograph of a refractory old bison. Owing to his restlessness and ill-nature, the attempt was not successful, but the delegates grouped themselves in front of the lion and tiger house, and a picture of them was taken, which was perhaps quite as well.

In the afternoon came the second regular session at the Franklin Institute. A very important feature of the day was an address by Prof. James McAllister, superintendent of the public schools of Philadelphia. He spoke in the warmest terms of the excellent work and admirable methods of the Agassiz Association, and expressed the hope that a chapter might ultimately be formed in connection with every school in the United States; or, at least, in default of that, that the methods of the A. A. should be adopted in every school, so that young people should learn to use their own eyes instead of blindly following the statements of their books. Next, special topics in the several branches of natural history were considered. Papers were read on "The Bluebird;" "The Fishes of Texas;" "Botany;" "Insect Transformation;" and "A Cruise Around Salt Lake."

Prof. Wm. R. Dudley, of Cornell University, gave a most helpful talk on "Preparing Plants for the Herbarium;" and, in passing, it must be said that no one thing gives the members greater encouragement than the aid so kindly extended to them by many eminent men of science. Of those who have helped the Association in years past, Prof. Dudley, Prof. G. Howard Parker, of Cambridge, and Prof. C. H. Fernald, of the Maine State College, were present at the sessions of the convention.

The president of the A. A. closed the exercises by an address on "Methods of Work," and the "Future of the Association." The applause that greeted his reference to "our most powerful patron and most faithful friend, the good ST. NICHOLAS," showed what a warm place the magazine holds in the hearts of all its members. After the address, Mr. Shallcross, in behalf of the assembly, presented to the president a beautiful gold-headed cane.

In the evening the delegates, by invitation, went in a body to the Electrical Exhibition. They were received in the lecture-room by Prof. Houston, who explained, in a short lecture, some of the more important pieces of electrical mechanism they were to see; and then they dispersed throughout the building, and spent a delightful evening among the wonders of the place.

The most marked feature of this convention was the feeling of friendly fellowship continually manifested. Not only was no word spoken that could cause regret, but everything was said and done that could minister to the happiness of each and all. There was no machinery of business to distract attention from the consideration of the various branches of natural science; and, thanks to the wise simplicity of the Constitution of the A. A., not a vote was called for, except a rising vote of thanks to the generous hosts and to the gentlemen who kindly addressed the convention.

The result of the first meeting has been a firm cementing of friendship, a great increase of enthusiasm, and a conviction that the Agassiz Association is certain to grow far more rapidly in the future than it has ever grown before. You are now invited to turn to the regular report of the A. A., on page 78 of this number.

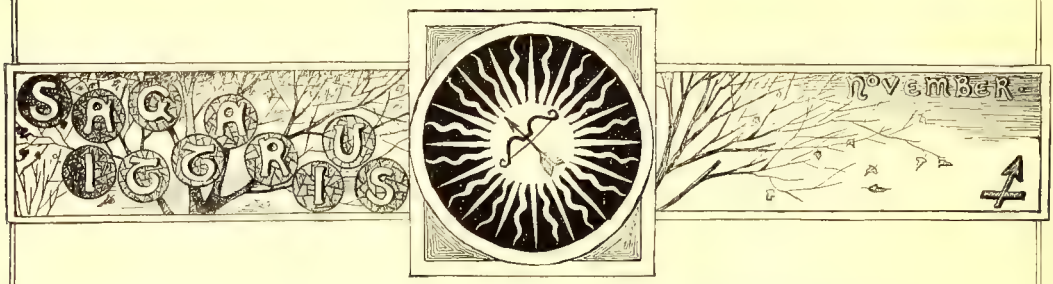
H. H. B.


Ha, ha, ha, off they go,
Charlie & Bébe go merrily oh.
Knowing no fear,
no not they,
Away they fly go cheerily oh.



There's a log,
oh stop! but no —
Over they go, oh my, such a
throw!
Charlie exclaims: "Now here's a go!"
And dear little Bébe says, "oh! oh!"

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



SAGITTARIUS bends his bow,
That the Sun may hunting go.

He pursues the chase so far
That our skies quite gloomy are.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Sat.	14	Pisces	11.44	Benvenuto Cellini, b. 1500.
2	☽	FULL	Aries	11.44	21st Sunday after Trinity.
3	Mon.	16	"	11.44	Mendelssohn, died 1847.
4	Tues.	17	Taurus	11.44	☾ very near Aldebaran.
5	Wed.	18	"	11.44	☾ near Saturn.
6	Thur.	19	Gemini	11.44	Gust's Adolphus, d. 1632.
7	Fri.	20	"	11.44	☾ bet. Procyon & Twins.
8	Sat.	21	Cancer	11.44	John Milton, died 1674.
9	☽	22	Leo	11.44	22d Sunday after Trinity.
10	Mon.	23	Sextant	11.44	☾ near Regulus & Jupiter.
11	Tues.	24	Leo	11.44	King Canute, died 1035.
12	Wed.	25	Virgo	11.44	
13	Thur.	26	"	11.45	☾ near Venus.
14	Fri.	27	"	11.45	☾ near Spica.
15	Sat.	28		11.45	Gluck, died 1787.
16	☽	29		11.45	23d Sunday after Trinity.
17	Mon.	NEW		11.45	Acc'n of Q. Eliz'th, 1558.
18	Tues.	1		11.46	Sir D. Wilkie, b. 1785.
19	Wed.	2		11.46	☾ near Mars.
20	Thur.	3	Sagitt.	11.46	Thos. Chatterton, b. 1752.
21	Fri.	4	"	11.46	Venus near Spica.
22	Sat.	5	"	11.47	Lord Clive, died 1774.
23	☽	6	Capri.	11.47	24th Sunday after Trinity.
24	Mon.	7	"	11.47	Peace dec'd bet. G. Brit.
25	Tues.	8	Aqua.	11.47	[and America, 1814.
26	Wed.	9	"	11.48	Marshal Soult, died 1850.
27	Thur.	10	Pisces	11.48	Thanksgiving Day.
28	Fri.	11	"	11.48	Wash'n Irving, d. 1859.
29	Sat.	12	Aries	11.49	Horace Greeley, d. 1872.
30	☽	13	"	11.49	Advent Sunday.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

Rosy are the apples that are crowding in the bin;
Golden is the grain, with the sunlight gathered in;
Ripe and rich the clusters that have swung in juicy prime;
But the rainfall of the nuts is the children's harvest-time.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

NOVEMBER 15th, 8.30 P. M.

SATURN is now very conspicuous in the east, and not far from him are our old acquaintances of last winter, Aldebaran and the Pleiades, the stars of *Taurus, The Bull.* Orion, too, is rising in the east. Altair is going down in the west, Lyra in the north-west. The Dipper of *The Great Bear* is now at its lowest point immediately under the North Star. *Cassiopeia,* The Lady in her Chair, is nearly overhead in the Milky Way. The Square of Pegasus is now upright, Markab and Scheat have passed an hour to the west, and now the other two stars of the square are exactly over our south mark. The upper one is Alpherat of the constellation *Andromeda,* the lower one is Algenib of the constellation *Pegasus.*

We have not traced the path of the sun since September. The two stars of Capricornus are still visible in the south-west; the sun passes from the point mentioned near them, which he occupies the 20th of January, to a point in a line with Alpherat and Algenib, and just as far below Algenib as that star is distant from Alpherat. This point is on the equinoctial line, and the sun reaches it on the 21st of March.

The *Milky Way* makes a complete arch from east to west. Notice that near the star Arided in *Cygnus, The Swan,* the Milky Way divides into two branches, descending to the west. Altair is on the very edge of the south branch. Facing the west and looking upward at *Cygnus,* we now see that there are two other stars below Arided, that with the other stars of the constellation form a large upright cross.

THE PEACOCK AND THE TURKEY.

"LOOK at me," said the Peacock, spreading his tail and strutting grandly about, "am I not handsome?"

"Yes," replied the Turkey, "in your own eyes; but I put up a perpetual thanksgiving that I was not hatched so vain as you."

"I should think thanksgiving was rather a tender subject for you," rejoined the Peacock, pluming himself.

"Not at all," said the Farmer, who had been listening to this interchange of civilities; "he is a tender subject for Thanksgiving!" And so saying he caught up the Turkey, and carried him off to market.

"Well, well!" said the Peacock, "I 'm glad I 'm too handsome to eat, and that fine feathers don't always make fine birds according to the cook."

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"WHERE are my bow and arrows, and my buskins, Mother?" cried November, slipping in on a little bit of thin ice. "I want to go a-hunting. I can't do very much for you in your garden, and I must look after the deer and the rabbit."

"Oh, but my lad!" cried Dame Nature, "there are late pears and apples awaiting you, and the squashes and pumpkins must be gathered, or we shall not be ready for Thanksgiving. You must begin to nip the vines and leaves and late flowers, for there is much clearing up to be done. You are quite enough of an executioner, November, without going after game."

"Well, well!" said November, rather cross and surly, "if I must, I must; but if I could only have my own way a little, I would be a great deal more agreeable. How can you expect me to be very bright and sunny when I have to do so much ungracious work?"

FALLING LEAVES.

BY AGNES L. CARTER.

WHAT will become of the trees, Mamma?
The leaves are falling, one by one.
Colder it blows;
Soon come the snows.
What will become of the trees, Mamma,
The bare, brown trees, when all is done?

Will not the trees be cold, Mamma,
When all the leaves are blown away?
When nights are long,
And winds are strong,
Will not the trees be cold, Mamma,
On many a cold and wintry day?

What will become of the leaves, Mamma?
Away before the wind they fled;
After their play,
Hurried away.
What will become of the leaves, Mamma?
I can not think that they are dead.

Poor little leaves! It is sad, Mamma.
If I run after them, will they mind?
Now for a race!
Now for a chase!
I will bring you some pretty leaves, Mamma;
Some tired leaves that are left behind.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY to you, one and all, my friends! It is delightful to meet this time, in bright, bracing, grateful November, and to shake hands, so to speak, at the very threshold of a new volume of ST. NICHOLAS.

Now, what shall we take up first? The letters? Very well; the letters it shall be.

Here is one sent by a little girl across the Atlantic to tell

HOW THE SWALLOWS PUNISHED THE SPARROWS.

OEDENBURG, VIA VIENNA, HUNGARY, July 19, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I always find great interest in the information you give, and especially in that which relates to natural history; and as I think that some of your little readers will have the same interest, I want to tell you a very wonderful incident about birds, which I hope will amuse them. Here, at Oedenburg, at the back of the theater, there was an empty swallow's nest, of which a pair of lazy sparrows took possession. They made themselves quite at home, laid their eggs in it, and hatched out their young ones. After a while the swallows came back and were not at all pleased to see their nest occupied, but they were seen flying quietly away. Soon they came back, accompanied by ten or twenty other swallows, carrying in their bills mud and building materials. These actually began to work at shutting up the nest, so that the poor little guiltless sparrows had to die of hunger. The sparrow-papa was killed a short distance from his nest, and the poor little mamma was left to watch and wail over her unhappiness. Did you know that dear little swallows could be so cruel in their wrath? This is a true story, and I have seen the nest myself. It will soon be taken to the museum at Pesth. Ever your constant reader, TILDI M. RIPP.

This letter will make a sensation among my birds if they happen to hear of it. The swallows will deny its accuracy, and the sparrows will indignantly insist that the story is an invention; but all the other birds will say, as I do, that it is true. It is not the first time that swallows have acted in this way, and I am very sure it is not the last time that sparrows will get into difficulty. What we want is a bird-college, where the feathered students can study moral philosophy. Don't you notice how good and fair and forgiving human beings are? And don't they study moral philosophy? Great allowance should be made for the poor ignorant birds.

Then, again, there sometimes may be other extenuating circumstances, as in the following history of

A CAT PUNISHED BY ROBINS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: While I was visiting my Eastern cousins, this summer, we saw a great big cat running as hard as she could from half a dozen robins. But she could not escape them, for they flew after her, and pecked at her head as if they were determined to kill her. Finally, they seemed to think she had been punished enough, and they withdrew from the attack and settled down on the ground in a queer jerky way, as if to say, "There, we 'll teach those cats that they must not trouble *us!*"

Now, this cat had the reputation in my cousins' neighborhood of being a great bird-killer; and undoubtedly the angry robins had seen her trying to attack some of their nests — may be she had even killed their young birds.

M. E. R.

THE "SPOUTING ROCK" AT NEWPORT.

A LITTLE girl of twelve summers, whose parents lately moved from Kansas to Boston, has written the Little School-ma'am a letter, telling of "trips along the Atlantic coast." "Of course," she says, "you know about the wonderful spouting rock at Newport, Rhode Island?

"It usually spouts during a storm, when people dare not go out on the rocks, and then the grand scene is lost. But we saw it at its best, when it was spouting higher than it had spouted for years. We had to climb up on some massive rocks, and there we stood and gazed.

"Far out on a rocky ledge great waves were breaking and dashing furiously about the rocks, forming a magnificent picture. But most interesting of all was the spouting rock. It has an opening in it about three feet across, where the water rushes through, and in coming out is thrown many feet into the air, making a natural fountain of pure white foam.

"Cousin Harry, who was with us, is of an inventive turn of mind, with a natural liking for investigation; so he walked as near the edge of the rocks as possible. But that was not enough. Oh, no! he must look into the opening. So he clambered down the rocks cautiously, went up to the very edge, took a peep, and then, in his anxiety to 'see how it worked,' stood with his head over the opening and — up it came! Harry walked off into the sun to dry, feeling, perhaps, that he had been reproved for trying to pry into Nature's unpatented inventions.

"A man who was there said that when he was a boy the opening was much smaller and the water spouted much higher, but that it is being gradually worn away by the waves."

A QUERY CONCERNING ANTS.

DANVILLE, ILL., May 22, '84.

DEAR JACK: Are ants in the habit of caring for the remains of their dead? A few days since, my brother and I saw an ant carrying one as large as itself, which was dead. It took the little body up a step eight inches high, and about ten feet on the stone wall, where it disappeared with its burden. Ever yours gratefully,

G. M. B.

Who can answer G. M. B.?

A MYSTERY.

Now, who would think that a good little New England girl would do such a thing as try to frighten a kindly, well-disposed Jack-in-the-Pulpit like me! Yet here is her letter plain as day — just as she wrote it — postmarked New Hampshire:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I want to tell you about what was upon our farm. No one knows what it was. It makes a noise like singing, and my aunty thought it was a crazy man walking around. Grandma put a bone on the window-seat, and it nibbled it some and went away and left tracts, but they could not tell what it was.

Your friend, HELEN.

Horrible! The idea of those *tracts* sends a chill through me. Deacon Green has seen your letter, and, though he is badly frightened, he says "it" evidently is not a school-master, or it would have left different "tracts" from those.

HONEY AT LARGE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In a recent number of our ST. NICHOLAS something was said about bees building in trees. You also asked if any one else had seen anything of the kind. I have. A year or two ago the bees swarmed on our place, and after several ineffectual attempts on our part to hive them, they left the yard and settled on a limb of a small willow-tree, about 200 yards from the house. They staid there until winter, when they all froze. While on the willow-tree they built several large sheets of comb. This they filled with honey, and all of it was nicely capped. The tree was leaning over a branch or brook. It was also very near the road, and the bees became quite a curiosity.

I am, your reader,

EMMA LEONARD.

ANOTHER HANGING HONEY-COMB.

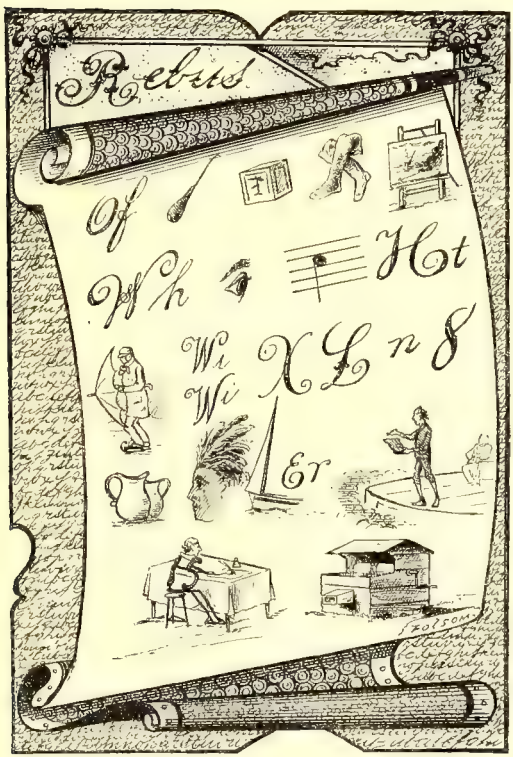
BURNT RIVER, OREGON.

DEAR JACK: In ST. NICHOLAS for last March you told of a large honey-comb, seen near Santa Anna, Cal. I will tell you of one I saw in 1876 — on the Klamath river in Northern California. A Mr. Jackson who lived there had a large tree of bees. Near the place where the bees were, there stood a tall cottonwood-tree, thirty feet high, I should think. The tree rose from the bottom of a small stream, and the road or trail came off high ground, so that as you came toward the tree, if on horseback, you were almost on a level with the top.

Riding along there one day I glanced at the top of the tree, and there I saw a large mass of honey with bees thick around it. It was cone-shaped, with the apex pointing down. It was longer one way, and I should think would have filled a half bushel. How large it afterward became, or how long it remained there, I do not know, as I left the locality during that fall. There were plenty of wild bees all through the mountains, but they stored their honey in hollow trees. I never saw or heard of any other comb being formed on the outside of the tree.

J. F. COOPER.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



THE answer to the above rebus is a couplet from "Essay on Poetry," by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer, consisting of one hundred and one letters, is a four-line stanza, and expresses a sentiment appropriate for Thanksgiving-day.

FIRST LINE.

My 2-6-1-3-5-22 is a meal. My 15-4-19-27-18 is a large stream. My 7-25 is an exclamation. My 23-8-17-9 is a kingdom in Farther India. My 10-11-21-24-20-12 is to cherish. My 16-13-14-26 is a division of time.

SECOND LINE.

My 28-47-53-51-46 is a large bird. My 31-39-30-42-45-29 is to remain firm. My 34-35-50-32-41 is dirt. My 33-44-37-40-38-48 is a hangman's rope. My 49-36-52-43 is to whip.

THIRD LINE.

My 54-56-68-65-73 is to embellish. My 74-63-58-60-55 is a sharp shoot from the stem of a tree or shrub. My 71-61-59-64-69 is engaged for wages. My 62-67-76-57 is a kind of covering for the head. My 77-75-72-66-70 is an arrow.

FOURTH LINE.

My 100-78-94-98-88 is a peg. My 80-87-83-89-82-70-91-81-86-92 are low tracts of land inundated with water. My 85-84-97-101 are small watch-pockets. My 96-90-99-95-93 is to gleam.

FRANK SNELLING.

CHARADE.

My angry *first* did lash and roar amain;
My *second*, all undaunted, saw the rage.
My *third*, meanwhile, did bow and bow again
With courtesy this fury to assuage.
"Ho," laughed my *second*, "you shall quickly see
Whether my *third* and I have fear of thee;
Roar as thou wilt, we take our destined path,
And with my *whole* will overcome thy wrath."

M. A. H.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

ACROSS: 1. An uncivilized person. 2. A large earless seal. 3. Falls in drops. 4. The close of the day. 5. In breakfasting.

DOWNWARD: 1. In breakfasting. 2. A conjunction. 3. A color. 4. Unadorned. 5. Living. 6. Mature. 7. Exclamations of joy or triumph. 8. An article. 9. In breakfasting. "LYON HART."

HALF-SQUARE.

1. Taunting. 2. Hatred. 3. To fall back. 4. Beseeches. 5. A species of poplar. 6. To hiss. 7. A part of the body. 8. Within. 9. A consonant. "ROYAL TARR."

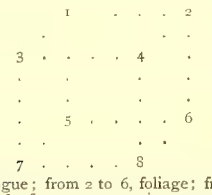
PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

EACH of the words described contains nine letters. When rightly selected and placed one below the other in the order here given, the fourth row of letters (reading downward) will spell an act of expressing gratitude, and the sixth row, a publication by authority. These two lines, read in connection, name an important document which is issued annually.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Manifold. 2. Practicing arithmetic. 3. Thumped soundly. 4. Shells which adhere to rocks and timbers. 5. A coarse texture worn as a mark of mourning. 6. An officer of the peace. 7. Having three sorts of flowers in the same head. 8. Having several leaflets arranged like the fingers of the hand, at the extremity of a stem. 9. Need. 10. Determinations. 11. The whooping-cough. 12. Of the same nature or disposition.

CYRIL DEANE.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a rogue; from 2 to 6, foliage; from 5 to 6, utensils; from 1 to 5, bordered; from 3 to 4, a titmouse; from 4 to 8, to tie; from 7 to 8, one who tans; from 3 to 7, a disturbance; from 1 to 3, a small animal; from 2 to 4, illuminated; from 6 to 8, a title; from 5 to 7, a small spot.

FRED.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. In each of the following sentences a cross-word is concealed, the definition of which is given in the same sentence.

1. Can Ella give me a pretty name for a pretty girl? 2. It will teach Edwin not to row so far, if he would avoid the pain in his wrists. 3. The psalm is solemn, if I do not err. 4. I gave Elsie a long squirming fish.

The initials (which mean a cognomen) and the finals (meaning smaller) may both be found in the following

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA:

In knoll, not in mound;
In lake, not in ground;
In homes, not in land;
In heads, not in hands;
You 'll find the answer rather tame,
As for it I can find no name.

GILBERT FORRESTER.

METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphoses may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

EXAMPLE: Change LAMP to FIRE, in four moves. ANSWER, LAMP, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change ONE to TWO, in ten moves. 2. Change FISH to BIRD, in five moves. 3. Change NORTH to SOUTH, in twelve moves. 4. Change EARTH to WATER, in eleven moves. 5. Change EAST to WEST, in three moves. 6. Change CALF to VEAL, in five moves. 7. Change PINK to BLUE, in eleven moves. 8. Change LION to BEAR, in seven moves.

F. W.

PI.

IN what poem by William Cullen Bryant do the following lines occur?

Soulriog rea het swodo ni rethi stealt dolg dan scrimno,
Tey rou lufl-veadle swollwi ear ni reith sthefres nereg.
Cush a kylind muntau, os luciferlym leandig
Hitw eth storghw fo muserm, I renve tey heav nese.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Nadir. 2. Alone. 3. Dozen. 4. Inert. 5. Rents. II. 1. Blanc 2. Labor. 3. Abate. 4. Notes. 5. Crest. —— CHARADE. Clergy-man.

QUOTATION PUZZLE. Longfellow. 1. SheLley. 2. GOldsmith. 3. BurNs. 4. Gray. 5. LongFellow. 6. PopE. 7. HoLmes. 8. CoLeridge. 9. TennysOn. 10. Wordsworth.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Craber. 2. Remote. 3. Ambons. 4. Bootee. 5. Etnean. 6. Resent.

AN OPEN LETTER.

A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection;
And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the soldier.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Wellington. 1. W-hen. 2. E-ton. 3. L-ash. 4. L-ark. 5. I-van. 6. N-ape. 7. G-one. 8. T-our. 9. O-men. 10. N-ail.

PI. October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers;
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

T. B. Aldrich, in "*Maple Leaves.*"

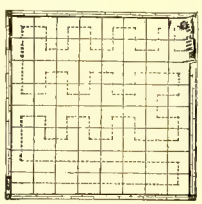
ANAGRAMS. 1. Jack the Giant-killer. 2. The Sleeping Beauty. 3. Jack and the Bean-stalk. 4. Little Red Riding-hood. 5. Beauty and the Beast. 6. Cinderella.

DOUBLE FINAL ACROSTICS. Talent, sports. Cross-words: 1. suiTS. 2. strAP. 3. rolLO. 4. latER. 5. stiNT. 6. goaTS.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Real, true. Cross-words: 1. RenT. 2. fERn. 3. dUAl. 4. EviL.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Sap. 3. Salem. 4. Pew. 5. M. II. 1. M. 2. Tar. 3. Maker. 4. Red. 5. R. III. 1. M. 2. War. 3. Mayor. 4. Rot. 5. R. IV. 1. M. 2. Bar. 3. Manor. 4. Rod. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Tip. 3. Rider. 4. Pen. 5. R.

THE PRISONER'S PUZZLE.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO. 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the October number, from John, Lily, and Agnes Warburg, London, 8 — Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 5 — Carl and Norris, Ayr, Scotland, 2.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from "Cousins" — Paul Reese — Bertha Feldwisch — Hattie B. Badeau — E. H. H., H. S., and A. W. — S. R. T. — Maggie T. Turrill — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — "Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William" — Clara and Mamma — Johnny Duck — "Unknown to History" — T. R. S. and E. R. S. — Harry W. Wheelock — Francis W. Islip — Hugh and Cis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Maude, 1 — Grace Zublin, 1 — Lillie R. B., 1 — Elmer Haynes, 1 — S. H. Hepner, 1 — Daisy H. R., 2 — "Lucretia" and "Minnehaha," 1 — M. Alice Barrett, 1 — C. L. Weir, 3 — Ellie and Susie, 1 — Clara L. Powers, 1 — G. R. and J. N., 1 — Albert G. Whitney, 2 — Tiny Puss, Mitz, and Muff, 13 — Agnes and Emma, 6 — M. F. Pemberton, 1 — Lena Smith and Nannie Rogers, 1 — E. M. Lewis, 4 — "Pepper and Maria," 13 — Geo. C. Beebe, 1 — C. S. and G. B., 2 — "Aunt Hélène," 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 5 — Frank Smyth, 4 — Alex. H. Laidlaw, 7 — J. Webb Parker, 6 — Dollie Palmer, 4 — Helen Du Barry, 2 — Ida C. Lusk, 13 — Hamilton E. Field, 1 — Kenneth B. Emerson, 7 — George Habenicht, 1 — Kittie Greenwood A., 2 — Edith and Lawrence Butler, 2 — Flossie L. N., 1 — Miles Turpin, 9 — Gertrude and Harry, 9 — Charles H. Kyte, 11 — E. Muriel Grundy, 8 — Louis Schuman, 1 — Cora Achor and Nettie Taylor, 7 — "Sairy Gamp and Betsy Prig," 5 — Edith Swanwick, 9 — Elizabeth B. R. H., 1 — Edith Valedy, 8 — Miss Spiller and Eleanor and Maude Peart, 5 — "In the Glen," 8 — Jennie Balch, 3 — Carrie and Bess, 4 — "Papa and I," 8 — Grace Zublin, 1 — Mary P. Stockett, 4 — Lulu and Ida Newman, 10.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Owing to an oversight, the translation of "The Floral Letter" which appeared in the September number of St. Nicholas was omitted from the October number. It is therefore printed here. The correct reading of the letter is as follows:

"Dear Steenie:

"I hope you 'll be a 'daisy' boy;
You 've ever been a joy to me;
Your principles don't violate,
A sterling man you then will be.
As puny boys make sickly men,
I hope you 're of a healthy stock.
Rise with the larks, perhaps you do,
But not too soon;—say four o'clock.
If good report you lack at school,
I would by no means whine and fret;
But courage take and say to Sloth:
'Be gone, you wretch! I 'll conquer yet!'
Some folks there are who lie like time,
And with a sweet peculiar ease;
That you will not be one of them
I 'd wager any amount you please!
Be sure you don't refuse your aid
To help a fellow-man's hard lot.
Sweet will your memories ever be;
And now, good-bye,—forget me not.

"Your affectionate
"Uncle Russell."

The flowers mentioned in the letter are respectively: daisy, verbena, violet, aster, cyclamen, stock, larkspur, four-o'clock, portulaca, woodbine, begonia, lilac, thyme, sweet-pea, geranium, fuchsia, sweet-william, and forget-me-not.

Boys and girls who like to make with their own hands some of the Christmas gifts which they present to their friends will appreciate Mr. Leland's article on Metallic Band and Nail Work on page 65. They may also be glad to refer to Mr. Leland's papers on Brass-work (St. Nicholas for July, 1883), and Modern Leather-work (St. Nicholas for May, 1884).

THE LETTER-BOX.

Ayr, Scotland.

Dear St. Nicholas: We are spending our summer holidays here in the "Land of Burns," and often go on our tricycles to visit the cottage where the poet was born. One sees there some of the original furniture, also some of his own handwriting in his poems and letters. In the visitors' book at the cottage we noticed that many of the names were those of Americans. Near by is the monument to Burns's memory. It is placed in a beautiful garden. From the top of the monument one has a fine view of the "Auld Brig o'Doon," where Tam o' Shanter was supposed to have crossed when chased by the witches. Alloway Kirk is close by. Burns's father is buried in the church-yard.

I remain, yours truly, Carl N. Stockwell.

Buffalo, 1884.

Dear St. Nicholas: We had a great deal of fun one day repeating some of the well-known alliterations, such as "Peter Piper," "Five Brave Maids," etc. We came across a few new ones, among which were "She sells sea-shells" and "Sweet sleek sheep sleep." Please let your young readers know about them. I think they will find it rather difficult to say the sentences rapidly.

Your constant reader, Elizabeth T. Smith.

Greenville, S. C., 1884.

Dear St. Nicholas: Your article on "Old Shep and the Central Park Sheep," in the August number, is most interesting to me, as my father has lately given me a full-blooded Collie, which I am anxious to teach several tricks. I write to ask some of your readers to tell me how I can train or teach my little pet. Its name is Cleopatra, but we call it "Cleo," which we think pretty. I wish "Cleo" to perform as many tricks as I can succeed in teaching her.

Trusting that my letter is not too long and to see several letters on this subject from some of your many readers.

Your constant reader, Lalla E. C.

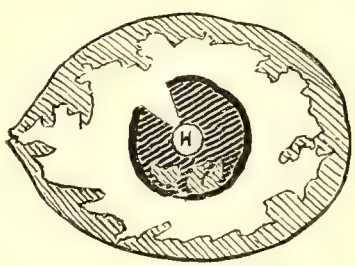
Dear St. Nicholas: I hope no boy or girl will try the trick here to be described on any *very* nervous person. But to those who will promise to be good, and not scare anybody, I will tell all about it.

Take the two half shells of an English walnut, as large as can be held between the brow and cheek, and in the middle of each bore a hole a little larger than the pupil of your eye. The shell is soft enough to cut with a penknife. A gimlet would crack it.

Care should be taken to thoroughly clean the inside of the shells.

Now paint, over all, a coat of white paint. You need not be very particular, because if it *does* go thin in places it will only help the weird effect. And you may use either oil or water-colors. The oil is most permanent and effective, but the water-color dries right off; and, as a piece of fun is most fun when done most quickly, we suppose the latter method is the better.

Around the pupil-hole paint the iris a dark dull green. Let the size of it be somewhat larger than the natural eye. If you have no artistic friend at hand to guide you, you can get the color near enough by mixing blue with a little yellow and a little red. Do not paint the color all round, but leave a small space of white on the upper left-hand side. Be careful to keep this on the same side of each, as it represents the glare of sunlight on the eye, and so should



come from the same direction. In arranging them for painting, it is best to place them on the table in position, with the pointed ends of the shells toward each other. And it is better to leave the light in the white, which is already on the shell, than to paint the iris all round and then try to put the white light on. The effect is heightened by painting a thick black line round the outer edge of the iris.

Finally, with a bright vermilion, daub irregular blotches of color all around the edge of the shells and a few irregular blobs in the lower part of the iris, and you will have a pair of the most astonishing eyes you can imagine. The diagram above will help you in coloring—the dark lines representing the green and the light ones the red.

To fit on the eyes, hold one in each hand, taking care that the points are toward each other and that the lights will appear on top when in position. Then open your eyes and raise your eyebrows as high as you possibly can; and putting both shells up at once, set them so that each completely covers one eye. You will find that the

edges of the shells, even when the eyes are fully distended, press safely between the upper lid and the fleshy under-part of the brow and in the hollow between the lower lid and the cheek; and that there is plenty of room inside the shell even for the eyelashes to



play, and so there can be no danger of injury to the eye. Feeling secure of this, and adjusting the shells till you feel they are in the best position for holding, let your eyes and brows fall to their natural position, and you will find your false eyes lightly but sufficiently held. Adjust both at once; for if you try to put them in one at a time, the effort to unduly expand one eye will disturb the other.

Of course, you set them privately. And then you need make no other demonstration in going into the presence of your victims. Just go quietly and *look* at them.

HENRY W. TROY.

STONINGTON, CT., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a subscriber to you quite long, and always am glad when I go to the post-office and find you in the box. I like Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories" very much. Two other stories, "Jack and Jill" and "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," I thought were splendid. Stonington is on Long Island Sound, and is an old sea-port. In the summer it is quite a resort for city people. It was attacked by the British ship *Terror* and another in the war of 1812, and on the ninth of August we celebrate the battle. The two old eighteen-pounders which defended this place in the battle stand uncovered out on the Common, in front of our house, and often you may see strangers stop and look at them. I have just received the August number of the splendid magazine, and I am enjoying reading it.

Your friend,
O. B. B.

BROOKLYN, Sept., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two girls who have taken you nearly three years, and enjoy you very much. We send our hearty thanks to Miss Louisa Alcott for her lovely stories, and you may tell her for us that we are always interested in books she writes.

We remain, your ardent admirers,
JENNIE AND MARION.

P. S.— Marion is eleven years old and I am thirteen.

THE number of letters received from our young correspondents is greater than we can make room for in our "Letter-box," but we wish especially to thank the following boys and girls for their pleasant letters: Leon A. Mitchell, May McLoughlin, Maud McQuaid, A. G. K., Fanny Hope, Richard H., Evelyn D., Jean B. G., Anna P. A., Genevieve A. Farnell, Nan, Nellie Nottingham, Hattie A. Homer, Blanche A. Tuck, Mamie A. Cramer, Nina Nicholas, Hallie, Josie H. Barrett, Lillie F. C., George C. Gale, and Beatrice Hartford.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-THIRD REPORT.

AN INVITATION.

"HERE beginneth" the fifth year of the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association. It is no longer an experiment, but it is an assured success. Our records show that over seven hundred local branches have been formed, most of which are still flourishing, and that we have enrolled more than eight thousand members. We will not now repeat the history of the society, but refer the thousands of young people who begin their acquaintance with ST. NICHOLAS with this new volume to the reports that have regularly appeared here since November, 1880, and to a brief account of our late delightful convention, which will be found on page 68. We wish now to renew to you all our hearty invitation to join our Association. There are thousands who read our reports and take a lively interest in our work who have not yet sent in their names as active members of the A. A. It is a good time to do this at the opening of a new year. You will find little difficulty in finding three besides yourself, and we will recognize four as a "Chapter." There are Father and Mother and Brother John at once; so you need n't delay. There is no charge for the admission of a Chapter, although it is necessary that you have a copy of our hand-book, giving complete history, rules, etc. This costs fifty-four cents, and beyond this there will be no expense, nor are there any yearly dues. If you can not form a Chapter, you can join by yourself as a corresponding member of the original Association at Lenox, Mass. For this there is a nominal entrance fee of fifty cents, but no further dues. The advantages that you may expect have been detailed often in these reports, and are briefly these:

1st. Free communication, correspondence, and exchange with thousands of naturalists, young and old, in nearly all portions of the world.

2d. The privilege of receiving free assistance, in whatever department you select, from a scientist who is an authority in that department.

3d. The occasional notice of your desire to exchange or correspond, in the columns of ST. NICHOLAS.

4th. The privilege of attending any of the conventions of the Association.

5th. The opportunity of aiding and interesting all the others by a record of your own observations and methods of work.

There is no reason why there should not be a Chapter of the A. A. in every town — in *your* town. The name of each new Chapter, with the address of its permanent secretary, is regularly printed in ST. NICHOLAS and in the hand-book.

Our badge is a Swiss cross, of gold or silver, chosen because Professor Agassiz was a native of Switzerland.

It is not required that every member be a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS, although as this magazine is the official organ of the Association and contains our monthly reports, the advantage of access to its pages is self-evident. All are welcome.

The youngest child need not hesitate to write. Our youngest member is four years old, and our eldest is more than eighty. Every letter is answered, provided it contains the full address of the writer and a postal-card or stamped envelope.

Many persons wonder how we can find time to do this, and we could not unless we felt a deep personal interest in every member of the Association. As it is, we are compelled to answer by printed circular oftener than we could wish; but our correspondents may be sure that every letter that comes is read by the president and carefully considered. The letters printed here from month to month may fairly be taken as models, both as to style and length.

NEW CHAPTERS:

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
692	Saegertown, Pa. (A).	6	Miss Lizzie Apple, 45 Main St.
693	Fort Union, N. Mex. (A)..	6	Jos. Drum, care Lieut. Jno. Drum.
694	Orange, Cal. (A).....	7	Miss Julia Squires.
695	Wellington, Canada (A)...	12	W. R. Garratt.
696	Manhattanville, N. Y. (A).	5	Miss Carmen Rosado, Convent of the Sacred Heart.
697	Baltimore, Md. (I).....	7	Oliver W. Cook, 63 German St.
698	Middleport, N. Y. (A).....	6	J. W. Hickley.
699	Odin, Pa (A).....	4	Victor L. Beebe.
700	Mt. Pleasant, Iowa (A)	4	Paul B. Woolson.
701	Stockton, California (A)...	4	Miss Hattie Hedges.
702	Kingston, N. Y. (A).....	4	W. D. Newman.

DISCONTINUED.

559 Bath, N. Y..... Percy C. Meserve.

REORGANIZED.

203 Framingham, Mass. (A)... 4..F. P. Valentine.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

677, Milwaukee, C., one of our latest Chapters, writes: "We are progressing nicely, have a fine herbarium, a good collection of minerals, and many scientific books, which we read and discuss with the most animated interest. Our secretary found a tarantula in a bunch of bananas. I should like to correspond with other Chapters. — Miss Lizzie G. Jordan, 142 3d St.

555, Olympia, Washington T'y. "Had a meeting in the Tacoma of this city. Our cabinet was hung on the wall, and other specimens arranged on tables. We are now trying to build a room."

[*We have no doubt you will succeed with your room; but what is a Tacoma?*]

106, Lebanon, N. Y., has been exploring a cave to the depth of 70 feet.

655, New Lyme, O. The members of this Chapter live at quite a distance from one another, coming even from several different towns; nevertheless, the work "proves interesting and instructive."

[*This is an example of rare earnestness.*]

158, Davenport, Iowa. Miss Sarah G. Foote, Sec., writes: "Questions are presented at every meeting for consideration during the week by every member. We frequently have several visitors."

642, Florence, Mass.; A. T. Bliss, Sec. "Progressing splendidly. We now have 31 members. About a month ago we began to be interested in insects."

508, Middlebury, Vt. Miss May A. Bolton writes: "I trust you will hear of good work done by us. Botany is our special branch, but we keep our eyes open for anything that is interesting."

A young lady of California says: "My knowledge on these subjects is not of books as yet, but as I begin to read I find numerous confirmations of things I 've seen, as I 've always been given more or less to 'peering,' and finding things 'a-purpose.'"

645, Bath, N. Y., B. "Two active and two honorary members have been added, and six others are to be balloted for at next meeting. The librarian takes great interest in the A. A. and helps us very much."— Charles Kingsley.

576, Hadley, Mass. "We are going to have a new member and a paper. We have a P. O. box now, so that we can change our Secretary when we want to. The address now stands like this: Sec. of Ch. 576 of the A. A., box 241, Hadley, Mass."

[*This report has been crowded out for some time, but is too good to omit for that reason.*]

289. Our Chapter has been removed from Cambria Station to Longport, N. J., where we have a cottage. We are in a very thriving condition.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer continues President and I Secretary. We have several learned naturalists as members, and hold interesting meetings weekly

We have 40 members, most of whom add greatly to the interest of our meetings. Among our prominent members are Professors J. P. Remington, Eugene Aaron, and Grace Anna Lewis, the last two being members of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.— Very cordially, Ellis P. Oberholtzer, Secretary.

NOTES.

129. *Imperial Moth.*—I found a caterpillar of the Imperial Moth feeding on maple. I had supposed this larva fed only on pine.— F. H. Foster, Sec 440.

130. *Alligator.*—I saw a note in ST. N. to the effect that Alligators live only in fresh water. In Florida I have frequently seen them in a salt-water bay, a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the river. I had supposed that the Nile and the Ganges, in which crocodiles abound, are entirely fresh water.— Ellen C. Wood.

131. *Surfeited Bees.*—I have noticed a glutinous substance on the leaves and smaller twigs of soft maple. Bees swarm around it, and some get so full that they fall to the ground. Can any one tell whence, what, and why it is?— C. S. L.

132. *Parasites.*—I have found minute parasites on the under side of a live stag-beetle.— C. S. L.

133. *Laurel-fertilization.*—I noticed with admiration the pretty way in which the stamens of mountain laurel are caught down in the flower. Ten little pockets in the corolla keep them in place until some prying insect touches one, when it flies up with a jerk and dusts him well with pollen. The grains were connected by threads like those of the azalea.— C.

134. *Spiders.*—I found, under a stone, a large brown spider, with her family on her back. The little fellows were about as large as very small ants. I could almost imagine them playing "hide and seek" on their walking combination of mother, nursery, and play-ground.— Wm. E. McHenry.

135. *Tree-toad.*—Why will a tree-toad or a katydid stop singing when you touch the tree on which it is? You may put your finger within one-sixteenth of an inch of the tree, and the music continues, but at the slightest touch it stops.— Frank M. Davis, Sec., St. Louis, D.

[*Let us hear from others regarding this, that we may know whether it is a general fact.*]

136. *Apple-blossoms.*—I heard it said by an aged lady that pink apple-blossoms produce red apples, and white blossoms yellow apples. Is it so?— L. M. Howe.

137. *Violets and Asters.*—While walking in the woods this fall I found a number of common violets. Close by bloomed the purple aster. It seemed strange that those two flowers, emblems of spring and fall, should blossom side by side. Is it a common occurrence?— R. H. Weld, Boston, Mass.

EXCHANGES.

Cactus.—Jeannie Cowgill, Spearfish, Dakota T'y.

Phaneus carnifex, ♀, for Dytiscus emarginatus or Prionus brevicornus. A cicada for Lucanus dama, or Catalpa lanigera.— F. W. Seabury, 51 Duke St., Norfolk, Va.

Minerals, fine specimens, including Brucite, spodumene, and Franklnite.— C. A. Quintard, Norwalk, Conn.

Petrified wood, mosses, and ferns for an old "Packard's Geology."— Fanni: Staples, Linden, California.

Perfect eggs, with data.— L. B. Fontaine, Augusta, Ga.

Pressed flowers (Write).— Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, Santa Cruz, Cal.

A choice collection of one hundred minerals and one hundred fossils, for meteorites and very rare fossils.— E. D. Walker, 357 7th St, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Productus giganteus, and crinoid stems, for Mississippi sands.— S. C. Durst, box 293, Hamilton, Ohio.

To any one sending me four 2-cent stamps, to pay postage and packing, I will send, free of charge, a box of fine insects.— Ernest Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota.

SNOW-CRYSTAL PRIZE.

It is now time for our Association to do some earnest work in the collection of drawings of snow-crystals. We have already done something, but not with sufficient care. Among the drawings sent me have been many with four, five, and seven points, although I am assured by eminent scientists that they never can be formed with any other number than three or a multiple of three. Who is right?

I wish that I might receive this winter a set of at least six careful drawings from each Chapter or individual member north of the snow-line; and to stimulate effort a bit, I will send to the person forwarding me before April 1, 1885, the best collection of such drawings a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS; for the second best set, that beautiful book of Prof. Winchell, "Sparks from a Geologist's Hammer"; for the third best, "Wonders of Plant Life"; for the fourth best, "The Botanical Collector's Hand-book," price, $1.50; and for each of the three sets next in rank, a copy of the hand-book of the Agassiz Association. All drawings must be made on cards the size of a postal-card, six crystals on each card; and each drawing should be accompanied by the following data: 1st. Locality; 2d. Temperature; 3d. Force of wind; 4th. Collector's name. The crystals may be caught on black cloth and observed with a glass or without. "The pencil is the best microscope."

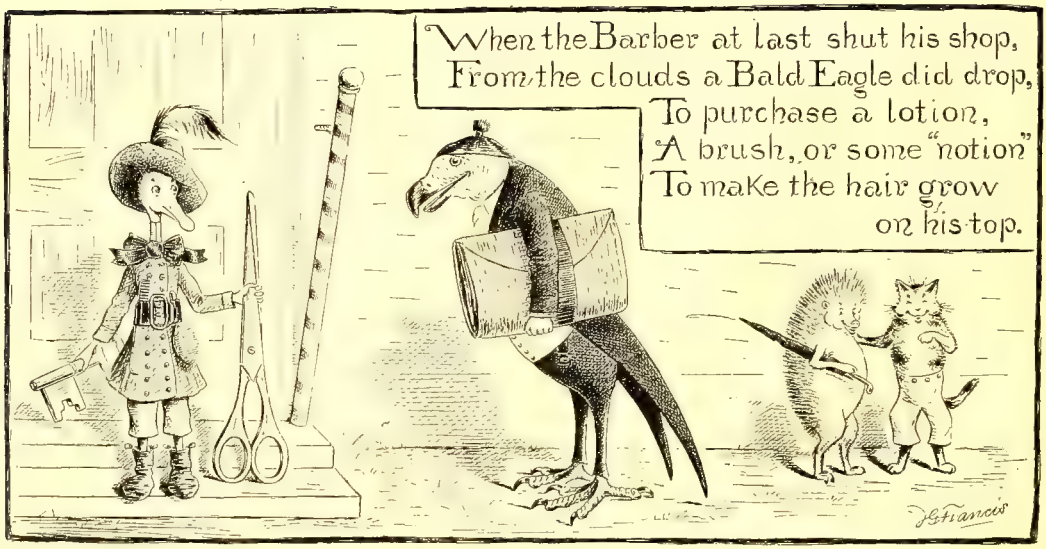
Address all communications for this department to the President of the A. A.,

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

A Lion emerged from his lair
For a short summer cut to his hair.
But the Barber he wept;
While his customers slept
As they waited their turn in the chair.



When the Barber at last shut his shop,
From the clouds a Bald Eagle did drop,
To purchase a lotion,
A brush, or some "notion"
To make the hair grow
on his top.





THE INFANTA MARGUERITA MARIA—A SPANISH PRINCESS OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ, NOW IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XII. DECEMBER, 1884. NO. 2.

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THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!



By Lucy Larcom.

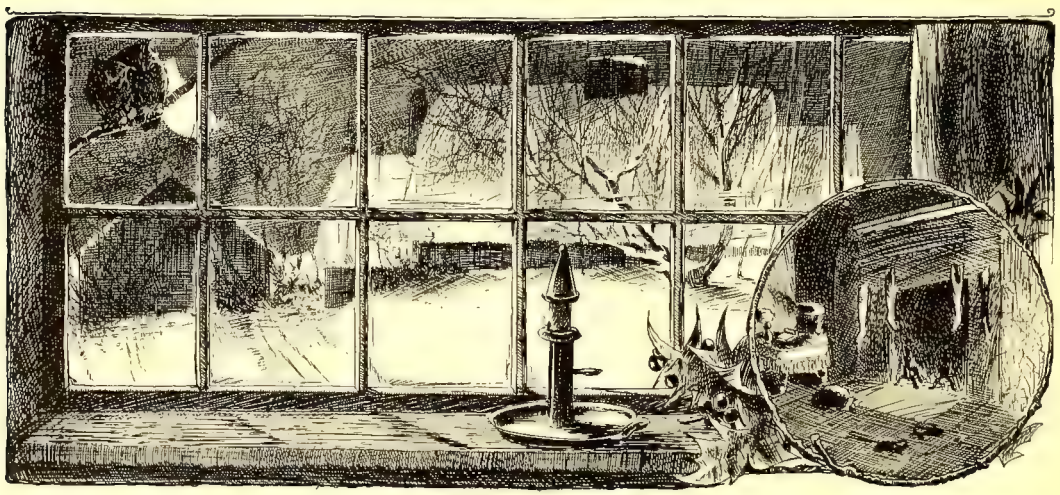
"We want to do something for Santa Claus,"
Two little children were saying;
"Let us go and find him, and thank him, because
He is always bringing us beautiful things.
Let us carry him something as nice as he brings."
They laughed, and they went on playing.

"Oh, he lives away over the mountains of snow,"
Said the fair little maid named Lily,
"And the Northern Lights on his windows glow;
But the good Great Bear will show us the way,
And will wrap us up in his fur robe gray,
If we find the journey chilly."

"Let us start in the morning," said Marjorie
(She was little White Lily's sister);
"By two o'clock, or at most by three,
The moon will be rising, and we will go
With our new red moccasins over the snow!"
And Lily said "Yes," and kissed her.

The children were tired, and they both slept sound;
But, almost before they knew it,
They were tiptoeing over the frozen ground,
Over wide white fields where grew not a tree,—
Over the crust of the Polar Sea,—
You never would think they could do it!

"Are we almost there, dear Marjorie?"
Said the breathless little White Lily;
"I am cold and weary as I can be!
I wish we never had started at all!"
And she cuddled under her sister's shawl,
The air was so very chilly.



"Oh, yes; Oh, yes; we are almost there!
Don't you see the North Star shining?
And here is the house of the good Great Bear;
He will surely be kind to us, because
He is second cousin to Santa Claus;
See! he sits at his table, dining."

So the Great Bear asked the children in,
And made them sit down at his table!
A chain of stars hung under his chin,
And a jeweled pointer was in his hand,
By which all the pilgrims to North-Star-Land,
To keep the straight road are able.

"Will you show us the way to Santa Claus?"
They said, after eating and drinking.
"Oh, that is against the Christmas laws,
Which are strictly obeyed in North-Star-Land";
But the Great Bear leaned his head on his hand,
And sat for a moment, thinking.

"He hung up his coat here, an hour ago—
There! drop down into the pocket!
I hear his sledge-bells over the snow;
Oh, don't be afraid! he will treat you well."
They heard a "Halloo!" and before they could tell
How it was, they were off, like a rocket.

How the reindeer flew! how the stars whizzed by!
But the children so close were hidden,
They scarcely could open the edge of an eye;
They could neither speak, nor wiggle, nor wink,
They could only breathe very softly, and think
Of the ride they were taking unbidden.

At last they arrived at Santa Claus' house,
And he, as he threw off his jacket,
Cried, "Wife! did you hear the squeak of a mouse?"
For the children were frightened, and could not keep still:
"Ho! ho! Mrs. Santa, look here, if you will!
Here's a new-fashioned Christmas packet!"

So Santa Claus' wife put her spectacles on,
And came and peeped over his shoulder,
For she thought that her husband clean daft had gone,
His eyes grew so large in his shiny bald head.
"Please do not be vexed with us," Marjorie said,
And Lily exclaimed, growing bolder:



"We wanted to see where you live, Santa Claus!
To thank you, and bring you a present;
But we could not find anything, sir, because—"
"Why, you 've brought me yourselves, dears, and now you must stay,
And make Mrs. Santa Claus merry and gay;
No home without children is pleasant."

The children, quite startled and sorely afraid,
A sob and a sigh tried to smother;
But good Mrs. Santa Claus came to their aid,
And said, "Santa, dear, now I can't have them stay!
Such midgets would only be right in my way;
So please take them home to their mother!"

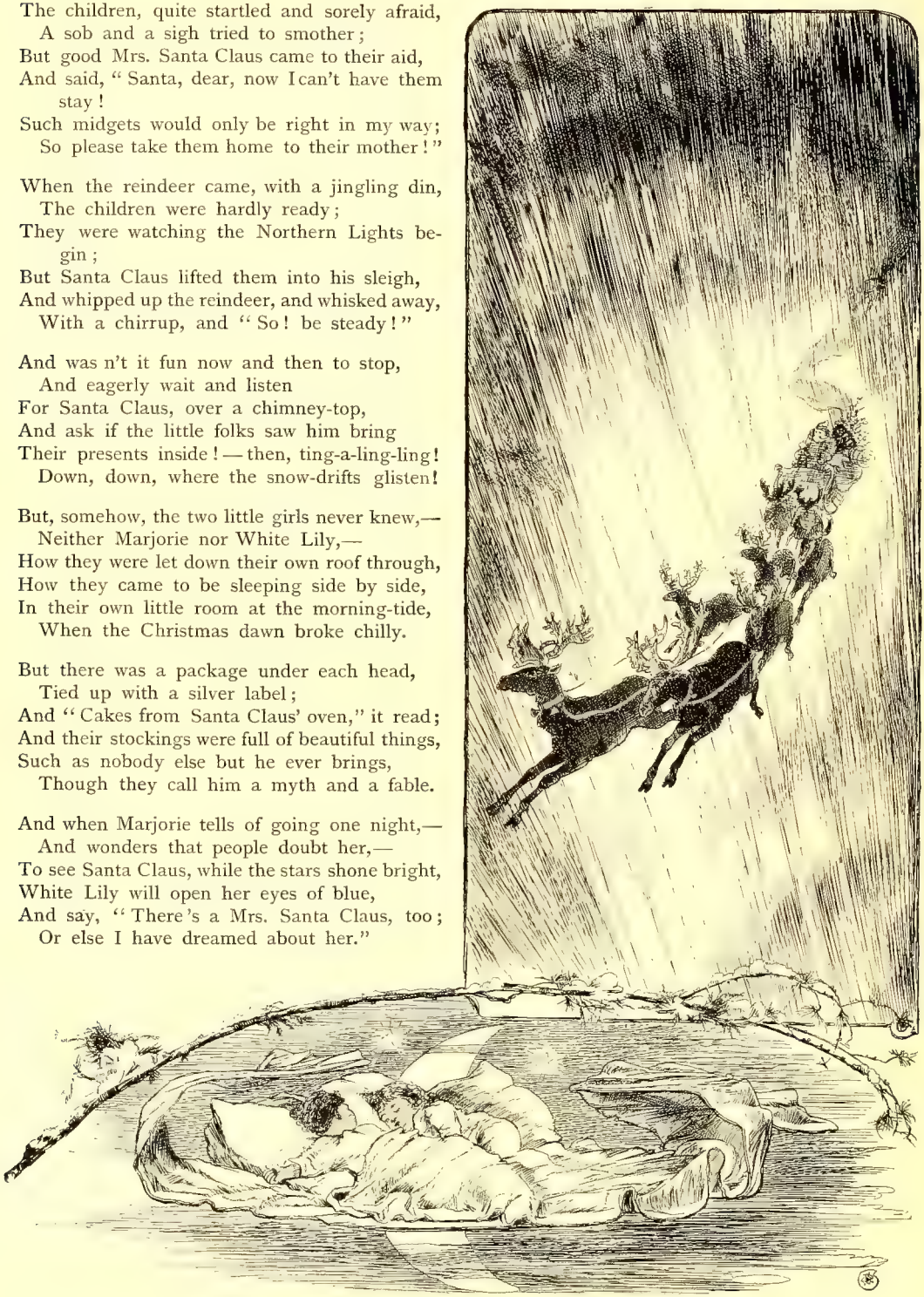
When the reindeer came, with a jingling din,
The children were hardly ready;
They were watching the Northern Lights begin;
But Santa Claus lifted them into his sleigh,
And whipped up the reindeer, and whisked away,
With a chirrup, and "So! be steady!"

And was n't it fun now and then to stop,
And eagerly wait and listen
For Santa Claus, over a chimney-top,
And ask if the little folks saw him bring
Their presents inside! — then, ting-a-ling-ling!
Down, down, where the snow-drifts glisten!

But, somehow, the two little girls never knew,—
Neither Marjorie nor White Lily,—
How they were let down their own roof through,
How they came to be sleeping side by side,
In their own little room at the morning-tide,
When the Christmas dawn broke chilly.

But there was a package under each head,
Tied up with a silver label;
And "Cakes from Santa Claus' oven," it read;
And their stockings were full of beautiful things,
Such as nobody else but he ever brings,
Though they call him a myth and a fable.

And when Marjorie tells of going one night,—
And wonders that people doubt her,—
To see Santa Claus, while the stars shone bright,
White Lily will open her eyes of blue,
And say, "There 's a Mrs. Santa Claus, too;
Or else I have dreamed about her."



A TALK ABOUT PAINTING.

By Anna Lea Merritt.

Do you remember, dear reader of St. Nicholas, your first paint-box — the very first? Oh, how well I remember mine, though it was so many years ago! One summer morning I and my doll were standing on a chair to look out of the parlor window, when my uncle came by — a merry young uncle just home from school. "Come with me to Grandma's," said he, "I 've a new paint-box"; and with that he lifted me out of the window, and I ran along beside him to Grandma's, wondering what a paint-box would be. I was a little more than three years old, and had never seen paints nor noticed pictures, excepting in some toy-books; and in those days toy picture-books were very ugly things, with glaring color and careless drawings.

When we arrived at the dear old house in Fourth street, my uncle put me on a high chair at the writing-table, in a quiet, sunny corner of the dining-room. Then he produced the paint-box and a large plate to rub the colors on, and some nice white paper. Then Uncle showed me how to dip a brush in water, and leave a little drop on the plate. Then a cake of paint was rubbed gently on the plate, just in the drop of water; and presently a beautiful patch of moist color would appear on the plate. The cake, carefully dried, was put back in its place in the box.

When we had every color on the plate, and dear Uncle had allowed me to rub some quite by myself, he asked me what pictures I would have, and he drew with a sharp outline anything for which I asked,—a little girl going out to walk, a little dog running after her, a gentleman on horseback, a horse galloping, a little boy, a house, a cow, an elephant. Then I dipped my little brush into water, and took a little paint on it, and very carefully filled up the outline. The elephant became brown, the cow red, the house a red house with green window-shutters of the old Philadelphia pattern; the little boy grew very red in the face, and black as to his coat; the horse was blue, because there was no other chance to use that favorite color; and the little girl and the dog were quite artistic and natural. Oh, how exciting and how difficult it was! though the chief difficulty seemed to be in keeping the colors from running together and smearing over the outline.

When dinner came I did not at all wish to stop for food, as it seemed to me that I was just beginning to improve. After dinner my uncle drew some more outlines, and I even learned to draw a pretty face, but I could not so well copy anything else.

For many days the paint-box was my greatest interest and delight. My mother let me have bristol-board and paper in abundance, and when I began to go to school, by the time I was five years old, I had found that things much more wonderful than any I had imagined, could be done — even with black crayon.

A young artist, Mr. Furness, who painted many beautiful portraits before his early death, came to my father's house to make a crayon portrait of my two little sisters. They were very young children, and he told them wonderful fairy tales, so that it was their great pleasure to go into the library where he was at work. I, too, was allowed to be in the room and to watch his drawing. I did not realize then how very kind he was. I did not know how troublesome it must be to an artist, with two restless children to draw, to have another child looking over his shoulder; but now I know how patient and kind he was, and that the crayon picture which I saw grow like magic under his hand was, indeed, no ordinary portrait. It was drawn on a warm gray paper; sometimes he used a delicate point of soft, black crayon, sometimes he put on the palest shadows with a stump (a short, thick roll of leather, or paper, cut to a point, and used for softening pencil or crayon marks). But whatever Mr. Furness did made the little faces more and more like my sisters. The drawing was as large as life, and therefore there was room to give every feature its exact form; and besides this, the expression of the faces was as if they would speak, and yet it was done without any colors, and merely by copying exactly the shape of every shadow.

First, Mr. Furness put in the general shadows over the whole of the eyes and hair, under the chin, nose, and mouth; then the darkest shadows in the nostrils, and under the eyelids; then the shape of the eyes and eyebrows, the shape of the lips; then the more delicate shadows that made the light softly melt into the shadows, but how he did it I could not discover. To see these shadows well, all the windows of the library had been darkened except one, so that light and shadow should come from one direction only. When I had noticed everything that Mr. Furness had in the way of materials, and watched with wonder the picture

grow under his hand, I resolved to make a trial. But it seemed very bold to attempt to do what he had done,—so bold that I wished to try without any one knowing about it. I knew it would be difficult, and that I could not make my drawing beautiful, as his was; but still I wished to try and to hide my effort carefully away, so that no one would laugh at me. I had some pennies in my money-jug, so I managed, when we were walking with our nurse, to get some paper of the right kind and some crayon at a little shop that we often passed. When my materials were safely in the school-room in my own special cupboard, then I had to find some one willing to be portrayed. There was our dear little sister Trudy, the youngest of us all, at that time about two years old! She was always willing to be my pet and to play that she was a doll, or to be put into the doll's bed. Trudy was generally awake very early in the morning, and she was quite pleased when I took her out of her crib, while nurse was still asleep, and carried her to the school-room. She sat on the table and was as good and still as a mouse for fear any one should hear us, and really I did make a beginning at the picture, though it was even more difficult than I had imagined. As soon as I heard the servants



"IF HE IS VERY LITTLE, WE GENERALLY MAKE BELIEVE THAT I AM A HORSE."

stirring about the house, I hid away my work, and we slipped back to bed so quietly that Nurse never knew we had been away. We had many of these stolen morning sittings, and Trudy was a dear, good little sister, as she has ever been. Though she was so tiny, she helped me all she could by being very quiet, and I tried to tell her some of the fairy tales that I had heard Mr. Furness tell the bigger girls. At last I thought the picture was as good as I could make it. It did look rather like Trudy, though the curls were a little like corkscrews, and the shadows were smeary here and there, and would not melt softly into the light as they ought to do. It was very disappointing, certainly; but still perhaps it was fit to show to Papa, so that he might tell me if I could be taught to do better.

Before he came to breakfast, my drawing was pinned on the door, and I was very happy to find that both Papa and Mamma were quite pleased with it, and knew at once that it was intended to look like Trudy. After a few days I heard that Mr. Furness had seen my drawing and that he would permit me to go to his studio twice a week for lessons. That was a happy winter for me, when I continued to learn from my kind friend. He set me to draw from casts. A hand was the first study, and then the head of the beautiful Clytie. Then the perception of beauty came upon me all at once. I longed to give my whole life to study it, to portray it. All other studies were to me quite unattractive. In my mind's eye were ever-changing pictures, which some day I would paint.

Mr. Furness soon went to Europe; and the time came when I was sent to a large school where I was ashamed to be behind in my classes, and it was as much as I could do to keep a middle place. On half-holidays I sometimes made a crayon drawing of one of the scholars, but never with the success that I longed for. All the time I used to keep saying in my heart, "Some day I shall get through with these lessons and begin to draw in earnest." At last, when I was twenty-one years old, I did begin, but that was very old to begin in earnest. Since then I have worked constantly. And still I love my paint-box better than I did that first day, and year by year I struggle to do better work.

Now that I have told you how I began to paint, I will tell you about children who come to my studio to have their portraits painted, and how we do it.

A great many little children come to my studio to have their portraits painted. If they are old enough to talk and ask questions, they wish to look at my easel and at my palette. The easel is a sort of standing frame, which has a movable shelf to hold the canvas on which the picture is painted,

and a crank, by turning which you can raise or lower the shelf.

Then the palette is a thin mahogany board with a hole for the thumb, so that I may hold it easily and a handful of brushes as well. On my palette I put fourteen colors, squeezing them out of little tin tubes, in which they are put up and sold to artists.

When the palette is ready and the canvas on the easel, I am ready to begin. At first, perhaps during all the first sitting, I only play with the little child, or get his little brother or sister to play with him until I see some natural and pretty movement that is picturesque. I like best to paint two children together, because that seems to me the most natural way. So soon as I have seen a position that I like, I persuade baby to sit in a little chair made fast on a table — a "throne" we painters call it — high enough for me to see his face opposite mine, while I stand and walk backward often, to get the right view of baby and of the picture. I have to keep two things in mind: first, to paint the portrait; secondly, how to amuse the baby. If he is very little, we generally make believe that I am a horse. I tie the reins around my waist and baby drives me. When I wish to see him laugh, I caper about like a very wild horse; sometimes I am an omnibus horse, and stop every minute to take up passengers, and whenever we stop I run to my canvas and try to put in a good touch. Sometimes, if baby will keep very still for two or three minutes, I reward him by being a saddle-horse, and take him on my back for a gallop about the studio. All this does not seem to leave much time to paint, and that is just the difficulty. If I made baby sit in his chair, tired and worried, he might look cross, and his Papa and Mamma would find my portrait ugly. They would say I had not "caught his sweet expression," and other people would not ask me to paint their children. That would be very bad for me; therefore, be it ever so difficult to romp and play and paint all at once, I have learned that with patience it can be done.

There was one dear little boy in America who found an ear of red Indian corn in my studio, and he was always quite happy for an hour to pick off with his tiny fingers one grain at a time, until his cap was full of corn; this he took into the street to throw to the "chickey birds." I took care to have a new ear ready for him whenever he came, and he was as quiet as a mouse with it. On page 90 is a sketch from his portrait. You see he is feeding pigeons. The pigeons had to come to my studio, too, and they were not much quieter than children, for I tried to catch their motions as they flew about.

The strangest models I ever had were a family of rats. You all must know the story in Robert Browning's beautiful verses of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and how the rats followed the piper into the river and all were drowned. Of course he afterward piped away the children, and though I should have preferred to paint that scene, I felt that I had not the skill; so I began to paint a picture of the piper followed by rats.



THE LITTLE WELSH CHILDREN.—"THEY WOULD STAND IN THE HEATHER AS STILL AS IF THEY WERE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED. (SEE PAGE 88.)

Of course I could not paint a rat without seeing one. I found an old gypsy whose face was wild and queer, and I painted him as the piper. He liked the story much, and did not think it at all extraordinary that rats had followed the piper, but he felt sure that it was not the music that charmed them.

"I know the reason," said he; "the man put anise-seed oil on his shoes. Rats will run anywhere after that." As the old gypsy knew so much about rats, I asked him to bring me two alive, which he did. At first I kept them in a cage, and tamed them until they would eat from my fingers. They were very fond of sugar and candle-ends, biscuits and meat, and bird-seed, and for a special treat a drop of attar

of roses. Cheese they would never touch! Perhaps they had heard how traps are baited with it. Finally, when they seemed to have become friendly to me, I let one rat out of the cage, for I needed to see him run. All the rats in my picture were running. I had sketched in more than a hundred rats, all tearing, and jumping, and running, and some beckoning to other swarms of rats coming on after them, less distinctly seen. When my tame rat was joyfully frisking about, I watched his movements, and carefully corrected each one of the rats in my painting to make them quite natural. I put my tame rat on a large table at a safe distance, but I did not know how rats can spring, and I was startled when he suddenly jumped upon my shoulder. I caught him by the neck and put him on the shelf of my easel. Then he ran along my mahl-stick to my palette and tasted some paint. Very bad for you, Mr. Rat! I never had such a sitter! He was always taking flying jumps of a few yards, or eating unwholesome things, or biting holes in the chair-covers, or else sneaking about the corners of the studio, where it was very difficult to find him. To me he was quite gentle, but I never returned his affection; to tell the truth, he was too ugly. When the picture was finished, I took the rats to a quiet corner, near a stable, and let them run away to take care of themselves.

Perhaps you think that artists ought to paint "out of their heads." No artist who does not paint "from life" (as painting from models is called) ever gives his pictures a look of reality. We may be able to paint a marble floor from a small piece of marble, or a brocade dress from a yard or two of the material; but even to do this we must have made studies of large surfaces of marble when opportunity has offered, and we must spend days in studying the folds of drapery in a dress worn by a living model before the special material of the brocade can be copied into it. If we wish to represent any material or substance well, we must at least have a piece of it before us, and, as the most important of all things we can paint are the faces of men and women and children, it follows that we must employ people to pose for us.

Here in London, where I am writing, there are several hundred people whose business it is to sit for artists. Some of them, who are particularly beautiful, are engaged every day in the year, and may earn from a dollar and a half to two dollars a day. They must keep still for hours, and often stand or kneel in tiresome positions. However, the models generally take a great interest in the pictures they sit for, and like to do their best for the artists who employ them.

Among the models are some very little children, who began to sit when they were mere babies. I have often wished that some rich children could see how patient these little ones can be, when they understand that they are earning money to buy food and clothes. I have tried for days to persuade a fine little boy, in smart silk stockings and fine shoes, to keep his feet still long enough for me to paint them; but at the end of two minutes his feet would skip away with his stockings and leave me in despair!

When I find that a child can not sit quietly to have his dress painted, I send for Georgie Munn. He is very proud to put on the beautiful stockings and shoes. I make a chalk mark on the throne where his little feet should go, and he will keep carefully on the mark. He has a few minutes for rest at intervals during each hour, and a long rest at dinner-time; but he will keep very quiet while we are working, and will not move without leave. He is a very little boy, so his mother keeps her arm around him to steady him, and talks to him in a whisper without disturbing me. She teaches him to count, or to sing little songs, or to spell. Every now and then he tries to guess what there will be for dinner. With so good a boy to help me, I can paint very quickly; and when little Master Restless comes next day to sit for his portrait, he is surprised to see the dress quite finished.

Last summer I was at Goodwick, on the coast of Wales. One day I had climbed far up a hill among wild fields of gorse and heather all golden and pink with flowers. Below the great cliffs lay the sparkling sea, and the rocky headlands of the coast, one beyond another, blue and faint, with shining bays between, stretched away to the north. My hill rose still above me, and there on its summit were the remains of a vast circle of great stones, rudely shaped, and placed there at least two thousand years ago to serve in the mysterious worship of the Druids. A little stone cottage was near them. Two little girls suddenly appeared coming up the steep hillside from the sea. They carried great tin cans; but when I asked what they had in them, they could not speak English nor understand any language but the strange and beautiful Welsh,—a language spoken in England before Romans, Danes, or Normans had set foot in the country, and now only remembered in these lonely Welsh hills. Since they could not understand, I looked into their cans and found them filled with water. The girls had evidently gone a mile down the cliff for water from the nearest spring, and were taking it to their home among the Druid stones. I liked them so much, as they stood smiling at me, that another day I brought my paints, and when they passed I sketched them. This pleased them very much,



THE GRANDCHILDREN OF LORD TENNYSON.

[See next page.]

and they would come with their water-cans and stand among the heather as still as if they were being photographed. By degrees I learned that their father was a sailor in a sailing-ship, and in another year would be coming back from South America.

Now, I must tell you of two English boys whose picture you have on page 89. You will like to see them because they are the grandchildren of the great poet Tennyson. Every child knows "The May Queen," and the lovely story of the "Sleeping Beauty," and knows that Tennyson, now Lord Tennyson, has long been the great poet of our day. These little boys, Alfred and Charles, often visit their grandfather in his peaceful country home. Lord Tennyson dedicated a collection of some of his latest poems to little Alfred in a verse beginning — "Golden-haired Ally whose name is one with mine." Alfred has hair of a rich golden shade, and Charley has dark eyes and hair like silver floss. I used to call him moonbeam and Alfred sunshine. Alfred loved to listen to stories one after another, as fast as they could be read to him. Charles liked to invent his stories, and told me the wonderful adventures of a sugar pig that came to live in his nursery. I think the pig was quite a Pegasus, for Charley declared it could fly away.*

Here are two more dear little friends of mine, Eustace and Percy Loraine. One day, when I had just begun this portrait, a beautiful pheasant was sent to me. The pheasant has feathers like burnished bronze, and a purple and green throat,—a most splendid bird, that English gentlemen raise with great care and expense in the spring and shoot in the autumn. Eustace wished to hold this bird, and little Percy stood on tiptoes to touch its soft breast, and both boys were sad to see it dead. The pheasant was so beautiful, and they looked so gentle holding it with pity, that I painted them as you see them in the engraving. The father of these children, Sir Lambton Loraine, is a brave captain in the English navy, and you American children must hear about him, so that you shall not forget the great service he did to some unfortunate Americans.



THE BOY WHO LIKED TO FEED THE PIGEONS.

It was in the year 1873, when the Cubans were in insurrection against Spanish rule. Spanish ships were blockading the ports of Cuba to prevent the rebels from receiving arms or help from other countries. The "Virginius" was an American steamer, and had been suspected of running the blockade, but this had not been proved. It sailed

* For the story of "Pegasus," see ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1879.

from Kingston in Jamaica, pretending to go to Port Limon in Costa Rica, and had taken one hundred and fifty-five passengers on board. Four of these were leaders of the Cuban rebellion, but the rest were peaceable, innocent people, going to Costa Rica on business or to join their families, and who had no wish whatever to enter Cuba.

In spite of his agreement to land these passengers at Costa Rica, the captain of the "Virginius" contrived to get a cargo of arms, and then set sail direct for Cuba. The Spanish ships spied the "Virginius" as it neared land, chased it into the open sea, and captured it there, contrary to international law. When the "Virginius" was taken into Santiago di Cuba, the Spanish Governor declared all on board to be pirates, and had them tried by court-martial as fast as it could be done. The four rebel chiefs were shot first; and then thirty-seven of the crew, who were mostly English or United States citizens, were brutally shot to death. The court-martial sat all night, but, before they had time to shoot any more of the unfortunate people, the news of these butcheries reached Jamaica.

The English Governor immediately protested, and ordered the "Niobe," which was commanded by Sir Lambton Loraine, to sail at once for Santiago di Cuba.



EUSTACE AND PERCY LORAINE.

The Spaniards were amazed to see the "Niobe" steaming full speed into port without saluting. Before her anchor touched bottom, her brave commander was lowered in his gig, and on landing went directly to the governor, General Burriel. He was enraged that England should interfere. The "Virginius" was an American ship, and he claimed that it was no affair of England. Sir Lambton Loraine replied that, in the absence of a United States war-ship, he took the responsibility of protecting citizens of the United States, and upholding the honor of her flag, and that if any more innocent blood were shed he would sink whichever of the Spanish men-of-war should be nearest to the "Niobe." After that, General Burriel began to listen to reason. No more people were shot, and finally, when the American ship "Juniata" arrived at Santiago di Cuba, eighteen days after the last executions, the "Virginius" and the surviving prisoners were surrendered to her in the presence of the "Niobe." All through the United States, from east to west, people were full of enthusiasm for the brave English commander, and for the friendly aid of England. I am sure you will like to see these very little boys, whose father you must not forget.

Now, boys and girls, I must stop talking, and wish you a merry Christmas. I wish that on this day you could see some of the glorious paintings which ancient artists, especially in Italy, have left us. They never wearied of painting the little Jesus in his Mother's arms, and sometimes with angels or saints or the wise men of the East coming to adore him, and they knew how to give these pictures the peace and beauty of another world.

[NOTE.—The children's portraits in this article are engraved from photographs of the original paintings by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, furnished by the artist with the kind consent of the Honorable Lionel Tennyson, and of Sir Lambton Loraine.—ED.]

THE HAND-ORGAN MAN'S LITTLE GIRL.

BY H. H.

FROM nine in the morning till six at night—
A weary march for the strongest feet—
She trudges along, a pitiful sight,
To be seen every day in the city street.

She is tired, and hungry, and cold and wet;
She trembles with wretchedness where she stands;
But she knows if she falters a moment, she 'll get
A cruel, hard blow from the cruel hands.

Her tambourine feels as heavy as lead;
She wearily shifts it from side to side;
Her poor little knuckles are bruised and red;
Her pale, sunken eyes show how much she has cried.

But she must keep step to the gayest tunes,
With merry, quick flings of her tambourine;
And watch for the crowds, in the late afternoons.
—How soon they forget the sad face they have seen!

Oh, how do you think she feels when she sees,
In the pleasant parks on a sunny day,
The rows of nurses, all taking their ease,
With children who 've nothing to do but play?

"Who have nothing to do but play!"—The thought!
She can not imagine it, if she tries;
Nor how such wonderful playthings are bought,—
The dolls that can walk and open their eyes!

"Who have nothing to do but play!" It seems
To her that such children in Heaven live.
Not all her wildest, most beautiful dreams
A happiness greater than that could give.

O children, who 've nothing to do but play,
And are always happy, do not forget
The poor little children who work all day,
And are tired and hungry and cold and wet!



OR, WHAT FOLLOWED READING "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

By Charles Carryl.

Chapter I.

HOW THE GOBLIN CAME.

It happened one Christmas eve, when Davy was about eight years old, and this is the way it came about.

That particular Christmas eve was a snowy one and a blowy one, and one generally to be remembered. In the city, where Davy lived, the storm played all manner of pranks, swooping down upon unwary old gentlemen and turning their umbrellas wrong side out, and sometimes blowing their hats quite out of sight. And in the country, where Davy had come to pass Christmas with his dear old grandmother, things were not much better; but here people were very wise about the weather, and staid indoors, huddled around great blazing wood fires; and the storm, finding no live game, buried up the roads and the fences, and such small-fry of houses as could readily be put out of sight, and howled and roared over the fields and through the trees in a fashion not to be forgotten.

Davy, being of the opinion that a snow-storm was a thing not to be wasted, had been out with his sled, trying to have a little fun with the weather; but presently, discovering that this particular storm was not friendly to little boys, he had retreated into the house, and having put his hat and his high shoes and his mittens by the kitchen fire to dry, he began to find his time hang heavily on his hands. He had wandered idly all over the house, and had tried how cold his nose could be made by holding it against the window-panes, and, I am sorry to say, had even been sliding down the balusters and teasing the cat; and at last, as evening was coming on, had curled himself up in the big easy-chair facing the fire, and had begun to read once more about the marvelous things that happened to little Alice in Wonderland. Then, as it grew darker, he laid aside the book and sat watching the blazing logs and listening to the solemn ticking of the high Dutch clock against the wall.

Then there stole in at the door a delicious odor of dinner cooking down-stairs—an odor so suggestive of roast chickens and baked potatoes and gravy and pie as to make any little boy's mouth

water; and presently Davy began softly telling himself what he would choose for his dinner. He had quite finished fancying the first part of his feast and was just coming, in his mind, to an extra-large slice of apple-pie well browned (staring meanwhile very hard at one of the brass knobs of the andirons to keep his thoughts from wandering), when he suddenly discovered a little man perched upon that identical knob and smiling at him with all his might.

This little man was a very curious-looking person indeed. He was only about a foot high, but his head was as big as a cocoanut, and he had great bulging eyes, like a frog, and a ridiculous turned-up nose. His legs were as slender as spindles, and he had long-pointed toes to his shoes, or rather to his stockings, or, for that matter, to his trousers,—for they were all of a piece—and bright scarlet in color, as were also his little coat and his high-pointed hat and a queer little cloak that hung over his shoulder. His mouth was so wide that when he smiled it seemed to go quite behind his ears, and there was no way of knowing where the smile ended, except by looking at it from behind—which Davy could n't do without getting into the fire.

Now, there 's no use in denying that Davy was frightened. The fact is, he was frightened almost out of his wits, particularly when he saw that the little man, still smiling furiously, was carefully picking the hottest and reddest embers out of the fire, and, after cracking them like nuts with his teeth, eating them with great relish. Davy watched this alarming meal, expecting every moment to see the little man burst into a blaze and disappear, but he finished his coals in safety, and then nodding cheerfully at Davy, said:

"I know you!"

"Do you?" said Davy faintly.

"Oh, yes!" said the little man. "I know you perfectly well. You are the little boy who does n't believe in fairies, nor in giants, nor in goblins, nor in anything the story-books tell you."

Now, the truth was that Davy, having never met any giants when he was out walking, nor seen any fairies peeping out of the bushes, nor found any goblins about the house, had come to believe that all these kinds of people were purely imaginary beings, so that now he could do nothing but stare at the little man in a shamefaced sort of way and wonder what was coming next.

"Now all that,—" said the little man, shaking his finger at him in a reproving way, "all that is very foolish and very wrong. I 'm a goblin myself,—a hob-goblin—and I 've come to take you on a Believing Voyage."

"Oh, if you please, I can't go!" cried Davy, in great alarm at this proposal, "I can't, indeed. I have n't permission."

"Rubbish!" said the Goblin. "Ask the Colonel."

Now, the Colonel was nothing more nor less than a silly-looking little man made of lead that stood on the mantel-shelf holding a clock in his arms. The clock never went, but, for that matter, the Colonel never went either, for he had been standing stock-still for years, and it seemed perfectly ridiculous to ask *him* anything about going anywhere, so Davy felt quite safe in looking up at him and asking permission to go on the Believing Voyage. To his dismay the Colonel nodded his head and cried out in a little cracked voice:

"Why, certainly!"

At this, the Goblin jumped down off the knob of the andiron, and skipping briskly across the room to the big Dutch clock, rapped sharply on the front of the case with his knuckles, when to Davy's amazement the great thing fell over on its face upon the floor as softly as if it had been a feather bed. Davy now saw that instead of being full of weights and brass wheels and curious works, as he had always supposed, the clock was really a sort of boat with a wide seat at each end; but before he had time to make any further discoveries, the Goblin, who had vanished for a moment, suddenly re-appeared, carrying two large sponge-cakes in his arms. Now, Davy was perfectly sure that he had seen his grandmother putting those very sponge-cakes into the oven to bake, but before he could utter a word of remonstrance the Goblin clapped one into each seat, and scrambling into the clock sat down upon the smaller one, merely remarking:

"They make prime cushions, you know."

For a moment, Davy had a wild idea of rushing out of the room and calling for help; but the Goblin seemed so pleased with the arrangements he had made and, moreover, was smiling so good-naturedly that the little boy thought better of it, and after a moment's hesitation climbed into the clock and took his seat upon the other cake. It was as warm and springy and fragrant as a day in May. Then there was a whizzing sound, like a lot of wheels spinning around, and the clock rose from the floor and made a great swoop toward the window.

"I 'll steer," shouted the Goblin, "and do you look out sharp for light-houses!"

Davy had just time to notice that the Colonel was hastily scrambling down from the mantel-shelf with his beloved time-piece in his arms, when they, seated in the long Dutch clock, dashed through the window and out into the night.

Chapter II.

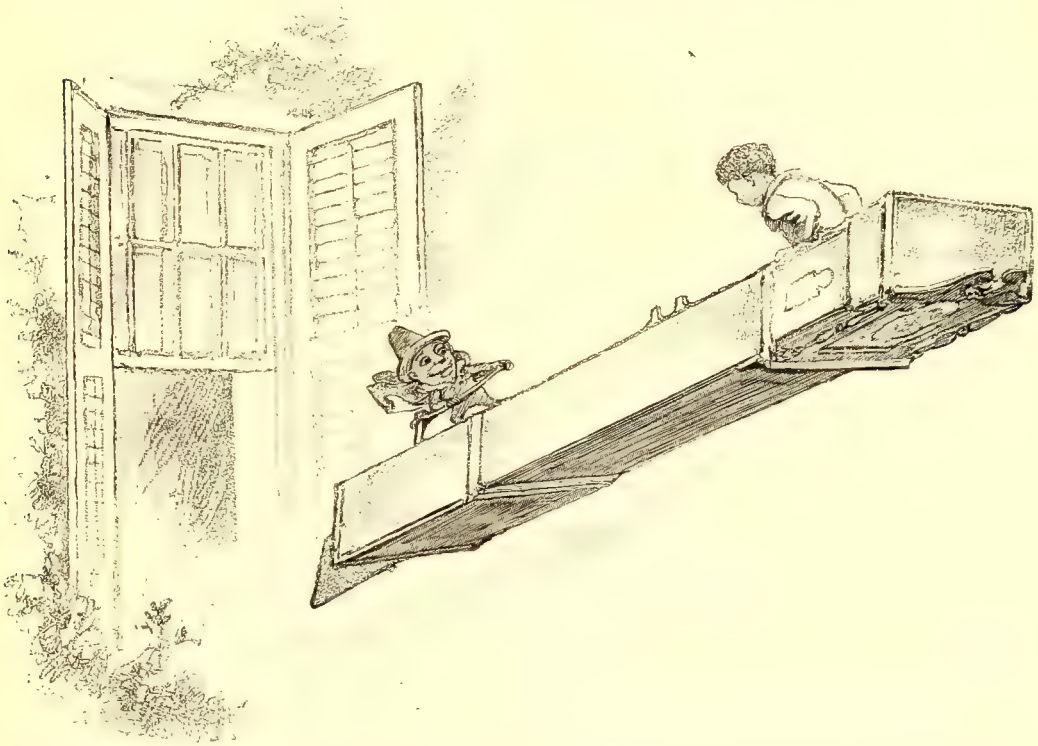
THE BEGINNING OF THE BELIEVING VOYAGE.

THE first thought that came into Davy's mind when he found himself out-of-doors was that he had started off on his journey without his hat, and he was therefore exceedingly pleased to find that it had stopped snowing and that the air was quite still and delightfully balmy and soft. The moon was shining brightly, and as he looked back at the house he was surprised to see that the window through which they had come, and which he was quite sure had always been a straight-up-and-down, old-fashioned window, was now a round affair with flaps running to a point in the center, like the holes the harlequin jumps through in the pantomime.

"How did that window ever get changed into a round hole?" he asked the Goblin, pointing to it in great astonishment.

"Oh," said the Goblin, carelessly, "that 's one of the circular singumstances that happen on a believing voyage. It 's nothing to what you 'll see before we come back again. Ah!" he added, "there comes the Colonel!"

Sure enough, at this moment the Colonel's head appeared through the flaps. The clock was still in his arms, and he seemed to be having a great deal of trouble in getting it through, and his head kept coming into view and then disappearing again behind the flaps in so ridiculous a manner that Davy shouted with laughter, and the Goblin smiled harder than ever. Suddenly the poor little man made a desperate plunge and had almost made his way out when the flaps shut to with a loud snap and caught him about the waist. In his efforts to free himself, he dropped his clock to the ground outside, when it burst with a loud explosion and the house instantly disappeared.



This was so unexpected and seemed so serious a matter that Davy was much distressed, wondering what had become of his dear old grandmother and Mrs. Frump, the cook, and Mary Farina, the housemaid, and Solomon, the cat. However, before he had time to make any inquiries of the Goblin, his grandmother came dropping down through the air in her rocking-chair. She was quietly knitting, and her chair was gently rocking as she went by. Next came Mrs. Frump with her apron quite full of kettles and pots, and then Mary Farina, sitting on a step-ladder with the coal-scuttle in her lap. Solomon was nowhere

to be seen. Davy, looking over the side of the clock, saw them disappear, one after the other, in a large tree on the lawn; and the Goblin informed



"NEXT CAME MARY FARINA."

him that they had fallen into the kitchen of a witch-hazel tree and would be well taken care of. Indeed, as the clock sailed over the tree, Davy saw that the trunk of it was hollow and that a bright light was shining far under-ground; and to make the matter quite sure, a smell of cooking was coming up through the hole. On one of the topmost boughs of the tree was a nest with two sparrows in it, and he was much astonished at discovering that they were lying side by side, fast asleep, with one of his mittens spread over them for a coverlet.

"I suppose my shoes are somewhere about," he said, sadly. "Perhaps the squirrels are filling them with nuts."

"You 're quite right," replied the Goblin, cheerfully; "and there 's a rabbit over by the hedge putting dried leaves into your hat; I rather fancy he 's about moving into it for the winter."

Davy was about to complain against such liberties being taken with his property, when the clock began rolling over in the air, and he had just time to grasp the sides of it to keep himself from falling out.

"Don't be afraid!" cried the Goblin, "she 's only rolling a little," and as he said this, the clock steadied itself and sailed serenely away past the spire of the village church and off over the fields.

Davy now noticed that the Goblin was glowing with a bright, rosy light, as though a number of candles were burning in his stomach and shining out through his scarlet clothes.

"That 's the coals he had for his supper," thought Davy; but as the Goblin continued to smile complacently and seemed to be feeling quite comfortable, he did not venture to ask any questions, and went on with his thoughts. "I suppose he 'll soon have smoke coming out of his nose, as if he were a stove. If it were a cold night I 'd ask him to come and sit in my lap. I think he must be as warm as a piece of toast!" and the little boy was laughing softly to himself over this conceit, when the Goblin, who had been staring intently at the sky, suddenly ducked his head and cried "Barkers!"—and the next instant a shower of little blue woolly balls came tumbling into the clock. To Davy's alarm they proved to be alive, and immediately began scrambling about in all directions, and yelping so ferociously that he climbed up on his cake in dismay, while the Goblin, hastily pulling a large magnifying-glass out of his hat, began attentively examining these strange visitors.

"Bless me!" cried the Goblin, turning very pale, "they 're sky-terriers. The dog-star must have turned upside-down."

"What shall we do?" said Davy, feeling that this was a very bad state of affairs.



THE RABBIT TAKES LIBERTIES WITH DAVY'S PROPERTY.

"The first thing to do," said the Goblin, "is to get away from these fellows before the solar sisters come after them. Here, jump into my hat!"

So many wonderful things had happened already that this seemed to Davy quite a natural and proper thing to do, and as the Goblin had already

seated himself upon the brim, he took his place opposite to him without hesitation. As they sailed away from the clock, it quietly rolled over once, spilling out the sponge-cakes and all the little dogs, and was then wafted off, gently rocking from side to side as it went.

Davy was much surprised at finding that the hat was as large as a clothes-hamper, with plenty of room for him to swing his legs about in the crown. It proved, however, to be a very unpleasant thing to travel in. It spun around like a top as it sailed through the air, until Davy began to feel uncomfortably dizzy, and the Goblin himself seemed to be far from well. He had stopped smiling, and the rosy light had all faded away, as though the candles inside of him had gone out. His clothes, too, had changed from bright scarlet to a dull ashen color, and he sat stupidly upon the brim of the hat as if he were going to sleep.

"If he goes to sleep, he will certainly fall overboard," thought Davy; and with a view to rousing the Goblin, he ventured to remark, "I had no idea your hat was so big."

"I can make it any size I please, from a thimble to a sentry-box," said the Goblin. "And speaking of sentry-boxes——" here he stopped and looked more stupid than ever.

"I verily believe he 's absent-minded," said Davy to himself.

"I 'm worse than that," said the Goblin, as if Davy had spoken aloud. "I 'm absent-bodied," and with these words he fell out of the hat and instantly disappeared. Davy peered anxiously over the edge of the brim, but the Goblin was nowhere to be seen, and the little boy found himself quite alone.

Strange-looking birds now began to swoop up and chuckle at him, and others flew around him, as the hat spun along through the air, gravely staring him in the face for a while, and then sailed away, sadly bleating like sheep. Then a great creature with rumpled feathers perched upon the brim of the hat where the Goblin had been sitting, and after solemnly gazing at him for a few moments, softly murmured, "I 'm a Cockalorum," and flew heavily away. All this was very sad and distressing, and Davy was mournfully wondering what would happen to him next, when it suddenly struck him that his legs were feeling very cold, and looking down at them he discovered to his great alarm that the crown of the Goblin's hat had entirely disappeared, leaving nothing but the brim upon which he was sitting. He hurriedly examined this and found that the hat was really nothing but an enormous skein of wool, which was rapidly unwinding as it spun along. Indeed, the brim was disappearing at such a rate that he had hardly made this alarming discovery before the end of the skein was whisked away and he found himself falling through the air.

He was on the point of screaming out in his terror, when he discovered that he was falling very



"I 'M A COCKALORUM," HE SOFTLY MURMURED.

slowly and gently swaying from side to side, like a toy-balloon. The next moment he struck something hard, which gave way with a sound like breaking glass and let him through, and he had just time to notice that the air had suddenly become deliciously scented with vanilla, when he fell crashing into the branches of a large tree.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE SUGAR-PLUM GARDEN.

THE bough upon which Davy had fallen bent far down with his weight, then sprang back, then bent again, and in this way fell into a sort of delightful up-and-down dipping motion, which he found very soothing and agreeable. Indeed, he was so pleased and comforted at finding himself near the ground once more that he lay back in a crotch between two branches, enjoying the rocking of the bough and lazily wondering what had become of the Goblin, and whether this was the end of the Believing Voyage, and a great many other things, until he chanced to wonder where he was. Then he sat up on the branch in great astonishment, for he saw that the tree was in full leaf and loaded with plums, and it flashed across his mind that the winter had disappeared very suddenly, and that he had fallen into a place where it was broad daylight.

The plum-tree was the most beautiful and wonderful thing he had ever seen, for the leaves were

perfectly white, and the plums, which looked extremely delicious, were of every imaginable color.

Now, it immediately occurred to Davy that he had never in his whole life had all the plums he wanted at any one time. Here was a rare chance for a feast, and he carefully selected the largest and most luscious-looking plum he could find, to begin with. To his disappointment it proved to be quite hard and as solid and heavy as a stone. He was looking at it in great perplexity, and punching it with his thumbs in the hope of finding a soft place in it, when he heard a rustling sound among the leaves, and looking up, he saw the Cockalorum perched upon the bough beside him. It was gazing sadly at the plum, and its feathers were more rumpled than ever. Presently it gave a long sigh and said, in its low, murmuring voice: "Perhaps it 's a sugar-plum," and then flew clumsily away as before.

"Perhaps it is!" exclaimed Davy joyfully, taking a great bite of the plum. To his surprise and disgust, he found his mouth full of very bad-tasting soap, and at the same moment the white leaves of the plum-tree suddenly turned over and showed the words "APRIL FOOL" printed very distinctly on their under sides. To make the matter worse, the Cockalorum came back and flew slowly around the branches, laughing softly to itself with a sort of a chuckling sound, until Davy, almost crying with disappointment and mortification, scrambled down from the tree to the ground.

He found himself in a large garden planted with plum-trees, like the one he had fallen into, and with walks winding about among them in every direction. These walks were beautifully paved with sugar-almonds and bordered by long rows of many-colored motto-papers neatly planted in the ground. He was too much distressed, however, by what had happened in the plum-tree to be interested or pleased with this discovery, and was about walking away along one of the paths in the hope of finding his way out of the garden, when he suddenly caught sight of a small figure standing a little distance from him.

He was the strangest-looking creature Davy had ever seen, not even excepting the Goblin. In the first place, he was as flat as a pancake, and about as thick as one; and in the second place, he was so transparent that Davy could see through his head and his arms and his legs almost as clearly as though he had been made of glass. This was so surprising in itself that when Davy presently discovered that he was made of beautiful, clear lemon-candy, it seemed the most natural thing in the world, as explaining his transparency. He was neatly dressed in a sort of tunic of writing-paper, with a cocked hat of the same material, and he had under his arm a large book with the words "HOLE-KEEPER'S VACUUM" printed on the cover. This curious-looking creature was standing before an



"'THAT WAS THE SKY-LIGHT,' SHRIEKED THE HOLE-KEEPER."

extremely high wall with his back to Davy, intently watching a large hole in the wall about a foot from the ground. There was nothing extraordinary about the appearance of the hole (except that the lower edge of it was curiously tied in a large bow-knot like a cravat), but Davy watched it carefully for a few moments, thinking that perhaps something marvelous would come out of it. Nothing appeared, however, and Davy, walking up close behind the candy man, said very politely, "If you please, sir, I dropped in here ——"

Before he could finish the sentence, the Hole-keeper said snappishly, "Well, drop out again — quick!"

"But," pleaded Davy, "you can't drop out of a place, you know, unless the place should happen to turn upside down."

"I *don't* know anything about it," replied the Hole-keeper, without moving. "I never saw anything drop — except once. Then I saw a gum-drop. Are you a gum?" he added, suddenly turning around and staring at Davy.

"Of course I 'm not," said Davy, indignantly. "If you 'll only listen to me, you 'll understand exactly how it happened."

"Well, go on," said the Hole-keeper, impatiently, "and don't be tiresome."

"I fell down ever so far," said Davy, beginning his story over again, "and at last I broke through something ——"

"That was the sky-light!" shrieked the Hole-

keeper, dashing his book upon the ground in a fury. "That was the barley-sugar sky-light, and I shall certainly be boiled!"

This was such a shocking idea that Davy stood speechless, staring at the Hole-keeper, who rushed to and fro in a convulsion of distress.

"Now, see here," said the Hole-keeper, at length, coming up to him and speaking in a low, trembling voice. "This must be a private secret between us. Do you solemsy promilse?"

"I prolemse," said Davy, earnestly. This was n't at all what he meant to say, and it sounded very ridiculous; but somehow the words *would n't* come straight. The Hole-keeper, however, seemed perfectly satisfied, and picking up his book, said: "Well, just wait till I can't find your name," and began hurriedly turning over the leaves.

Davy saw, to his astonishment, that there was nothing whatever in the book, all the leaves being perfectly blank, and he could n't help saying, rather contemptuously:

"How do you expect to find my name in *that* book? There 's nothing in it."

"Ah! that 's just it, you see," said the Hole-keeper, exultingly; "I look in it for the names that ought to be out of it. It 's the completest system that ever was invented. Oh! here you are n't!" he added, staring with great satisfaction at one of the blank pages. "Your name is Rupsy Frimbles."

"It 's nothing of the sort," said Davy, indignantly.

"Tut! Tut!" said the Hole-keeper. "Don't stop to contradict or you 'll be too late;" and Davy felt himself gently lifted off his feet and pushed head-foremost into the hole. It was quite dark and rather sticky, and smelt strongly of burnt sugar, and Davy had a most unpleasant time of it crawling through on his hands and knees. To add to his distress, when he came out at the further end, instead of being, as he had hoped, in the open country, he found himself in a large room fairly swarming with creatures very like the Hole-keeper in appearance, but somewhat darker and denser in the way of complexion. The instant Davy came out of the hole, a harsh voice called out:

"Bring Frungles this way," and the crowd gathered around him and began to rudely hustle him across the room.

"That 's not my name!" cried Davy, struggling desperately to free himself. "It is n't even the name I came in with!"

"Tut! Tut!" said a trembling voice near him, and Davy caught sight of the Hole-keeper, also struggling in the midst of the crowd with his great book hugged tightly to his breast. The next moment he found himself before a low platform on which a crowned figure was sitting in a gorgeous tin chair, holding in his hand a long white wand with red lines running screw-wise around it, like a barber's pole.

"Who broke the barley-sugar sky-light?" said the figure, in a terrible voice.

The Hole-keeper began fumbling at the leaves of his book in great agitation, when the king, pointing at him with his wand, roared furiously: "Boil *him*, at all events!"

"Tut! Tut! your majesty——" began the Hole-keeper confusedly, with his stiff little tunic fairly rustling with fright; but before he could utter another word he was dragged away, screaming with terror.



"THE CROWD BEGAN TO HUSTLE HIM ACROSS THE ROOM."

"Don't you go with them!" shouted Davy, made really desperate by the Hole-keeper's danger. "They 're nothing but a lot of molasses candy!"

At this the king gave a frightful shriek, and aiming a furious blow at Davy with his wand,

rolled off the platform into the midst of the struggling crowd. The wand broke into a hundred pieces, and the air was instantly filled with a choking odor of peppermint; then everything was wrapped in darkness, and Davy felt himself being whirled along, heels over head, through the air. Then there came a confused sound of bells and voices, and he found himself running rapidly down a long street with the Goblin at his side.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUTTERSCOTCHMEN.

BELLS were pealing and tolling in all directions, and the air was filled with the sound of distant shouts and cries.

"What were they?" asked Davy, breathlessly.

"Butterscotchmen," said the Goblin.

"And what makes you that color?" said Davy, suddenly noticing that the Goblin had changed his color to a beautiful blue.



"BELLS WERE PEALING IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

"Trouble and worry," said the Goblin. "I always get blue when the Butterscotchmen are after me."

"Are they coming after us now?" inquired Davy in great alarm.

"Of course they are," said the Goblin. "But the best of it is, they can't run till they get warm, and they can't get warm without running, you see. But the worst of it is that *we* can't stop without sticking fast," he added, anxiously. "We must keep it up until we get to the Amuserum."

"What 's that?" said Davy.

"It 's a place they have to amuse themselves with," said the Goblin,—"curiosities, and all that sort of thing, you know. By the way, how much money have you? We have to pay to get in."

Davy began to feel in his pockets (which is a very difficult thing to do when you 're running fast) and found, to his astonishment, that they were completely filled with a most extraordinary lot of rubbish. First, he pulled out what seemed to be an iron ball, but it proved to be a hard-boiled egg, without the shell, stuck full of small tacks. Then came two slices of toast firmly tied together with a green cord. Then came a curious little glass jar filled with large flies. As Davy took this out of his pocket, the cork came out with a loud "pop!" and the flies flew away in all directions. Then came, one after another, a tart filled with gravel, two chicken bones, a bird'snest with some pieces of brown soap in it, some mustard in a pill-box and a cake of beeswax stuck full of caraway seeds. Davy remembered afterward that as he threw these things away they arranged themselves in a long row on the curb-stone of the street. The Goblin looked on with great interest as Davy fished them up out of his pockets, and finally said, enviously: "That 's a splendid collection; where did they all come from?"

"I 'm sure *I* don't know," said Davy, in great bewilderment.

"And I 'm sure *I* don't know," repeated the Goblin. "What else is there?"

Davy felt about in his pockets again and found what seemed to be a piece of money. On taking it out, however, he was mortified to find that it was nothing but an old button; but the Goblin exclaimed in a tone of great satisfaction, "Ah! hold on to that!" and ran on faster than ever.

The sound of the distant voices had grown fainter and fainter still, and Davy was just hoping that their long run was almost over, when the street came abruptly to an end at a brick wall, over the top of which he could see the branches of trees. There was a small round hole in the wall with the words "PAY HERE" printed above it, and the Goblin whispered to Davy to hand in the button through this hole. Davy did so, feeling very much ashamed of himself, when to his surprise instead of receiving tickets in return, he heard a loud exclamation behind the wall, followed by a confused sound of scuffling, and the hole suddenly disappeared. The next moment, a little bell tinkled and the wall rose slowly before them like a curtain, carrying the trees with it, apparently, and he

and the Goblin were left standing in a large open space paved with stone.

Davy was exceedingly alarmed at seeing a dense mass of Butterscotchmen in the center of the square, pushing and crowding one another in a very quarrelsome manner, and chattering like a flock of magpies, and he was just about to propose a hasty retreat, when a figure came hurrying through the square, carrying on a pole a large placard bearing the words:

"JUST RECEIVED!
THE GREAT FRUNGLES THING!
ON EXHIBITION IN THE PLUM-GARDEN!"

At the sight of these words, the mob set up a terrific shout, and began streaming out of the square after the pole-bearer, like a flock of sheep, jostling and shoving one another as they went, and leaving Davy and the Goblin quite alone.

"I verily believe they 're gone to look at my button," cried Davy, beginning to laugh in spite of his fears. "They called *me* Frungles, you know."

"That 's rather a nice name," said the Goblin, who had begun smiling again. "It 's better than Snubgraddle, at all events. Let 's have a look at the curiosities;" and here he walked boldly into the center of the square.

Davy followed close at his heels, and found to his astonishment and disappointment that the curiosities were simply the things that he had fished out of his pockets but a few minutes before, placed on little pedestals and carefully protected by transparent sugar shades. He was on the point of laughing outright at this ridiculous exhibition, when he saw that the Goblin had taken a large telescope out of his pocket and was examining the different objects with the closest attention, and muttering to himself, "Wonderful! wonderful!" as if he had never seen anything like them before.

"Pooh!" said Davy, contemptuously. "The only wonderful thing about them is how they ever came *here*."

At this remark the Goblin turned his telescope toward Davy and uttered a faint cry of surprise; and Davy, peering anxiously through the large end, saw him suddenly shrink to the size of a small beetle and then disappear altogether. Davy hastily reached out with his hands to grasp the telescope; but it, too, disappeared.

The next moment he felt something spring upon his back. Before he could cry out in his terror, a head was thrust forward over his shoulder, and he found the Goblin, who was now of a bright purple color, staring him in the face and laughing with all his might.

CHAPTER V.

THE GIANT BADORFUL.

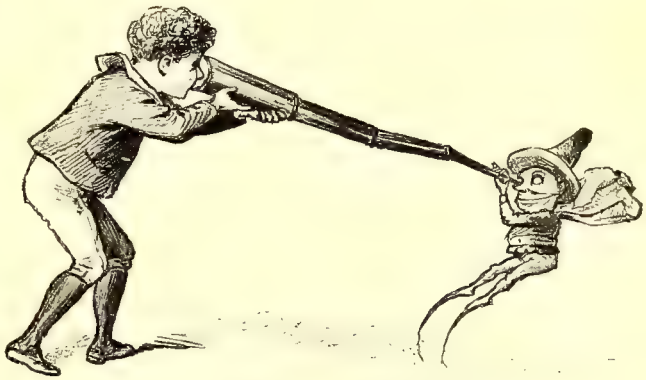
"GOBLIN," said Davy, very seriously, as the little man jumped down from off his back, "if you are going to play such tricks as *that* upon me, I should like to go home at once."

"Where 's the harm?" said the Goblin, sitting down on the grass with his back against a wall and smiling contentedly.

"The harm is that I was frightened," said Davy, with great indignation. But as he spoke, a loud rumbling noise like distant thunder came from behind the wall against which the Goblin was leaning, followed by a tremendous sneeze that fairly shook the ground.

"What 's that?" whispered Davy to the Goblin, in great alarm.

"It 's only Badorful," said the Goblin, laughing. "He 's always snoring and waking himself up, and I suppose it 's sleeping on the ground that makes him sneeze. Let 's have a look at him," and the Goblin led the way along the wall to a large grating.



"THE GOBLIN TURNED HIS TELESCOPE TOWARD DAVY."

Davy looked through the grating and was much alarmed at seeing a giant, at least twenty feet in height, sitting on the ground, with his legs crossed under him like a tailor. He was dressed in a shabby suit of red velveteen, with a great leathern belt about his waist and enormous boots, and Davy thought he looked terribly ferocious. On the grass beside him lay a huge club, thickly studded at one end with great iron knobs; but Davy noticed to his great relief that some little creeping vines were twining themselves among



"JUST LISTEN TO THIS."

these knobs, and that moss was growing thickly upon one side of the club itself, as though it had been lying there untouched for a long time.

The giant was talking to himself in a low tone, and, after listening attentively at the grating for a moment, the Goblin shrieked:

"He 's making poetry!" and throwing himself upon the ground kicked up his heels in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

"Oh, hush, hush!" cried Davy in terror. "Suppose he hears you!"

"Hears me!" said the Goblin, discontinuing his kicking and looking very much surprised. "What if he does?"

"Well, you know, he *might* not like being laughed at," said Davy, anxiously.

"There 's something in that," said the Goblin, staring reflectively at the ground.

"And, you see," continued Davy, "a giant who does n't like what 's going on must be a dreadful creature."

"Oh! there 's no fear of *him*," said the Goblin, contemptuously, motioning with his head toward the giant. "He 's too old. Why, I must have known him, off and on, for nearly two hundred years. Come in and see him."

"Will he do anything?" said Davy, anxiously.

"Bless you, no!" said the Goblin. "He 's a perfect old kitten"; and with these words he pushed open the grating and passed through with Davy following tremblingly at his heels. Badorful looked up with a feeble smile, and merely said, "Just listen to this":

My age is three hundred and seventy-two,
And I think, with the deepest regret,
How I used to pick up and voraciously chew
The dear little boys whom I met.

I 've eaten them raw in their holiday suits,
I 've eaten them curried with rice,
I 've eaten them baked in their jackets and boots,
And found them exceedingly nice.

But now that my jaws are too weak for such fare,
I think it excessively rude
To do such a thing, when I 'm quite well aware
Little boys do not like to be chewed.

And so I contentedly live upon eels,
And try to do nothing amiss,
And I pass all the time I can spare from my meals
In innocent slumber — like this.

Here Badorful rolled over upon his side, and was instantly fast asleep.

"You see," said the Goblin, picking up a large stone and thumping with it upon the giant's head, "you see, he 's quite weak *here*. Otherwise, considering his age, he 's a very capable giant."

At this moment a farmer with bright red hair

thrust his head in at the grating, and calling out, "Look out, there!" disappeared again. Davy and the Goblin rushed out and were just in time to see something go by like a flash with a crowd of people, armed with pitchforks, in hot pursuit. Davy and the Goblin were just setting off on a run to join in the chase, when a voice said, "Ahem!" and looking up, they saw Badorful staring at them over the top of the wall.

"How does this strike you?" he said, addressing himself to Davy:

Although I am a giant of the exhibition size,
I've been nicely educated, and I notice with surprise,
That the simplest rules of etiquette you don't pretend to keep,
For you skurry off to races while a gentleman's asleep.

Don't reply that I was drowsy, for my nap was but a kind
Of dramatic illustration of a peaceful frame of mind;
And you really might have waited till I woke again, instead
Of indelicately pounding, with a stone, upon my head.

Very probably you'll argue that our views do not agree,—
I've often found that little boys have disagreed with me;—
But I'm properly entitled, on the compensation plan,
To three times as much politeness as an ordinary man.

Davy was greatly distressed at having these severe remarks addressed to him.

"If you please, sir," he said earnestly, "I did n't pound you."

At this the giant glared savagely at the Goblin and continued:

My remarks have been directed at the one who, I supposed,
Had been violently thumping on my person while I dozed:
By a simple calculation you will find that there is due
Just six times as much politeness from a little chap like you.

"Oh! you make me ill!" said the Goblin, flippantly. "Go to sleep."

Badorful stared at him for a moment, and then with a sickly smile, murmured: "Good-afternoon," and disappeared behind the wall.

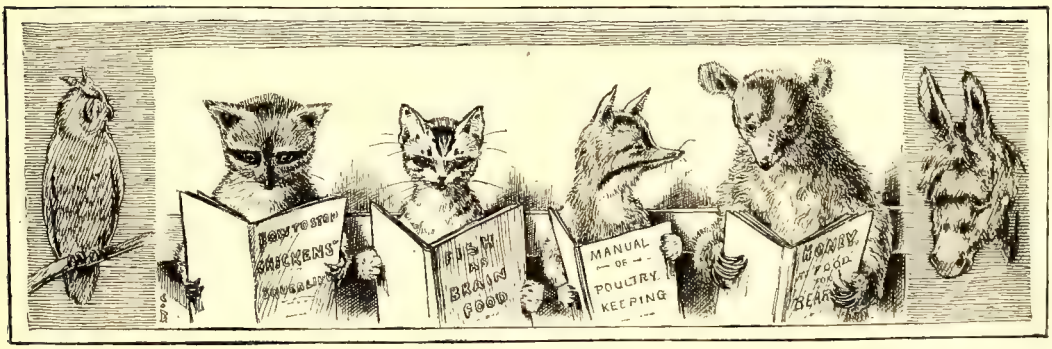
Davy and the Goblin now hurried off wildly to resume the chase, when the Goblin suddenly stopped, and by an ingenious twist of his body sat down on his long shoes or stockings, and began to rock to and fro like an animated little rocking-chair.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Davy, perfectly amazed, "I thought we were chasing something."

"Of course you did," said the Goblin, complacently; "but in this part of the world things very often turn out to be different from what they would have been if they had n't been otherwise than as you expected they were going to be."

"But you thought so yourself——" began Davy, when to his distress the Goblin suddenly faded into a dull pinkish color, and then disappeared altogether. Davy looked about him and found that he was quite alone in a dense wood.

(To be continued.)



A CLASS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Sweet Miss Industry

By S. Conant Foster



arkee, busy little Miss,
Come and walk with me;
There are prettier sights than this
Kitchen pottery."

"Thankee kindly, gentle Sir,
But it may not be,
I must e'en the porridge stir
For my Gran'ther's tea."

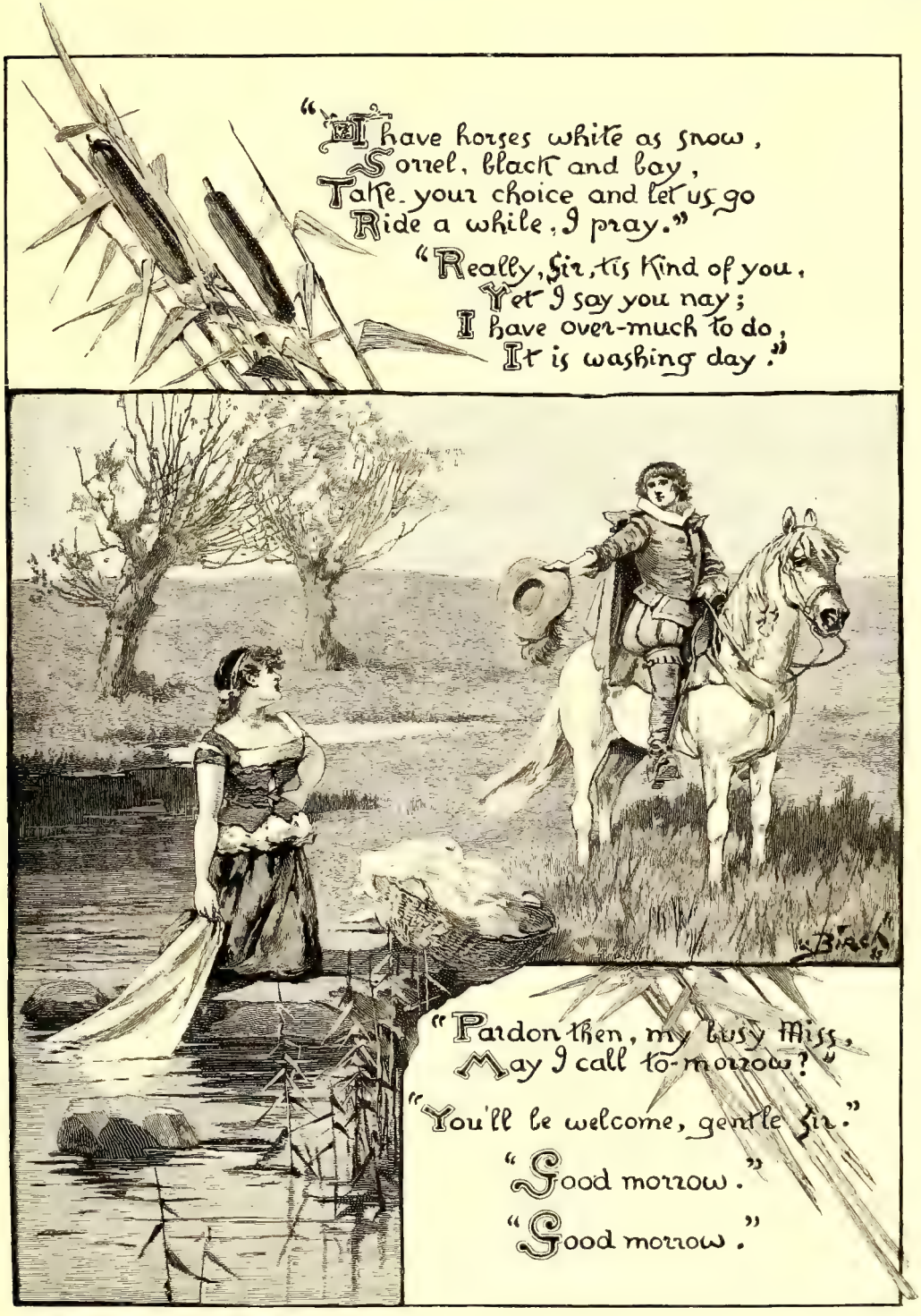
"Pardon then, my busy Miss
May I call to-morrow?"

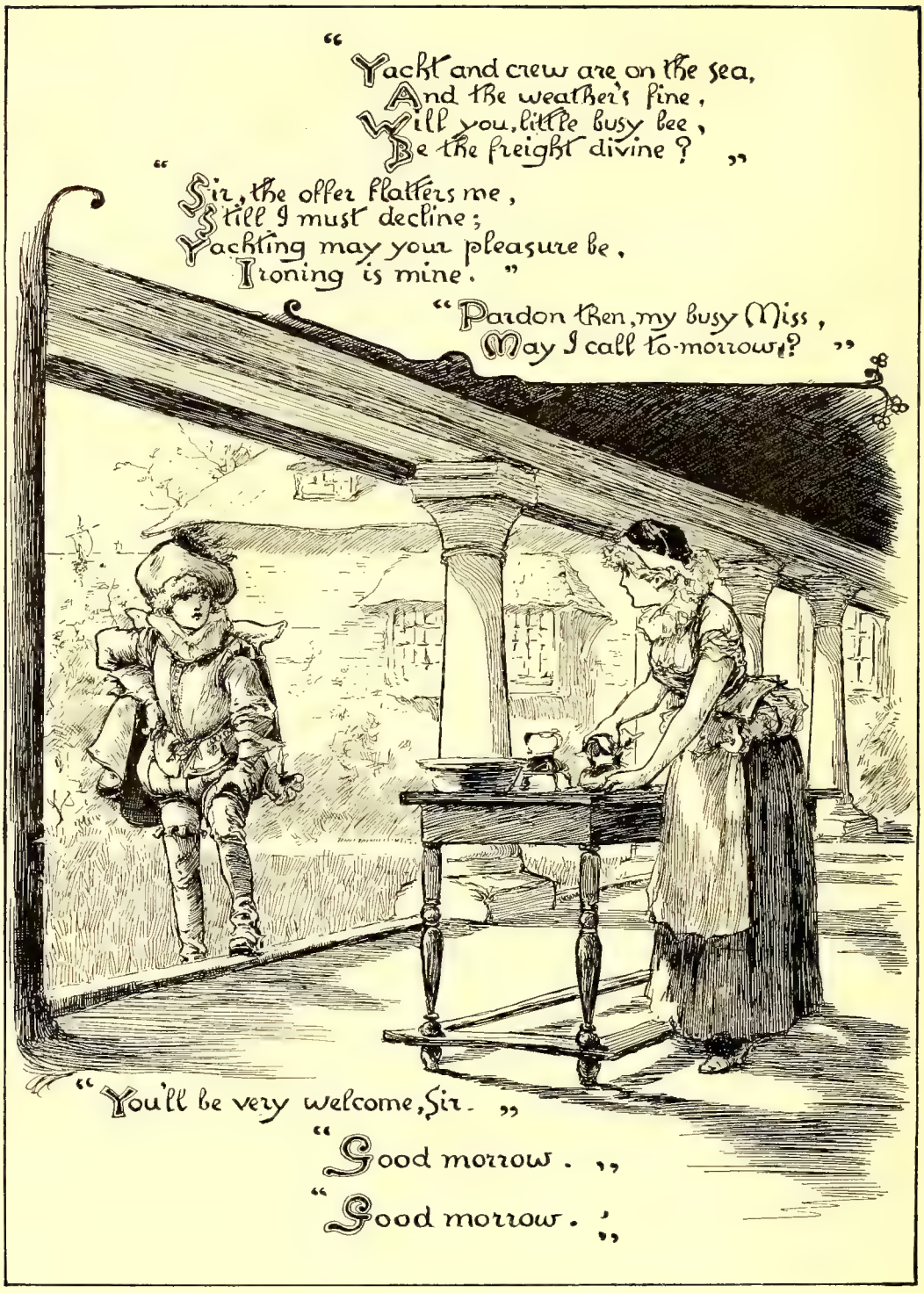


"You'll be very welcome, Sir."

"Good morrow."

"Good morrow."


"I have horses white as snow,
Sorrel, black and bay,
Take your choice and let us go
Ride a while, I pray."
"Really, Sir, 'tis kind of you,
Yet I say you nay;
I have over-much to do,
It is washing day."
"Pardon then, my busy Miss,
May I call to-morrow?"
"You'll be welcome, gentle Sir."
"Good morrow."
"Good morrow."


"Yacht and crew are on the sea,
And the weather's fine,
Will you, little busy bee,
Be the freight divine?"
"Sir, the offer flatters me,
Still I must decline;
Yachting may your pleasure be,
Ironing is mine."
"Pardon then, my busy Miss,
May I call to-morrow?"
"You'll be very welcome, Sir."
"Good morrow."
"Good morrow."



"If you've time to answer, speak.
Tell me true, I pray.
Have you during all the week
Any leisure day?"

"Answer, Sir, I quickly make:
Seldom do I play;
Now I sew, and now I bake—
Now I rake the hay."

"Pardon then, my busy Miss,
May I call to-morrow?"

"You'll be very welcome, Sir."

"Good morrow."

"Good morrow."

BURGESS

"I have thought the matter o'er,
Sweet Miss Industry;
Busy maidens I adore,
Will you marry me?"

"Marry, Sir? I cannot say.
If your wife I'd be,
Would I then have time to play?
Truly?—Let me see:—"

"Ah, then set the wedding day,
Ere I bid goodmorrow!"



"Oh, sweet Sir, excuse me, pray!"

"Good morrow!"

"Good morrow!"



TWELFTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"Tramp,—tramp,—tramp!" That was the boys going down-stairs in a hurry.

"Bump,—bump!" That was the bicycle being zigzagged through the hall.

"*Bang!*" That was the front door slamming behind both boys and bicycle, leaving the house quiet for a time, though the sound of voices outside suggested that a lively discussion was going on.

The bicycle fever had reached Perryville and raged all summer. Now the town was very like a once tranquil pool infested with the long-legged water-bugs that go skating over its surface in all directions; for wheels of every kind darted to and fro, startling horses, running over small children, and pitching their riders headlong in the liveliest manner. Men left their business to see the lads try new wheels, women grew skillful in the binding of wounds and the mending of sorely rent garments, gay girls begged for rides, standing on the little step behind, and boys clamored for bicycles that they might join the army of martyrs to the latest craze.

Sidney West was the proud possessor of the best wheel in town, and displayed his treasure with immense satisfaction before the admiring eyes of his mates. He had learned to ride in a city rink, and he flattered himself that he knew all there was to learn, except such feats as only professional gymnasts acquire. He mounted with skillful agility, rode with as much grace as the tread-mill movements of the legs permit, and managed to guide his tall steed without much danger to himself or others. The occasional headers he took, and the bruises which kept his manly limbs in a chronic state of mourning, he did not mention, but concealed his stiffness heroically, and bound his younger brother to eternal silence by the bribe of occasional rides on his old wheel.

Hugh was a loyal lad, and regarded his big brother as the most remarkable fellow in the world; so he forgave Sid's domineering ways, was a willing slave, a devoted admirer, and a faithful imitator of all the masculine virtues, airs, and graces of this elder brother. On one point only did they disagree, and that was Sid's refusal to give Hugh the old wheel when the new one came. Hugh had fondly hoped it would be his, hints to that effect having been dropped when Sid wanted an errand done, and for weeks the younger boy had waited and labored patiently, sure that his reward would be the small bicycle, on which he could proudly take his place as a member of the newly formed club; with them to set forth, in their blue uniform, with horns blowing, badges glittering, and legs flying, for a long spin,—to return after dark, a mysterious line of tall shadows, "with lanterns dimly burning," and warning whistles sounding as they went.

Great, therefore, was his disappointment and wrath when he discovered that Sid had agreed to sell the wheel to another fellow, if it suited him, leaving poor Hugh the only boy of his set with-

out a machine. Much as he loved Sid, he could not forgive this underhand and mercenary transaction. It seemed so unbrotherly to requite so long and willing a service, to dash hopes so ardent, to betray so blind a confidence, for filthy lucre; and when the deed was done, to laugh, and ride gayly away on the splendid British Challenge, the desire of all hearts and eyes.

One morning, Hugh had freely vented his outraged feelings, and Sid had tried to make light of the affair, though quite conscious that he had been both unkind and unfair. A bicycle tournament was to take place in the city, twenty miles away, and the members of the club were going. Sid, wishing to distinguish himself, intended to ride thither, and was preparing for the long trip with great care. Hugh was wild to go, but having spent his pocket-money and having been forbidden to borrow, he could not take the cars as the others had done. No horse was to be had, and their own steed consisted of an old donkey, that would have been hopeless even with the inducement offered in the immortal ditty:

> "If I had a donkey that would n't go,
> Do you think I 'd whip him? Oh, no, no!
> I 'd take him to Jarley's Wax-work Show."

Therefore poor Hugh was in a desperate state of mind as he sat on the gate-post watching Sid make his pet's toilet, till every plated handle, rod, screw, and axle shone like silver.

"I know I could have ridden the Star if you had n't let Joe have it. I do think it was right down mean of you."

This was strong language for gentle Hugh, but he felt that he must vent his anguish.

Sid was whistling softly as he oiled and rubbed, but he was not feeling so easy as he looked, and heartily wished that he had not committed himself to Joe, for it would have been pleasant to take "the little chap," as he called the fourteen-year-older, along with him, and do the honors of the rink on this great occasion. Now it was too late; so he affected a careless air, and added insult to injury by answering his brother's reproaches in the joking spirit which is peculiarly exasperating at such moments.

"Children should n't play with matches, nor small boys with bicycles. I don't want to commit murder, and I certainly should if I let you try to ride twenty miles when you can't go one without nearly breaking your neck — or your knees," and Sid glanced with a smile at the neat darns which ornamented his brother's trousers over those portions of his long legs.

"How 's a fellow going to learn, if he is n't allowed to try? Might as well tell me to keep away from the water till I can swim. Just give me a chance and see if I can't ride as well as some older fellows who have been pitched 'round rather freely before they dared to try a twenty mile spin," answered Hugh, clapping both hands on his knees to hide the tell-tale darns.

"If Joe does n't want it, you can use the old wheel till I decide what to do with it. I suppose a man has a right to sell his own property, if he likes," said Sid, rather nettled at the allusion to his own tribulations in times past.

"Of course he has; but if he 's promised to give a thing, he ought to do it, especially after he 's had work done for him to pay for it. That 's what makes me angry; for I believed you and depended on you, and it hurts me more to have you deceive me than it would to lose ten bicycles;" and Hugh choked a little at the thought, in spite of his attempt to look sternly indignant.

"You are welcome to your opinion. Take the cars, if you want to go so much, and stop bothering me," retorted Sid, getting cross because he was in the wrong and would n't own it.

"You know I can't! I've no money, and must n't borrow! What 's the use of twitting a fellow in that style?" answered Hugh.

"Take Sancho, then; you might arrive before the fun was all over, if you carried whips and pins and crackers enough to keep the old boy going."

This allusion to the useless donkey was cruel, but Hugh held on to the last remnant of his temper, and made a wild proposal in the despair of the moment.

"See here, why can't we ride and tie? I 've tried this wheel, and I can ride it well. You 'd be along to see to me, and we 'd take turns. Do, Sid! I just long to go, and if you will, please, I wont say another word about Joe."

But Sid only burst out laughing at the plan, in a thoroughly heartless manner.

"No, thank you. I don't mean to walk a step when I can ride, nor lend my new wheel to a chap who can hardly keep right side up on the old one."

"I hope I sha'n't be as selfish when I 'm seventeen. I 'll have a bicycle yet,— A, No. 1,— and then you 'll see how I 'll lend it, like a gentleman."

"Keep cool, my son. If you are so smart a lad, why don't you walk, since wheels and horses and donkeys fail. It 's only twenty miles,— nothing to speak of, you know," replied Sid.

"Well, I could do it if I liked," said Hugh. "I 've walked eighteen, and was n't half so tired as you were. Any one can get over the ground on a bicycle, but it takes strength and courage to keep it up on foot."

"You 'd better try it," suggested Sid.

"I will, some day," spoke up Hugh; and fearing

he should kick over the tall bicycle that stood so temptingly near him, Hugh walked away, trying to whistle, though his lips were more inclined to tremble than to pucker.

"Just bring my lunch, will you? Auntie is putting it up; I must be off," called Sid, so used to giving orders that he did so even at this unpropitious moment.

"Get it yourself. I 'm not going to do errands for you any longer," growled Hugh; for the trodden worm turned at last, as worms will.

This was open revolt, and Sid felt that things were in a bad way, but would not stop to mend them then.

"Whew! here 's a tempest in a tea-pot. Well, it is too bad; but I can't help it now. I 'll make it all right to-morrow, and bring him round with a nice account of the fun," thought Sid. "Hullo, Bemis! going to town?" he called, as a neighbor came spinning noiselessly by.

"Part of the way," replied the wheelman. "I 'll take the cars at Lawton. It 's hard riding over the hills, and a bother to steer a wheel through the streets. Come on, if you 're ready."

"All right;" and springing up, Sid was off, forgetting all about the lunch.

Hugh, dodging behind the lilac-bushes, heard what passed, and the moment they were gone ran to the gate to watch them out of sight with longing eyes. Then he turned away, listlessly wondering how he should spend the holiday his brother was going to enjoy so much.

At that moment Aunt Ruth hurried to the door, waving the leathern pouch well stored with cake and sandwiches, cold coffee and pie.

"Sid 's forgotten his bag. Run, call, stop him!" she cried, trotting down the walk with her cap-strings waving wildly in the fresh October wind.

For an instant Hugh hesitated, thinking sullenly, "Serves him right — I wont run after him"; then his kind heart got the better of his bad humor, and catching up the bag he raced down the road at his best pace, eager to heap coals of fire on Sid's proud head,—to say nothing of his own desire to see more of the riders.

"They will have to go slowly up the long hill, and I 'll catch them then," he thought as he tore over the ground, for he was a good runner and prided himself on his strong legs.

Unfortunately for his amiable intentions, the boys had taken a short cut to avoid the hill, and were out of sight down a lane where Hugh never dreamed they would dare to go, so mounted.

"Well, they have done well to get over the hill at this rate. But they 'll not keep it up long," panted Hugh, stopping short when he saw no signs of the riders.

The road stretched invitingly before him, the race had restored his spirits, and curiosity to see what had become of his friends lured him to the hill-top, where temptation sat waiting for him. Up he trudged, finding the fresh air, the sunny sky, the path strewn with red and yellow leaves, and the sense of freedom so pleasant that when he reached the highest point and saw the world all before him, as it were, a daring project seemed to flash upon him, nearly taking his breath away with its manifold delights.

"Sid said, 'Walk,' and why not?—at least to Lawton, and take the cars from there, as Bemis means to do. Would n't the old fellows be surprised to see me turn up at the rink? It 's a quarter past eight now, and the fun begins at three; I could get there easily enough, and I will, too! I 've a good lunch here, and money enough to pay car-fare from Lawton, I guess. If I have n't, I 'll go a little further and take a horse-car. Here goes,"—and with a whoop of boyish delight at breaking bounds, away went Hugh down the long hill, like a colt escaped from its pasture.

The others were just ahead, but the windings of the road hid them from him; so all went on, unconscious of one another's proximity. Hugh's run gave him a good start, and he got over the ground famously for five or six miles; then he went more slowly, thinking he had plenty of time to catch a certain train. But he had no watch, and when he reached Lawton he had the pleasure of seeing the cars go out at one end of the station as he hurried in at the other.

"I 'll not give it up, but just go on and do it afoot. That will be something to brag of when the other chaps tell big stories. I 'll see how fast I can go, for I 'm not tired, and can eat on the way. Much obliged to Sid for a nice lunch."

And chuckling over this piece of good luck, Hugh set out again, only pausing for a good drink at the town-pump. The thirteen miles did not seem very long when he thought of them, but as he walked them they appeared to grow longer and longer, till he felt as if he must have traveled about fifty. He was in good practice, and fortunately had on easy shoes; but he was in such a hurry to make good time that he allowed himself no rest, and jogged on, up hill and down, with the resolute air of one walking for a wager. There we will leave him, and see what had befallen Sid; for his adventures were more exciting than Hugh's, though all seemed plain sailing when he started.

(To be concluded.)

The Little Unknown.



BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

(To a stray photograph of a child.)

MY little girl with curling hair,
And wondering look in either eye,—
I picked you up, I scarce know where,
And kept you, though I scarce know why!
In gayest Sunday garb arrayed,
Your plump feet in their Sunday shoes,
I know that you, my pretty maid,
Are some one's pet — no matter whose!

I see the soap upon your face,
The traces of the brush and comb,
Ribbon and ruffle in their place,—
The anxious care they took at home!
Dressed and undressed, and once more dressed,
With doubts of blue and red and green,—
Until at last they all confessed
A lovelier child was never seen.

Aunt, cousin, nurse, and grandmamma,
Mamma herself, pronounced you sweet;
Then, toward the sky-light glimmering far,
They led you toddling down the street.
While you — it was your first, my dear! —
With apprehension all alert,
Marched in a maze of fun and fear,
And wondered if the man would hurt.

That chair! That lofty, leathery chair
Wherein they placed you mounted high;
The Cyclops camera standing there,
And staring with its great glass eye!
They chang'd your legs, they changed the light;
They posed you this way, posed you that;
Until at last they got you right,
And left you with a parting pat.



ONE moment!—Ah!—What mischief wrought
Within that moment's little term!
The sunbeams sped as swift as thought,
And registered—a fatal squirm!
The man came back and shook his head;
He dared not show Mamma that face.
But "Better luck, next time!" he said,
And fixed you once more in your place.

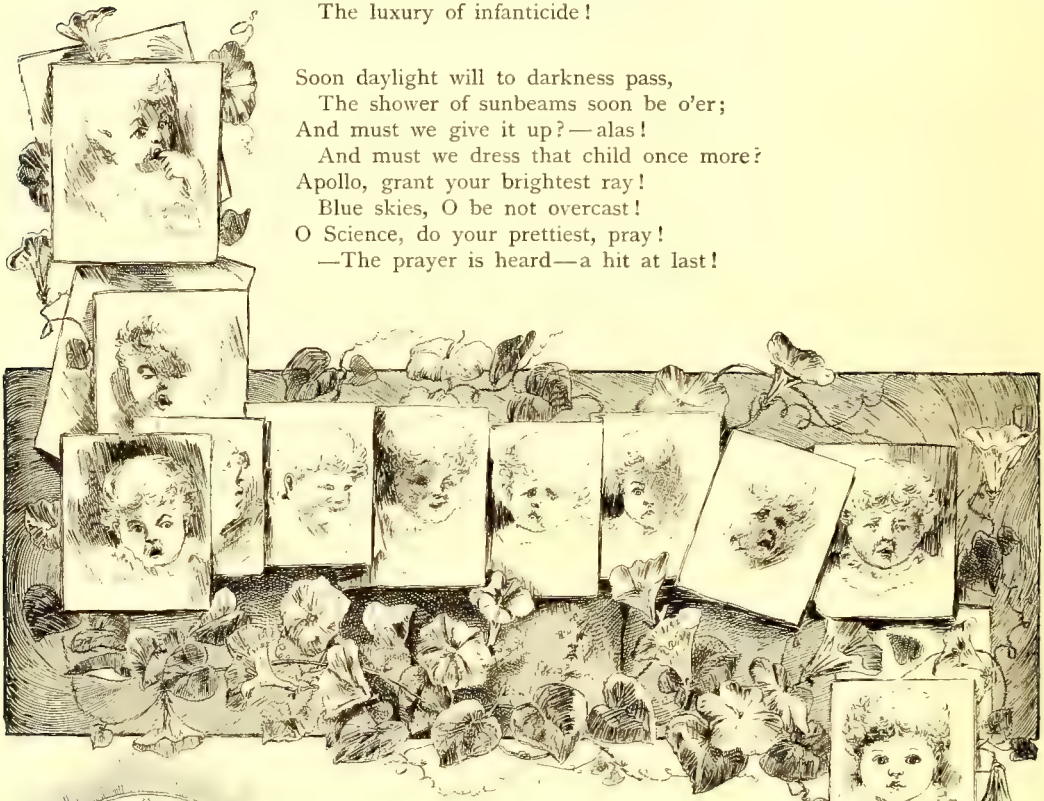


Next time, forsooth! a great success,—
Except indeed no nose was there;
Next time, a countenance to bless,—
Only the eyes were not a pair!
Next time, a perfect gem appears,—
Save that the mouth gaped like a chasm,
While dress and eyes and legs and ears
Were mixed in one chaotic spasm.

Again, again, and still again
The product hardly human seems!
The brow of one besieged by pain
That for her "soothing syrup" screams!—
A sleeper's fear—a maniac's whim—
Something to startle and enthrall,
Like sculptured faces fierce and grim
On some cathedral's moldering wall.

Yet still he "took" and "took" anew,
And bless'd King Herod's heavy hand,
Which all the Hebrew babies slew
Through all the weeping Hebrew land.
With dreadful frown and eager haste,
Fresh negatives he tried and tried;
And wondered what 't would cost to taste
The luxury of infanticide!

Soon daylight will to darkness pass,
The shower of sunbeams soon be o'er;
And must we give it up?—alas!
And must we dress that child once more?
Apollo, grant your brightest ray!
Blue skies, O be not overcast!
O Science, do your prettiest, pray!
—The prayer is heard—a hit at last!

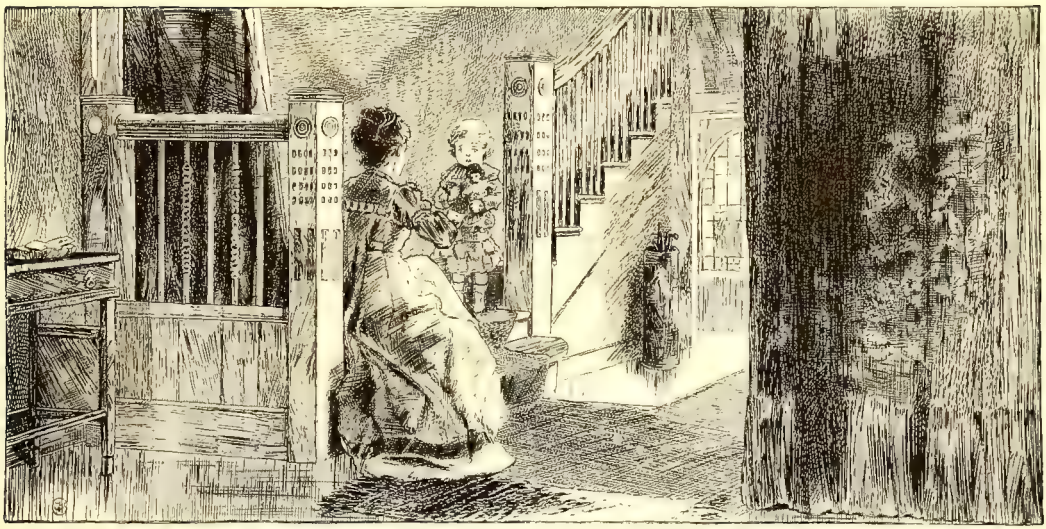




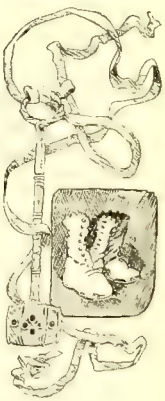
HIT!—But when they brought it home,
The doubts so grave, the gabble such,—
No master canvas hung in Rome
Was ever talked of half so much.
Some thought it like, and others cried
They "never should have known it, never!"
While thus each critic testified
Himself or herself mighty clever!

"Likeness, indeed! I'm sure there 's none;
It looks as much, or more, like me!"—
(This sweet remark in acid tone
Was from a maid of fifty-three!)
"Too short!" said one; "too long!" another;
"Too young!" a third; "too old!" the next;
"Too pretty!" added to the bother:
"Too plain!" the differing jury vexed.

Whatever merit it possessed,
Whatever of perfection lacked,
At last they placed you with the rest,
Within the album broken-backed.
Then in your pasteboard niche displayed,
You slumber'd snug as snug could be,
Till by some accident you strayed—
Were lost, poor child! and found—by me!



WHAT doubts these pictured features bring
Of all that makes life ill or good!
Whether you passed away with spring,
Or bloomed in perfect womanhood.
Whether they saw you grow in grace,
As girlhood's hour went winging by;
Or on your quiet, marble face
Dropped the hot tear, and sobbed "Good-bye!"



No! Let me think, the season o'er
Of maiden joys and soft alarms,
Mother and wife, you proudly bore
Your own wee baby in your arms,
That you, yourself in turn mamma,
Made the new treasure bright and sweet;
Then toward the sky-light glimmering far
You led *her* toddling down the street.



THE SNOW-MAN.

BY GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

A SNOW-MAN stands in the moonlight-gold,
  Smoking his pipe serenely.
For what cares he that the night is cold?
Though his coat is thin and his hat is old,
  And the blustering wind blows keenly.

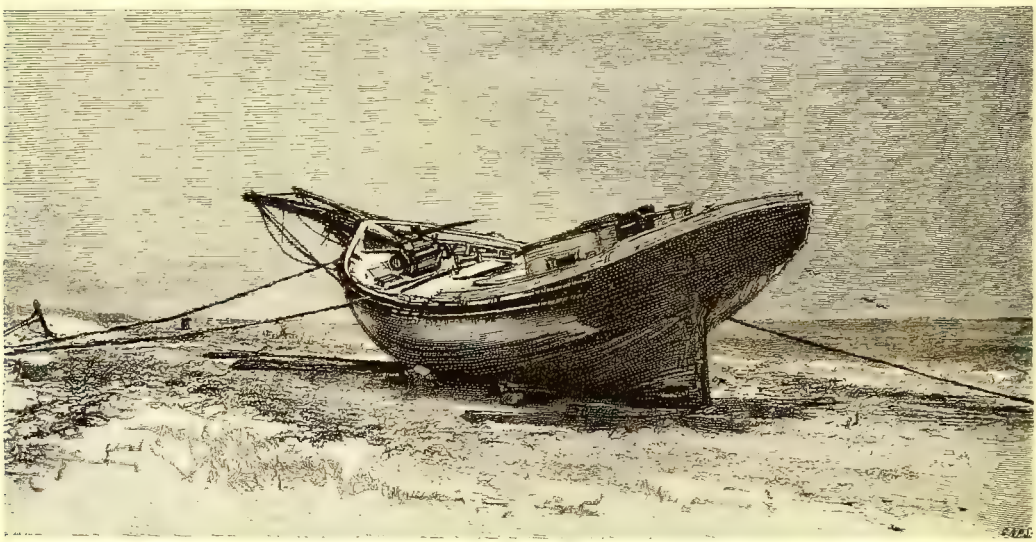
He has heard the children telling in glee
  That Santa Claus would visit
This night their beautiful Christmas tree;
And it is not strange he should wish to see
  How this can happen,—now is it?

He sees through the window the children bright,
  And hears them merrily singing
Round the Christmas tree with its glory of light,—
When out from the chimney, in bear-skins white,
  Comes good St. Nicholas springing!

And the Snow-man laughs so hard at that,
  That when his laughter ceases,
A pipe, a coat, and an old straw hat,
Two lumps of coal and a flannel cravat,
  Are all that is left of the pieces!

MENHADEN SKETCHES: SUMMER AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



MENHADEN is not to be found on any map of Long Island. It is so much like a number of other places, however, which *are* on the map, that it is easy to describe it to one who knows the Great South Beach. It is chiefly sand and sky and water, with a distance of marshes seen through the breaches the ocean has made in the sand dunes that line the coast.

In the summer one can know but little about the ways of wind and water at Menhaden. The seven life-saving men, in the little house behind the sand dunes, could tell us something more about them; for they stay there all winter (when the cottages at Menhaden are as silent and lifeless as a row of snow-thatched bee-hives) to watch over those same wild ways, and to guard against the terrible mischief they can do. But in summer we only know that the wind is sweet and cool, and that the water is

the most beautiful thing on the face of the earth. Beautiful in motion or at rest, if it ever really is at rest; and with a voice that to hear once is to love and never to forget.

Menhaden is a good place for children, and for children's mothers who count that summer happy which has no history except the short and simple annals of good appetites, red cheeks, and sound slumbers. Like the sand, which is its portion, Menhaden is clean and quiet. But if it wishes to be gay, it has only to take the dummy-train across the marshes from its little hotel to the big one at Broad Beach. It may consider the sunset and the evening-colored ocean; it may dine sumptuously and listen to the music on the crowded piazzas of Broad Beach, and return at bed-time to find its babies asleep in the cool upper chambers of its cottages, with a mile or two of surf booming along the shore for a cradle-song.

The tram-road has a brief summer engagement with the hotel and the cottages. When that is over, its shrill, high-piping whistle ceases, and Menhaden is left to its water-paths and to the long path of the beach. But by this time there is no Menhaden to speak of. There are no babies to be wakened by the whistle; no papas to take the train. The great beach-path shows no tracks of baby-carriages, or bare-footed children, or slender-footed girls in tennis shoes. Only the big, far-apart tracks of booted men — the men from the life-saving station — who go plodding up and down, on their night marches, through the winter storms.

A young lady, whom the Gannet and Robinson children called Aunt Emily, spent part of one summer at Menhaden with her sister, Mrs. Gannet. Mrs. Gannet had taken one of the cottages. Aunt Emily could draw a little, as many young ladies do. Not so very well, perhaps; but so well that her friends said she must "keep on."



PETER AND PETER'S CART.

She had brought her summer's sketches with her on her return to her home with the Robinsons, who lived in the country. The children found them on the table one evening during the Christmas holidays. They made a circle of heads and bright, bent faces around the lamp, and began turning over the drawings. "Is that all?" they said, when they had come to the last one. The children always expected more of Aunt Emily's pencil than it had ever been able to accomplish. Repeated disappointments had not taught them its shortcomings. Besides, children, as a rule, think in colors; when they imagine a place, they see the blue sky and the colors of the houses and the people's

clothes. The Menhaden sketches were in black and white. Aunt Emily felt obliged to do something to save the show from being a total failure. She took up the first sketch and tried to supply its deficiencies with words. The sandy road, which looked as if it were on its way across the marshes, went in reality only to the tram-way station. The man was Peter, and the cart, Peter's cart. His horse was called "Neighbor," and was a bright bay in color. The water-barrels were painted blue. Did n't they think blue was the very cleanest and shall never know where they went to!" Could n't she ask some one? the children suggested. No, because some one would tell her they went to Hempstead or to Freeport. "When we go sailing in the meadows, we 'll not go to Hempstead, will we, Lucy? and we 'll not go 'outside' and fish for anything; and we 'll not go ashore and creep about in the marshes and shoot at anything; we will just sail and sail, and if the wind stops we will stop——" "And eat our dinner in the boat," said Lucy. "A very good idea, too!" Aunt Emily agreed,



"THE LITTLE SUMMER PLAY WAS OVER. DOWN FALLS THE CURTAIN OF AUTUMN FOGS."

best color for a water-barrel; could they think of any other color that held water better? The children were not disposed to dwell on this question. Were those Aunt Kate's black stockings? No, they were part of the Wetherels' clothes. They had so many! The Wetherel clothes-line always had its colors displayed. There were the ample garments of the papa and mamma, like the National Ensign, and there were the lively Union Jacks flying, the emblems of all the little Wetherels of various sizes. Those gray shadows on the side of the sand hills were in reality masses of a pink flower called the Sabatia. All the cottage parlors and dinner-tables were dressed with it while it was in blossom. And the sail-boats—"It gives me a pang when I think of the sail-boats," Aunt Emily said, "and those strips of water that went somewhere up through the salt meadows,— we never once followed them! I and with that they turned to another sketch,—The foggy-day sketch, and the cottages, half-hidden by the slope of the beach. It was the last of September, Aunt Emily explained. Menhaden had begun to look lonesome, as if it were lost on that great stretch of barren beach. The hotel was closed, and the cottages,—all but four, and in two of these the people were packing their trunks. Hammocks had been taken down from the piazzas, and curtains from the windows. The ladies were saying good-bye to one another, and hoping to see one another next winter, in town, and saying what a happy summer it had been, and how well the children were, and what a pity it was to go away just as a fire on the hearth was so pleasant, and the marshes were getting such a color, and the sunsets were so perfectly wonderful! There were no more lawn-tennis and archery on the strip of

sunlit sand in front of the cottages; no white-armed girls, in bathing dresses, running across it to the surf; no troops of children clambering up the sand hills, or racing on the high board walks, or tending their dolls on the steps that lead down to the sand. The little summer play was over. Down falls the curtain of autumn fogs. Only one belated mamma, and one little lonesome child, left outside, as it were, between the drop-curtain and the footlights, which we might consider, if one chose to keep on with such fancies, the long, flashing lines of surf,— the one positive light in the gray, dull picture.

Ever so far down the shore some young fellows in knickerbockers, with low-pointed guns, are crouching along, trying to get a shot at the flocks of sandpipers. Out of the cottage called "Bright Light" comes a young girl in a dark dress, with braids of fair hair hanging down her back; she climbs the little slope and clasps the flag-pole with one arm, swinging slowly around and around it, and looking out toward the ocean. Perhaps she is bidding it good-bye. Now she leans away from the pole, at the length of her slender arm, and looks up at the sky, as a canary-bird will lean from its perch and peer upward toward the roof of its cage. Then she goes in the house, and the next figure that comes out against the fog-curtain is the pretty nurse-maid from cottage No. 5. She, too, is bare-headed and fair-haired, with a long, white apron blowing out from her neat waist, and a pair of solidly turned arms uncovered to the elbow. Her hands are pink, as if from washing. She is looking for the youngest child, whom they call "Babes." Babes is nowhere to be seen, and so she goes in. The fog grows thicker and darker. The cottages look like a procession of shadows. Aunt Emily's paper gets sticky, her india ink is full of sand, and a boy in jerseys comes prancing down the beach, and scatters a lot of sand over the sketch.

"That 's me," says the unconcerned Alfred, Aunt Kate's eldest, who has come with Aunt Emily on a visit to his cousins.

"I wish 'me' would take his elbows out of my work-basket," the mother protests.

Alfred removes his elbows from the basket, and plants them contentedly on one of Aunt Emily's crayon drawings.

"This boy has more elbows," Aunt Emily says, taking his blonde, close-cropped head under her arm, "and more boot-heels than any boy I know!"

Alfred twists his head out of its yoke, and moves farther off.

"Why don't you tell about that walk?" he asks.

"What walk? There were so many."

"The one we took. Down to the old wreck."

"Well, then," Aunt Emily continued, "I sent Alfred up to the house with my things and walked on down the beach, and after a while he caught up with me——"

"After a while! It was n't two minutes."

"After two minutes, then, we were tramping together down the shore. It was low, low water; "dead low water," the fishermen say. The beach was broad, and it sloped like the deck of a ship. The sand was firm, and yet soft enough to give a little spring to the step. Alfred is now a very good height to walk with; his head comes nearly to my shoulder, and he can keep step, even when he is n't thinking about it. He does n't talk much, but that morning the waves broke softly, with little pauses, and we heard them saying 'Hush, hush, hush-s-s-sh!' all down the shore——"

"Aunt Emily!" said Alfred, the truth-teller, staring at the narrator when she made this extraordinary statement.

"Did n't you hear them, Alfred? You must have been thinking about the crab in your trousers pocket." (The children laughed at this— all except Alfred.) "For you know there are quiet days on the beach," Aunt Emily continued, "and there are talking and laughing and shouting days. This was n't one of the shouting days. When the tide is out and the beach is bare and the sun is hidden, so one can look about with eyes wide open, the shore is like a story-book. But it takes a wise reader to read that book; wiser than any of us, I 'm afraid. Every little shell that leaves its print in the sand has its own story; its parents and its home and its queer, silent habits of life, as unchangeable as our own. Every draggled bit of sea-weed could tell us wonderful things about those floating gardens where it grew. The wave-marks tell how the waves pushed one another, and trod on one another, as they crowded up the beach; but all this pushing and hustling was done very smoothly and softly. The signs of it are not much like the foot-prints of a crowd of human feet trampling the sand; they are faint tracings making a continuous pattern in curves, like all the sea patterns— one curve interrupting another, or overlapping it. The beach looks like a perfect waste, strewn with tangles of eel-grass and sown with shells. But everything is done by law. The wind that piles up the sand into hills, and the waves that tear it down, even when they are doing their wildest work, work by law. The dunes on those south beaches grow higher and steeper from east to west, showing the direction of the heaviest winds. They fit the shore as your nose fits your face." (The children all look at one another's noses.) "However they may

be, you can not imagine them any different in that particular place. The beach-grass fits the sand it grows out of. Fancy those silky, dark-green meadow-grasses on top of the sand dunes. How

back. Dal, bring your specimens; perhaps you have captured one of their sisters or a cousin."

Dallas, a boy of thirteen, the eldest of the group, brought his latest entomological specimens,



THE WIDE VIEW OVER THE SAND DUNES.

foolish they would look, and how much less expression they would have in a high wind. Everything perfectly fits every other thing on the shore; but besides that beauty of harmony, there is the other, perhaps more thrilling, beauty of contrast. I used to think of that when we met the baby toddling over the sand. He is just beginning to walk, making little rushes, with both hands out, and then stopping and tottering on his feet a second, and sitting down very suddenly. His eyes are brown, and his hair is like thistle-down. His tracks in the sand are about so long! You never saw anything so lovely, and so helpless, and so bravely unconscious of its own helplessness." Aunt Emily was talking now to the children's mamma, who smiled over her sewing, thinking not so much of contrasts as of the little nephew she had never seen, and how happy his mother must be with him.

"Could you think of anything more out of place on that bare, sand beach than a baby or a butterfly?" Aunt Emily continued. "We found two butterflies that day, dead, with their wings folded

pinned on the under side of a white paper-box cover. Aunt Emily recognized at once a relative of the ill-fated Menhaden butterflies. Its color was a deep orange-brown, veined with black, and spotted with white to make it more splendid. One of its fan-shaped wings would have made a gorgeous painted window for a fairy's palace. Dal informed the company that this was called the *Archippus* butterfly. The children protested against that name. They considered it too ugly for anything.

Mamma looked up from her work and wondered if it were not the children's bed-time.

There was a groan of remonstrance from the children.

"Let us finish the walk," Aunt Emily begged. "You know of course that butterflies do not live on beaches any more than babies do. They are waifs from the land. The land breeze blows them out to sea — the butterflies, not the babies — and they can not 'beat' back with their frail wings. The tide had carried our butterflies in. But when we saw them they were quite dry; their wings stirred

a little, as if there might be a flutter of life left. We found another messenger from the inland, a willow-leaf, turned a yellowish pink. The north wind had brought it to us, across the treeless marshes, to tell us summer was gone, and we too had better pack up and go; or perhaps to remind us that the woods would soon be as beautiful as the shore."

"And we saw the life-saving man's tracks," Alfred interrupted. "We went to see them drill one morning early. But they did not drill that time. Then another morning we went — but the drill did n't begin for ever so long. We found some flowers and a wild-bean vine, with little beans and blossoms on it, and some of those grasses with queer tops. But the mosquitoes were so thick in the marshes, we had to get out of there pretty quick. We climbed up on the sand hills where the wind blew. And we coasted down the steepest side ——"

"But the drill, Alfred," interrupted Lucy.

"The drill was when they opened the big doors and ran out the surf-boat — three men on a side. Then they got hold of the ropes and dragged out the mortar-car."

"But you are not the only listener, Dal," Mamma said.

Aunt Emily explained to Lucy as well as she could how a ball, with a line fastened to it, is fired from the mortar out over the wrecked ship. The sailors on the ship seize the line, and by means of it they haul aboard the hawser which the surf-men send out to them, and make their end of it fast. They know just how to manage these ropes, because tied to the "whip-line" is a "tally-board," on which are printed directions in different languages for the handling of the ropes and the hauling-tackle. The men on the beach fasten their end of the hawser to the sand-anchor and tighten it, so there is no slack; then they prop it up high above the surf by means of a wooden crotch, so it makes a kind of rope bridge between the vessel and the shore. Then the surf-men send out the "breeches-buoy" — a pair of big canvas knee-breeches, made water-tight, and with an air-filled roll of canvas, which comes up under the arms and acts like a life-preserver.

"That is for old sailors," said Alfred. "They have a 'life-car' for the women and children." Aunt Emily remarked that the men went through



RESTING NEAR THE LONG WALK.

"Oh, I know all about that!" Dallas interjected. "I read about that in a magazine one winter. And there was a picture of the men drawing the mortar-car along the beach in a storm."

the drill with great deliberation. They did not make it in the least dramatic. But these same men, who lounged through the life-saving drill on a bright summer morning, with a group of

ladies and children looking on, would be the very ones to strain every nerve, on the winter beach, working for the crew of a ship ashore in the surf.

"The most beautiful place on the shore is just beyond the wreck," Aunt Emily went on. "The beach swings out in a great shining curve, shaped like the blade of a scythe, with the edge toward the water. And the waves topple over and fall in swaths of foamy ripples when they touch the beach. The curve runs out in a long, low sand-spit. Just behind it the sun sets, and the most wonderful skies lean down, so low, it seems as if the path of the beach led right into them. Going west, you feel as if you could walk forever, with that sky before you; but when you face the other way, suddenly you feel very far from home. The east is a cold dark-blue — an evening blue. The cottages, too, are so far away they look like a toy village some child has set up on the beach and left there, forgetting to put them back in their box. We never felt tired going west, so we always went too far. Then the tide would come in and drive us up the beach where the sand is soft, and we would fag along and stop sometimes to rest, and lie flat on the beach, and feel as if we were afloat between sky and water. It was hard to get up again and go on after those blissful rests. It was a kind of pilgrim's progress all the way home. And sometimes we met two 'shining ones' coming toward us to tell us we were late, and dinner was waiting."

"Now, tell 'em about the 'new wreck,'" Alfred said, in his character of assistant showman.

"Aunt Emily had better hire a hall," said Dallas, who was promptly reproved by his mamma.

"Well, about the last of July we had a 'dry south-wester.' They did not call it a storm. Your Uncle Walton said, 'You don't call this a wind! If it should start up now and *blow*, you could n't stand on this walk!' We did n't stand; we leaned, and held on to our hats. The sand was flying in a stinging shower. Everything seemed to have turned pale. The spray hung like a fog over the ocean, and as far as one could see, the water was in a gray tumult. The grasses on the sand dunes were blowing as if they were tearing themselves out by the roots. Everybody who had n't been driven indoors hunted for a 'lee.' We took it all as a kind of lark; I 'm afraid we even wanted it to blow harder. About the time the ladies who had been taking naps began to dress for dinner, somebody discovered that bit of wreck — just a darker gray spot against the mist that hid the horizon. And then the whole place went wild. The beach is very shoal and the heaviest seas broke far out. The crew had been having their struggle for life out there in plain sight of the shore, while we all were looking on as if it were a play. The boat had capsized, and the two men had been clinging to it and washing about there for hours. If it had been a larger vessel, and grounded farther out, there would have been a tragedy, very likely; for the life-saving station was not open then. It was a little fishing-sloop. As they drifted in, the mast broke off, and somehow the floating mast and the sail clinging to it helped them to keep the boat straight for the shore. They came up the beach into water waist deep. But once the people found out what was going on, they made the most of it. They were sure it was a genuine shipwreck. The hotel fairly emptied itself out on the beach, — first the big boys and men. There were n't many men, for the 'husbands' train' was not in yet. Then the ladies, with their bangs blowing straight out in front, and the waiters in their aprons, — the porters, the cooks, and the scullions, — and a few heavy-footed men, like fishermen, who followed along after the rest, and seemed to know that the real danger was over, and that the men would get ashore all right if only the crowd did n't suffocate them with their sympathy.

"The captain was a quiet, manly fellow. They tried to make a hero of him; but he was thinking of his boat more than of himself. He did not even come ashore at first, but stood in the surf doing what he could for the poor desperate thing. He would not take the brandy they offered him. He never had touched it, he said very pleasantly, and he did not need it then. But if brandy could have revived the wounded sloop, no doubt he would have accepted the 'last measure' of Menhaden's best. He was the guest of one of the cottages that night. Not a very lively guest, perhaps. He had escaped with his life, and no doubt he was thankful, as the bravest and most self-reliant men are not ashamed to be. But his boat was gone, and with it a good many years' work, and two or three hundred dollars besides, the price of his last cargo. The contrast must have been rather cruel between his own outlook and the easy, graceful, summer holiday life of his entertainers."

"I don't believe he was thinking about them at all, or troubling himself about comparisons," Mamma said. "He was probably thinking only about his people at home, and what he would do next. Your sloop captain was a man of action."

"All the same, I wont have my picturesque little situation spoiled. Can't you fancy him steering his way cautiously through the courses of the Maurins' dinner? And he must have worn some of Mr. Maurin's clothes."

"Ah, well, Lucy is sleepy. She does n't care about the captain, now we have him safe ashore."

"Lucy and Alfred must go to bed," said Mamma.

—"Are we tired of the captain, too?" Aunt Emily asked, when the children had gone.

"I think we could hear a little more about him, if you can," Mamma replied.

"They heard him about two o'clock next morning, tramping about in his room overhead. The gentlemen at Menhaden made up a handsome purse for him, but he would not take it. He had no family of his own, he said. His brothers did their share toward keeping a comfortable place for their mother and a sister who was lame. Perhaps he was a little ungracious, but then he had nothing left but his pride, and why should he take their money? When they urged it upon him, he only laughed and said: 'Keep it for my widow. I may not be so lucky next time.'

"The week after the wreck I spent elsewhere. When I came back, the captain's affairs had taken a turn. The boat, it seems, was not past mending. They had 'beached her,' and three or four 'longshore-men, friends of the captain, and captains or ex-captains themselves to a man, I 've no doubt, were at work upon the boat, calking her seams, I believe. Whatever it was they were doing, they seemed to be taking their time about it. Every morning, when the children were running about in their night-gowns, trying not to get dressed for breakfast, they were on the watch for the 'boat captains,' as they called them. At this hour they were generally to be seen tramping over the sand from their camp on the inlet. Their long shadows reached before them a long way, like a path they were following. The boat was held down to the beach by hawsers. She leaned on her ways, and looked very despondent on those bright mornings. She grew to seem very human to us. The boat and the boat's captain were great favorites at Menhaden. The young fellows who ran about in their bathing-suits, showing their white, boyish muscles, could not help admiring this 'brown viking of the fishing-smack,' and remembered his pluck the night he came ashore. The girls liked him for his misfortunes, which they probably exaggerated, for the captain had recovered his spirits as soon as he went to work upon his boat. Perhaps they liked his looks, too. He had a fine profile, and quite a high-bred line from the back of his head to the nape of his neck."



GOING OUT TO PLAY IN THE SAND.

"You seem to have looked at the captain," Mamma remarked.

"I look at everything; don't you? And I enjoy everything I look at, I 'm happy to say, if it is only good of its kind.

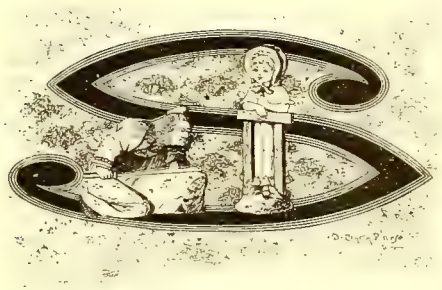
"The captain, I am sure, was one of the cleanest, and bravest, and best of his kind. The girls would have made a pet of him, no doubt, as they did of his boat, but they were rather afraid of his short answers and long silences, and his way of not appearing to see them when they were around.

"After the boat was mended they waited weeks before they could get her off through the surf. The wind was wrong, or the tide, or there was too much surf, or too much wind, or both. The children clambered over her all day, and in the evenings the young people took their turn. Not one of the cottage piazzas could make such a pretty show on moonlight nights as the sloop's deck. Every one missed her when at last they dragged her away over the sand on rollers and launched her in the inlet. So the captain had his summer at Menhaden with the rest of the cottagers, only he took his cottage away with him when he went.

THE MONGOL AND THE MAIDEN.

(A Bric-à-Brac Ballad.)

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



SAID the Greenaway girl at the stile,
Who has always an amiable smile,
To the ivory man who was brought from Japan
(He was sharpening a sword all the while):

"I can *not* understand why you frown!"
"I 'm desirous of putting you down,"
He replied. "You 're so new, and your frock is so blue,
And your sisters are all over town!

"*I* am ancient" (he stated his age),
"And am said to Exhibit a Stage:
See the tint of my flesh!" "My complexion 's more fresh,"
Answered she, "and my manners engage!"

"I 'm expensive" (he mentioned his price),
"While a dime, I suppose, would suffice
To obtain one of you! You 'll excuse me—it 's true!"
"Yes, I know," said the maid, "but I 'm *nice!*"

And I heard them, and straightway decide,
Till the Mongol abandons his pride,
And the maiden reveres his position and years,
They shall stand on the shelf side by side.



MIKKEL.

By Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

II.

HOW MIKKEL DISGRACED HIMSELF.

When Thor was twelve years old, he had to go out into the world to make his own living; for his parents were poor, and they had half a dozen younger children, who also had to be fed and clothed. As it happened, Judge Nannestad, who lived on a large estate down at the fiord, wanted an office-boy, and as Thor was a bright and active lad, he had no difficulty in obtaining the situation. The only question was, how to dispose of Mikkel; for, to be frank, Mikkel (in spite of his many admirable traits) was not a general favorite, and Thor suspected that when his protector was away Mikkel would have a hard time of it. He well knew that Mikkel was of a peculiar temperament, which required to be studied in order to be appreciated, and as there was no one but himself who took this trouble, he did not wonder that his friend was generally misunderstood. Mikkel's was not a nature to invite confidences; he scrupulously kept his own counsel, and was always alert and on his guard. There was a bland expression on his face, a kind of lurking smile, which never varied, and which gave absolutely no clew to his thoughts. When he had skimmed the cream off the milk-pans on the top shelf in the kitchen, he returned, licking his chops, with the same inscrutable smile, as if his conscience were as clean as a new-born babe's; and when he had slipped his collar over his head and dispatched the kitten, burying its remains in the back yard, he betrayed no more remorse than if he had been cracking a nut. Sultan, the dog, strange to say, had private reasons for being afraid of him, and always slank away in a shamefaced manner whenever Mikkel gave him one of his quiet sidelong glances. And yet the same Mikkel would roll on his back and jump and play with the baby by the hour, seize her pudgy little hands gently with his teeth, never inflicting a bite or a scratch. He would nestle on Thor's bosom inside of his coat while Thor was learning his lesson, or he would sit on his shoulder and look down on the book with his superior smile. It was not to be denied that Mikkel had a curious character — an odd mixture of good and bad qualities; but as, in Thor's judgment, the good were by far the more prominent, he would not listen to his father's advice and leave his friend behind him when he went down to the judge's at the grand estate.

It was the day after New-year's that Thor left the cottage up under the mountain, and, putting

on his skees,* slid down the steep hill-side to the fiord. Mikkel was nestling, according to his wont, in the bosom of his master's coat, while his pretty head, with the clean dark snout and dark mustache, was sticking out above the boy's collar, just under his chin. Mikkel had never been so far away from home before, and he concluded that the world was a bigger affair than he had been aware of.

It was with a loudly thumping heart that Thor paused outside the door of the judge's office, for he greatly feared that the judge might share the general prejudice against Mikkel, and make difficulties about his board and lodgings. Instead of entering, he went to the pump in the yard and washed his friend's face carefully and combed his hair with the fragment of a comb with which his mother had presented him at parting. It was important that Mikkel should appear to advantage, so as to make a good impression upon the judge. And really he did look irresistible, Thor thought, with his bright, black eyes, his dainty paws, and his beautiful red skin. He felt satisfied that if the judge had not a heart of stone he could not help being captivated at the sight of so lovely a creature. Thor took courage and knocked at the door.

"Ah, you are our new office-boy," said the judge, as he entered; "but what is that you have under your coat?"

"It is Mikkel, sir, please your Honor," stammered Thor, putting the fox on the floor, so as to display his charms. But hardly had he taken his hands off him, when a sudden scrambling noise was heard in the adjoining office, and a large hound came bounding with wild eyes and drooping tongue through the open door. With lightning speed Mikkel leaped up on the judge's writing-desk, scattering his writing materials, upsetting an inkstand by an accidental whisk of his tail, bespattering the honorable gentleman's face and shirt-front with the black fluid. To perform a similar service on the next desk, where a clerk was writing, to jump from there to the shoulder of a marble bust, which fell from its pedestal down on the hound's head and broke into a dozen pieces, and to reach a place of safety on the top of a tall book-case were all a moment's work. The hound lay howling with a wounded nose on the floor. The judge stood scowling at his desk, rubbing the ink all over his face with his handkerchief, and Mikkel sat smiling on the top of the book-case, surveying calmly the ruin which he had wrought. But the most miserable creature in the room was neither the judge, with his black face, nor the hound, with the bleeding nose; it was Thor, who stood trembling at the door, expecting that something still more terrible would happen. And knowing that after having caused such a commotion his place was forfeited, he held out his arms to Mikkel, who accepted the invitation, and with all speed at their disposal they rushed out through the door and away over the snowy fields, scarcely knowing whither their feet bore them.

After half an hour's run, when he had no more breath left, Thor seated himself on a tree-stump and tried to collect his thoughts. What should he now do? Where should he turn? Go home he could not; and if he did, it would be the end of Mikkel. The only thing he could think of was to go around in the parish, from farm to farm, until he found somebody who would give him something to do.

"I hope you will appreciate, my dear Mikkel," he said to his fox, "that it is on your account I have all this trouble. It was very naughty of you to behave so badly, and if you do it again I shall have to whip you! Do you understand that, Mikkel?"

Mikkel looked sheepish, which plainly showed that he understood.

"Now, Mikkel," Thor continued, "we will go to the parson; perhaps he may have some use for us. What do you think of trying the parson?"

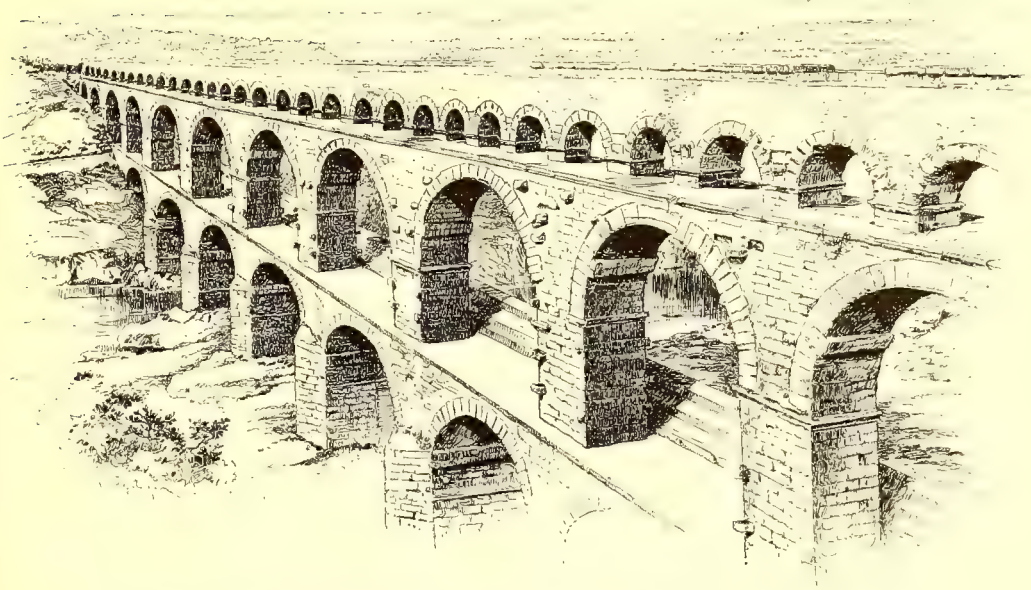
Mikkel apparently thought well of the parson, for he licked his master behind his ear and rubbed his snout against his cheek. Accordingly, by noon they reached the parsonage, and after a long parley with the pastor's wife, he was engaged as a sort of errand-boy, whose duty it should be to do odd jobs about the house. Mikkel was to have a kennel provided for him in the stable, but was under no circumstances to enter the house. Thor had to vouch for his good behavior, and the moment he made himself in any way obnoxious it was decided that he should be killed. Poor Thor had nominally to accept these hard conditions, but in his own mind he determined to run away with Mikkel the moment he was caught in any kind of mischief. It seemed very hard for Mikkel, too, who had been accustomed to sleep in Thor's arms in his warm bed, to be chained, and to spend the long, dark nights in the stable in a miserable kennel. Nevertheless, there was no help for it; so Thor went to work that same afternoon and made Mikkel as comfortable a kennel as he could, taking care to make the hole which served for entrance no bigger than it had to be, so that no dog or other enemy should be able to enter.

(To be concluded.)

* Norwegian snow-shoes, made to slide over the surface of the snow. They are nearly six feet long, about the breadth of the foot, and polished on the under side. In the middle there is a band for the foot, and sometimes a little knob to steady the heel. They have to be made of tough wood, well seasoned.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.



THE PONT DU GARD — AN AQUEDUCT-BRIDGE BUILT BY THE ROMANS NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.*

SECOND PAPER.

THE CITY OF THE BENDED KNEE.

It is not by any means a humble city to which I am now about to conduct you; it is an old city, which from time to time has been as proud as any in the world; it is Genoa, called by the Italians La Superba, because of its many magnificent palaces, and because of its imposing appearance, as it rises in terraces above its bay on the side of a crescent-shaped hill. It was called Genoa, so say the people who make it their business to look into these things, from the Latin word *genu*, a knee; because at the place where the city stands, the land is bent around the water so as to give the latter the shape of a bended knee.

As I have said, Genoa has been a proud city. As far back as the days of the Romans it was an important sea-port. It was independent, and governed itself, and its power increased greatly. Other towns looked up to it for protection against the Saracen pirates; and it acquired possession, not only of islands in the Mediterranean, but of lands and ports in the East; its commerce was very extensive, and it took a prominent part in the crusades. It made war against Pisa, and utterly defeated the navy of that city; and there is reason to believe that the great tower of Pisa has never stood up straight since.

But, in spite of its wealth and its power, Genoa has been obliged to bend the knee about as often as any city that I know of. In the tenth century it knelt down to the Saracens, who captured it; and afterward it bent its knee to Venice, its great rival in commerce. For many years its nobles were arrayed against each other as Guelphs and Ghibellines, and whenever either party was defeated, it would call in some foreign power to help it; and in this way the city, at different times,

* For a description of the Pont du Gard, see the opening paper of this series in the last number of St. Nicholas.

fell under the control of various kings and princes of Europe. The Turks took away its Eastern possessions, and long afterward it was captured by Germany, and was twice taken possession of by France. It now belongs to the United Kingdom of Italy. But, although it is no longer independent, Genoa stands up very erect in its own estimation; and it has a right to do so, for it is the first commercial city in Italy.

Genoa is a bright and lively place, where the people seem to keep awake all day, and there are a great many things to see there. An American boy or girl could not go into any part of the city without finding something interesting. We will first visit some of the palaces, and on our way we will pass through the street of the goldsmiths. Genoa is almost as much celebrated for a peculiar kind of gold and silver work as it is for its palaces, and we shall wish to stop and look at the shop windows in this busy little street. There are no sidewalks, but the whole street is a footway paved with large smooth flag-stones, and if a carriage or wagon appears in it, it moves slowly among the people. Nearly every little shop belongs to a goldsmith, as they are called, although they work more in silver than in gold, and the productions of these artisans consist almost entirely of small articles and ornaments made of fine silver wire, often gilded, and woven into the most delicate and beautiful shapes. Work like this is not to be seen in such perfection anywhere as in Genoa. Some of the shops are entirely open in front, so that you can stand in the street and look at the large cases filled with this fairy-like gold and silver work, and if you wish to buy some of the articles, you will find that they are not at all costly.

From this street we turn into another, with tall houses on each side, and shops and people everywhere. We soon pass an immense house which was once a palace, but is now used for other purposes. Looking up, we see that one of the great windows in the second story is open, and a lady is sitting at it. She is dressed in very bright, though somewhat old-fashioned, attire. Flowers and vines cluster inside the window, and there is a hanging cage with a bird. As we stop and look at her, the lady does not move, and in a few minutes we perceive that the window, the lady, the open shutters, the sash, the flowers, and the cage are all painted on the wall in a space where you would naturally expect to find a window. This used to be a favorite way of decorating houses in Italy, and in Genoa we shall frequently see these painted windows, some closed, and some partly open, some with one person looking out, some with two, and some with none. The lady at this window has sat and looked out on the street for hundreds of years. Under her window, into the great entrance of the palace, used to pass nobles and princes. Now there are shops in the lower part of the palace, and you can have your shoes mended by a cobbler in the court-yard.

We soon reach the street which contains the greatest number of palaces, and which is now called the Via Garibaldi; and here we should stop to take a look at the outside of some of the palaces of the Middle Ages. They are but little injured by time, and look very much as they did when they were inhabited by the nobles of the sixteenth century. One of the first things which will strike some of us in regard to these palaces is the total absence of front doors, or doors opening on the street. It is not the custom in Europe to build houses of any pretension with doors on a public thoroughfare. These great Genoese palaces, often five or six stories high, are built around a central court, which is entered by an archway from the street. Carriages go through this archway, and people walk through it, and they find doors enough when they get into the court-yard, which is often large and handsome, and adorned with fountains and statuary. The ground floor is devoted to offices, and servants. On what we would consider the second story, but which in Europe is called the first floor, these palaces frequently contain great picture-galleries, consisting of long suites of rooms filled with valuable paintings; and in the third, fourth, and sometimes even in the fifth story, are the domestic apartments of the family. These palaces are as large as our great hotels, and there are no elevators to take people to the upper floors; but Europeans do not mind going upstairs; and the upper floors are often considered the most desirable of all.

The staircases, which sometimes open from the court and sometimes from the inside of the building, are great features of Genoese palaces, many of which are worth going to see simply on account of their grand and imposing stairways, which have been designed by celebrated architects. They are always of marble or stone, and this fashion prevails in large houses all over southern Europe. An Italian lady once said to me that she had heard a very strange thing about America, and that was that our staircases were built of wood; and when I told her that was the case, she said she did not see how we could ever be willing to go to sleep in a house with wooden stair-ways; for, if they were to take fire, how could we get out? Houses on the continent of Europe are much safer than ours in case of fire. In Italy it is seldom that a large dwelling is burned down; for as walls, floors, and stairs are

almost entirely stone or brick, there is very little to burn.

We can not go into all the palaces in this street; for, although it is quite short, it contains over a dozen of them. Some of the Genoese palaces are still occupied by members of the noble families for whom they were built in the sixteenth century, but visitors are generally admitted to portions of all of them, especially the picture-galleries. As we walk through room after room of these immense edifices, the walls covered with valuable pictures and the ceilings painted by celebrated artists, and then mount grand stairways adorned with ancient and modern sculptures, and find other floors, and seemingly endless suites of other rooms, many of them of much beauty and magnificence,—we wonder how one family could ever have needed so many rooms, and so grand a house that must have cost so much money. But we must remember that these nobles had great numbers of servants and adherents, who all lived in the palace; and they entertained, besides, many visitors, so that their families were very much larger than any of those to which we are accustomed, even the very richest and most important of us. One of the grandest palaces in this street is now called the Palazzo del Municipio, for it belongs to the city. Another magnificent one



VIEW OF A PORTION OF GENOA.—THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DI CARIGNANO AT THE SUMMIT.

is the Palazzo Rosso, so called because it is built of red stone; and, nearly opposite, is the Palazzo Bianco, or white palace.

But the Via Garibaldi, called in old times the Via Nuova, or new street, does not contain, by any means, all the great palaces of Genoa. In the Via Balbi, near by, are many of these palatial buildings, and, among them, the Royal Palace, which is occupied by the King and Queen of Italy when they happen to be in Genoa. In the great entrance archway we see some soldiers and a porter, or custodian, dressed in uniform; and if we look as if we would give him a franc when we come out, this latter personage will conduct us through the palace, provided, of course, that the royal owners, who usually reside in Rome, are not there. We all wish to know how kings and queens live, and so we go through the rooms of this palace; the grand saloons, and the smaller ones, the dining-halls, the Queen's bed-chamber, and the King's bed-chamber. Here is the furniture they use, and the beds they sleep on. Everything is very sumptuous and handsome, but we notice that the King's bedstead, which is of iron, richly gilt, looks old, with some of the ornaments rubbed off. If King Humbert were one of our rich men, he would probably have a new bedstead; but, as he does not come very often to Genoa, he doubtless considers this good enough. I think you all will agree that in this palace, as well as in many others, there is nothing that seems to us very cozy, according to our ideas of such things. The floors are of rich marble, or tiles, and the furniture, though magnificent and costly, appears stiff and too orderly. But in winter carpets and rugs are laid down, no doubt; and when the King and Queen are here the tables and chairs are probably pulled around a little and things appear more homelike.

In the Pallavacini Palace, which is even finer than that of the King, after passing through a number of stately apartments, all cold and splendid, we are shown into a sitting-room, occupied by the family in the afternoons and evenings, which is carpeted, and looks almost as comfortable as some of our rooms at home. But among the ornaments and bric-à-brac in this apartment is a wonderful silver vase, by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, which is something not to be found in our sitting-rooms.

The last palace we shall visit is the Doria Palace, the most interesting in the city; and on our way there we meet a gentleman we know. Every one of us is acquainted with him, and we all feel under great obligations to him. He is very tall and pale, but his figure is grand and imposing, and he stands up high, where everybody can see him. It is Christopher Columbus,—and where should we Americans have been without him! It gives us a strange sensation, in this Italian city, with its queer streets and tall palaces and its unfamiliar sights of every kind, to come upon this statue of good old Columbus, whom we have all known so well from our earliest childhood, and whom we have been accustomed to look upon somewhat in the light of the grandfather of our country. The Genoese think a great deal of Columbus, who was born in this neighborhood, you may remember, although they did not do much for him when he was alive. But there are always people who are willing to honor a successful man after some one else has given him a chance to show what he can do. At the foot of the statue is a kneeling figure representing our country thanking Columbus for having discovered her; and the whole stands in a beautiful open square. There are other mementos of Columbus in the city, and in the Municipal Palace two of his letters are preserved.

At a little distance stands the palace to which we are going, which was presented by the city, in the year 1522, to the famous Admiral Andrea Doria, who, by his naval victories, gave peace and safety to Genoa, and who was called the Father of his Country. The Admiral was not far from sixty years old when this grand palace was presented to him, and it might have been supposed that he would not have many years in which to enjoy it. But the situation seems to have agreed very well with him, for he lived to the age of ninety-five. This palace is somewhat different in plan from the others in Genoa; and we first enter a long portico, or *loggia*, which looks out upon an extensive and beautiful garden with summer-houses. Mounting to the first floor, we walk into the great entrance-hall, on the walls and ceiling of which are fresco-paintings by Del Vaga, a famous pupil of Raphael. We enter room after room, with the ceilings and walls covered with paintings and decorations; and one of these, a small apartment, is so painted as to give the idea that it is partly in ruins. There are vacant places in the ceiling from which stones seem to have tumbled out, vines creep through wide crevices, and on the top of broken places in the walls there sit owls and other birds. A person, not understanding the fancies and freaks of old-time architects and artists, might be a little startled on entering this room, and might imagine that if he shook the floor with his tread the walls and roof would come tumbling down upon him. In an apartment, called the Titan Hall, is a portrait of the old Admiral and his favorite cat, wherein the cat looks as if she enjoyed the palace quite as much as her master. Here, too, are the chairs in which Doria used to sit, and many other articles

of his furniture. On one side of the house is a long room, the outer wall of which is of glass. Here the old gentleman could walk up and down when the sun shone, and look out upon his great gardens and his villa, which stood upon a terraced hill opposite, as well as upon the beautiful harbor of Genoa, and — at the same time — be as comfortable as if he were sitting before the fire. This palace still belongs to members of the Admiral's family, but they live in a vast square palace in Rome.

Opening from one of the piazzas or squares, which are found everywhere in Genoa, is a little street called a *salita*, which is probably different from any street you ever saw before. It is but a few feet wide, and consists of a series of broad steps, paved with cobble-stones, which lead us downward for a long distance to a little piazza nearly surrounded by tall houses; on one side of which stands the small dark church of San Matteo. This is where old Admiral Doria used to go to church. Over the altar hangs the long sword he once wore, and in a vault below he is buried. The little church is filled with beautiful sculptures and works of art, and on the outside are many inscriptions relating to the Doria family, some of whom attended service here at least two centuries before the Admiral was born.

There are a good many churches in Genoa, and most of them are very different from this dark little building. One of them, the Cathedral, is a very large and old edifice, built of black and white marble, and in it, carefully guarded, is a cup or vase, said to be the Holy Grail, or the cup used by Christ and his disciples at the Last Supper. This was captured in the Holy Land, by the Genoese, during the Crusades. People who wish to believe that this cup is the Holy Grail, do so, and those who do not, do not. Another church, Santa Annunziata, which is now attended by the rich people of Genoa, is gorgeously ornamented, and has the greater portion of its ceiling covered with pure gold.

When we enter any of these churches we do not open a door, but are obliged to push aside a corner of a great heavy leathern curtain, which hangs in the door-way. There is always an old woman or a poor old man to pull aside this curtain for us, in exchange for a copper; and inside we find a sacristan, or sexton, fond of a little silver, who will show us everything in the church.

Genoa is, as I have said, the great commercial city of Italy, having now outstripped her former rival, Venice, in this respect; and the large harbor is a very lively and interesting place. In order to see it to the best advantage, we go upon a broad marble terrace, built high above the crowded streets, and extending for half a mile along the harbor. This terrace, which was constructed for the purpose of giving the citizens a promenade by the water-front, where they would not be interfered with by the crowds of people and vehicles in that part of the town, is about forty feet wide, and the floor is very smooth, so that persons may often be seen here skating on roller-skates. It is a delightful place on which to enjoy the fresh sea air, and to look down on the harbor, stretching far out before us, crowded with steamers, sailing-vessels, and small boats, and shut in by long moles, or walls, with light-houses on them.

Any one who likes to see sailors can have a fine opportunity of seeing them in Genoa. In the busy streets near the harbor are to be found hundreds of mariners from every part of the world. Here they stand and sit about and talk and smoke, and some of the old fellows look as if they had lived nearly as long as the famous Admiral himself. These sailors, many of whom wear red woolen caps, and gay sashes around their waists, have often a piratical look; and it is said that it is not always safe for strangers to wander among them in certain parts of the town. But there are so many of us that we can go where we please.

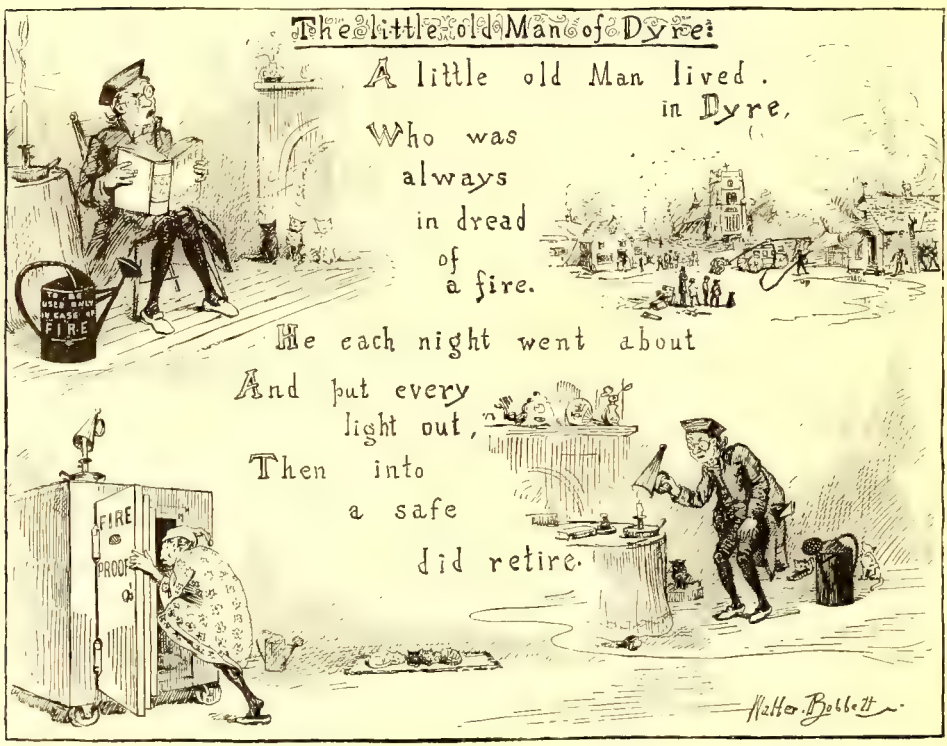
There are plenty of youngsters, boys and girls, to be seen about the harbor, in which place the idea probably came into the head of the boy Columbus that he would like to be a sailor, and see what was to be seen in other parts of the world; and for aught we know, some of the rough-looking little fellows whom we see sitting on the posts, or running up and down the stone steps which, in some places, lead to the higher parts of the town, may yet turn out to be hardy navigators. But there are no more continents for them to discover, — unless, indeed, they go into the Arctic or Antarctic regions, where the climate, I fear, would not suit a Genoese.

Near the marble terrace, at one end, is an old building, which used to be considered one of the most important houses in the world. It was the bank of San Giorgio, a great banking-house of the Middle Ages. In the time of the Crusades it furnished money to the bold knights who went out to recover the Holy Land from the Saracens, and for centuries it was a most wealthy and powerful institution. No matter what happened to the Republic of Genoa, whether the Guelphs or the Ghibellines were uppermost, whether she was ruled by her own nobles, or Doges, or whether outside potentates were called in to take part in her government, the great bank of San Giorgio always stood firm. It owned large possessions in Corsica and other places, and there was a time when there was reason to believe that if it had

not been for foreign wars it would have acquired possession of the whole of the little republic. But now the old building is no longer a bank, and the great painting of St. George on horseback, which adorns the wall facing the sea, has been almost worn away by the rain and salt breezes of hundreds of years. It is now used as a Custom-house, and we can go inside and see statues and pictures of some of the famous men of Genoa; but it is much more interesting, if we can do it, to imagine that we see tall knights, with a great cross embroidered on their clothes, coming in to talk to the officers of the bank about the money that is to take them to Jerusalem.

If we wish to see for ourselves how Genoa obtained its name, we can go to the church of Santa Maria in Carignano, a stately edifice on a high hill, and ascend to the upper part of the great dome. From this high point we can see the whole city spread out beneath us; the surrounding country, with its hills, its groves, and its villas, and a line of fortifications nine miles long, with its forts and ramparts; while to the south, the bright blue Mediterranean stretches far away. And when our eyes have taken in all the landscape we see how the water comes into the land in the shape of the bended knee.

When we have walked through the lively and crowded streets of Genoa; when we have been in the small piazza in front of the Exchange, filled with men, talking and clamoring about the price of stocks and that sort of thing as earnestly as if they were in Wall street; and when we have visited the new Galleria Mazzini, a long passage, like a wide street, used only by foot-passengers, covered the whole length by a high roof of glass, and lined on each side by handsome shops, and altogether very agreeable for a walking or shopping expedition in wet weather, we will go to a place visited by nearly every one who comes to Genoa, which is not at all lively or bustling, but very much crowded. This is a cemetery called the Campo Santo, or Holy Field. But we must postpone our journey through this until another time.



HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter IV.

The sun was just beginning to shine over the wooded hills and hazy pasture-land; for it was now September, the month of rapidly shortening days.

Kit found a few people astir in the village, and met two or three teams on the road; but no one had seen Dandy Jim and his rider. Then a milkman overtook him, and gave him a ride of a mile, but had to turn off on a by-road, while Kit followed the tracks. These were fast becoming obliterated; but by searching carefully at forks and crossings, he could still see enough of them to decide which direction the rogue had taken.

He got another ride in a farmer's wagon; and afterward hung on behind a carriage that was going his way; thus getting over much of the ground about as fast, he thought, as if he had a horse of his own. The morning was pleasant; the air cool and sweet after the shower; the roadsides were ornamented with golden-rods and asters; while here and there a sapling or sumach by the fences, or a trailing woodbine on the rough stone walls, touched the landscape with the first bright hues of autumn. But for the great anxiety attending it, Kit would have enjoyed his journey, on such a day, amid these smiling farms.

The road he was on was a great thoroughfare leading to Boston, forty miles away; and he was not long in making up his mind that the rogue had gone thither to dispose of the horse. It was a discouraging prospect for a boy of sixteen, with less than a dollar in his pocket, and with no friends, whose influence he could enlist in his behalf, on the way or in the city itself. But it would be something, at least, to know what course Dandy's rider had taken.

About four miles from home he came to a fork in the highway, and dropped off from behind the carriage (not without regret) to trace the tracks. They had quite disappeared, either obliterated by the increasing travel or, as Kit thought more probable, because the thief had turned off on the turf to baffle pursuit.

He was carefully looking for them in the sand and in the still wet grass, when a farm-boy came along, of whom he made the usual inquiry: "Have you seen anything of a man on a dark-brown horse, almost black, with a braided foretop?"

"The man almost black, with a braided foretop?" said the young fellow, with a grin.

"No; the horse. I can't describe the man," replied Kit, irritated by such untimely levity.

"I did n't know but you meant the man," said the fellow; "and I did n't want to answer your question unless I could do it straight and square. An almost black hoss, with a braided foretop, and a rider?"

"Yes; with little roundish mottles of a lighter brown, about as big as your thumb, along the under side of his body."

"The rider?" inquired the boy.

"No; the horse," said Kit, indignantly; though he had wit enough of his own to laugh at the fellow's drollery afterward.

"Was he trottin' or canterin'?—I mean the hoss," the wag added, as if anxious to avoid further misunderstanding.

Kit explained that Dandy was a trotter, being more accustomed to the harness than the saddle, but that he could gallop when urged.

"But, trotting or galloping," he demanded, "have you seen any horse at all?"

"Yes, I have."

"A dark-brown one?"

"Rather dark; though I did n't notice the braided foretop and the mottles."

"With a rider?" cried Kit, eagerly.

"No, he had n't any rider; he was one of a pair ahead of a two-hoss wagon," was the disappointing answer; and Kit turned again to look for the tracks, angrily resolved to waste no more words on so unpromising a subject.

"What have ye lost?" said the fellow. "Can I do anything for ye?"

"Not unless you answer my questions seriously, if you answer them at all. I have lost a horse; and I should think you might do as you would like to have me do by you, if you were in my place."

"Sho! Why did n't you say so before? I did n't know you 'd lost a hoss!"

"You might have known; I was inquiring for him."

"Have you lost a rider, too? You was inquirin' for a rider with the hoss."

Kit changed the topic abruptly.

"Which of these two roads goes to Boston?" he asked.

"Don't neither on 'em go to Boston; they stay right where they be," said the funny boy.

"That 's a pretty old joke," said Kit; "and unless you can think of a fresh one, you 'd better not

try to joke at all. The thief is probably on his way to Boston, and I want to know which road to take to find him."

"Take either on 'em, and you 'll most likely find he 's taken t' other, for they are both roads to Boston," said the rural joker.

He was speaking the truth about the general direction of the roads, however; and he afterward atoned for his impertinence by joining in the search for Dandy's tracks.

"Here; what 's this?" he cried. Kit hastened to see; and there, cutting through the thin turf of the roadside into the brown sandy loam beneath, the prints of Dandy's hoofs re-appeared, — or some extremely like them.

"Thank you ever so much," exclaimed Kit, heartily forgiving the fellow's waggery. "This is the way he has gone!" And he was off again.

He next made inquiries and begged a ride of a man driving in a light carry-all; and he was encouraged on finding everybody so ready to help him when his story was told, even the roadside wag having hardly proved an exception.

The man in the carry-all agreed with him that the rogue had probably gone to Boston with the horse; nevertheless, he stopped to allow Kit to look for tracks at the crossings they passed. At one of these a drove of cattle had come into the highway,—as if they had been invented on purpose, Kit said, to follow and cover up all traces of the stolen horse. A mile or two farther on he descried a cloud of dust in the distance, and exclaimed:

"There 's the drove of cattle!" The man touched up his horse, and they soon came up with a drover, to whom, as he was urging on the laggards of the herd, Kit put his usual question.

"Yes; I 've seen sich a hoss — Whay! shoo!" said the drover, cracking his whip at a yearling by the fence. "Jest after daylight this — go 'long there! will ye?"—(crack, crack!)—"this mornin'."



"'THAT IS THE GROVE, IN SIGHT, YONDER,' SAID ONE OF THE STONE-LAYERS."

Kit's heart gave a leap of expectation, and he described more particularly Dandy's marks.

"It was skurcely light enough for me — whay there! ho! ho! — for me to notice the mottles on his sides; but I remember the — git along, now! — the braided foretop," the drover interruptedly explained.

"Where was he?" Kit eagerly asked.

"Six or eight miles back — Gee! git!" said the drover, impartially addressing Kit and the cattle.

"Before you struck this road?" put in the man in the carry-all.

"Long afore. We had jest got the drove started. Whoop! Jerusalem! Boys, look out for the gap in that fence!"

"What sort of a chap was riding him?" Kit asked, in a fever of excitement.

"A youngish chap, not much more 'n twenty, I should jedge — hillo! hillo! — A fair-spoken feller; nothin' partic'larly noticeable about him. He wanted to sell me the hoss, and turned and rode with me — hish! 'sh! — for half a mile or so. 'T wa' n't so dusty then as 't is now." (Crack, crack! went the drover's whip.)

"How was he dressed?" Kit continued.

"Re'ly, I can't tell: I did n't give much 'tention to him; but I kin' o' looked the hoss over, — whish! ho! — He offered him dog-cheap."

"How cheap!" cried Kit.

"He offered him for fifty dollars."

"Dandy Jim for fifty dollars!"

"I 've got the chink right here in my pocket," said the drover, pausing to wipe away the dust under his black felt hat. "But I was jealous everything wa' n't jest ship-shape; feller stumpin' me for a trade that time in the mornin', an' offerin' a beast for less 'n half he 's wuth. Should n't wonder if you could overhaul him, for he 'll be offerin' his hoss along on the by-roads."

Kit had thought it a great good fortune to get a ride of two or three miles with the man in the carry-all; and indeed it was, for it had enabled him to obtain this positive information from the drover; but now he had to turn back on his course, which he hurriedly prepared to do, having asked a few more questions, and thanked both men for their assistance.

"You 're welcome, far 's I 'm concerned," said the drover, wielding his whip, and shouting again, "Ho! hillo! Whish! Jerusalem! git along there!" as he followed the cattle, and the cloud of dust.

"I 'd like no better fun than to drive with you, and help run down the horse-thief, if I had time," said the man in the carry-all. "You 've only to follow back the cattle-tracks to the yard they left at day-break, and it wont be long before you hear of the rogue again. Good-bye! and luck to you!"

With hopes stronger than ever, if not of overhauling the thief, at least of finding where he disposed of the horse, Kit set off on a run to return to the cross-road. He had slackened his speed to a walk long before he reached it, and he followed it more and more wearily until noon.

Beyond the yard where the cattle had been penned for the night, he thought he could make out Dandy's hoof-prints again; but they were bafflingly uncertain, and he soon gave up trying to trace them. Nor could he by inquiring hear anything of the horse or its rider.

"I suppose people along here were hardly stirring when he passed," thought he, as he kept on, still without losing hope. "Or may be he wished to go farther away before offering to sell Dandy to anybody but a passing drover."

He turned off at forks and crossings to look for tracks and make inquiries, but always came back to the road he was following, after losing time and strength and patience in these fruitless excursions. He was growing quite disheartened and bewildered, when he came to some stone-layers eating their dinner beside an unfinished bank wall.

"We have been at work here since half-past six this morning," said one of them, "and we have seen no man on horseback."

Kit sat down on a stone with a weary sigh.

"What could have become of him?" he said, thinking aloud rather than addressing the men. "It must have been near six when he left the drover; and I don't believe Dandy could have traveled so far as this in half an hour. I don't know what to do!"

He had eaten his bread and butter while driving with the man in the carry-all; and now he could not help looking wistfully at the boiled eggs the men cracked on the edges of their dinner-pails. He was glad, however, they did not offer him what he would have been ashamed to accept, and yet might not have had the resolution to refuse.

"I tell you what I think," said one, at last; "I think I have seen your man."

"When? Where?" Kit asked quickly.

"You know, boys, when I went for the drill. Coming through Hillard's grove, I was near stumbling over a man stretched out fast asleep on the ground, while a hoss was grazing in a grassy hollow. I think that was your man, and I think that was your hoss."

Kit thought so, too, so surely that he forgot all about his hunger and weariness and waning hopes, and was on his feet again in an instant plying the stone-layer with questions.

"He sat up, and put on his hat, which had fallen off where he slept, and looked at me saucy-like; but as I said nothing to him he said nothing to me. Yes, it was a darkish hoss, with a saddle, and his bridle was slipped back on his neck, with the reins made fast to a loose branch on the ground, to keep him from walking away. It was about three hours ago, and that is the grove, in sight, yonder; you 've just come past it."

The speaker had not noticed Dandy's distinguishing marks; but there could not be much doubt that the horse he had seen was Dandy himself. He told Kit how to find a grass-grown wagon-track leading into the woods, and the grassy hollow where he had seen the grazing animal and the sleeping man.

(To be continued.)

THE KING'S FEAST IN RUFUS'S HALL.

BY REV. HENRY AUGUSTUS ADAMS.

IN the good old days of merry England the Yule-tide festivities greatly surpassed our present Christmas celebrations in splendor.

We all have read about the wild ringing of the bells, the troups of singers caroling in the crisp night air their quaint old Christmas ballads; about the sumptuous feasting, the ceremony of bringing in the boar's head, and the mystic spell of the mistletoe bough.

But now let me show you how the glad Christmas merry-making went on in the king's palace.

Close by Westminster Abbey, where all of the English sovereigns are crowned, and where many of them lie buried, there stands a grand old building known as Westminster Hall. It now forms a part of the Parliament Houses; but it is nearly five hundred years older than any other part of the buildings.

In the olden times the king's palace was at Westminster, and it was for this reason that William Rufus, the son of William the Conqueror, here built his great banqueting-hall in the year 1097, which was known as "Rufus's Roaring Hall," and later, "Westminster Hall."

It is an immense stone-floored room stretching —when you stand in its center,—away from you, above you, around you on every side, until you feel quite lost in wonder.

The old roof, with its great rafters of timber, reaching, unsupported by pillars, entirely over the hall, is the second largest in the world.

What strange sights that old roof has looked down upon! How many sounds have echoed through those vaults!

If we could have peeped in there on Christmas night six hundred and seventy years ago, we should have seen the old hall crowded with knights and ladies, pages, courtiers, and minstrels. Down the center stretched the great oaken table, groaning with good things; while at the upper end, in all his royal attire, sat the king. And the merry laugh went 'round, and the joy was unbounded; and so was the king's bounty,— for the poor, as well as the rich, had enough and to spare that night.

And yet this king was not a good king: King John, the brother of Richard the Lion-hearted, was a very bad man.

King Henry III. used to have his great Christmas dinners in Rufus's Roaring Hall; and once, when he himself was at his other palace, at Winchester, he did not forget the poor, but directed his treasurer to fill the great hall for one week from Christmas-day with poor people, and feast them there."

The next king, Edward I., continued the Christmas feasting at Westminster Hall. His son — who was the first Prince of Wales — used to enjoy these merry times.

King Edward III. was called a "right royal provider of Christmas cheer." If this meant that he was even more generous than his father, lavish, indeed, must those feasts have been. In fact, we still read of the rich "soups of the brawn of capons;" of blanc-manges, tarts, and pies, and countless other good things, in the preparation of which his cooks excelled. But the years 1358 and 1362 were especially blessed with festivities. The Christmas dinner in Rufus's Hall, on the former of these two years, was graced by the presence of three great kings. At the end sat the English monarch, with his crown upon his head; on his right, the captive King of France; on his left, King David of Scotland.

At the next great feast these were joined by the King of Cyprus. The cooks did their best; jellies of all colors, and in all shapes, of flowers, trees, beasts, fruit, fish, and fowl; confections of cinnamon and ginger, and "grains of paradise," for dessert,— these, and other delicacies, did the king's grace (and the king's cooks) provide.

But still greater feasts were coming; for when King Richard II. ascended the throne, he outdid all his predecessors in his Christmas hospitality.

The old hall had fallen into a very dilapidated state, and Richard rebuilt it, and there it stands to-day just as he finished it.

An old chronicler tells us, that when the king completed the new hall he determined to give "a house-warming"; from all accounts it must have been a heart-warming to many a poor soul.

Two thousand cooks prepared the feast, which ten thousand of the king's subjects were bidden to enjoy. The good king was attired in cloth-of-gold garnished with pearls and precious stones.

The feasting, hospitality, and rejoicing continued throughout the entire week. It was a season of universal merriment and good-will.

There is no palace at Westminster now, and there are no more banquets in the old hall. It was not until the times of Good Queen Bess that the Westminster celebrations came to an end.

Each king strove to be merrier and more charitable than the last; but times have changed. This year, when the deep-toned Westminster clock peals out the advent of the glad Christmas-day, it is dark in the banqueting hall. There are shadows only on the old, old roof; shadows on the old stone floor. The old kings are sleeping in the neighboring abbey. The voice of the minstrels is no longer heard.

Has the world forgotten that Christ was born? Have kings forgotten the poor? No. In *every* home there is to be a feast. The poor have Christ and Christmas in their own houses now. In the morning the church bells will ring. Millions of happy voices will call, "Merry Christmas!" Twice as many million twinkling eyes will peer into half as many million well-filled stockings. No need for kings and cooks to make us happy!



THE KING'S FEAST — BRINGING IN THE VIANDS.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAJESTY OF A SENATE PAGE.

THE second day of the session I began to feel at home, and in the course of a week considered myself qualified to do anything required. I had to become familiar with all the various rooms and nooks and corners of the Capitol, and learn exactly where to go when sent upon a message. It became necessary for me to acquaint myself with every senator and officer of the Senate, and this of itself was quite an undertaking. There were the Secretary of the Senate and a number of gentlemen who attended to the clerical duties in connection with the proceedings of that body. Then there was the Sergeant-at-Arms, whose duty it was to execute the commands of the Senate in preserving order and punishing offenses, and he had quite a corps of assistants, among whom we pages counted ourselves not the least by any means. More formidable in numbers was the House of Representatives. I had to be about as well posted in regard to the members and officers of that body as of the Senate itself, because the senators were constantly writing notes to the representatives, and sending us on other messages to the other wing of the Capitol. And, furthermore, there was a large army of dignitaries, public officials, and prominent citizens, who were constantly coming to the Capitol to visit or confer with congressmen, and it was useful to know the names and faces of as many of these as possible.

The senators would send us on every conceivable sort of errand, and I found my store of information rapidly increasing each day. Occasionally, however, I would be puzzled. Some of the senators were rather reckless in their chirography, and frequently one of them would simply hand to me a letter or a scrap of paper with some writing on it, without saying anything at all, expecting me to understand what he wished. I would turn these notes upside down, sideways, and cornerways, and could hardly tell from the hieroglyphics whether the words were good old Anglo-Saxon or Hebrew. If a fly had fallen into an ink-bottle, and, after being extricated, had walked over the paper on which such scrawls were written, dragging the ink after it, the tracks on its line of march could have been almost as readily translated into the English language. But, though I was very young and not especially precocious, I studied these various eccentricities, or styles—I was about to say "systems"—of legislative handwriting with such ardor, that I finally became able to read them all. So well known did this accomplishment of mine become, that I was frequently appealed to by persons about the Capitol to decipher writings of other people, and, strange as it may seem, senators have actually asked me to read their own marks which they themselves have been unable to recognize after making. I joked a senator about this one day, and told him I thought it was curious he could not read his own handwriting. He did not like to acknowledge this fact, and declared that he could.



WHAT A PAGE MADE OUT OF THE AUTOGRAPH.

"Well," said I, picking up a letter which he had just written and which lay upon his desk, "I 'll wager, sir, you can't tell what word that is," and I put my two hands upon the sheet of paper so as to cover all of the writing except that particular word.

"Oh," he exclaimed, as if I were doing an unreasonable thing in covering up the other words, "take your hands away!"

But then he could not make out the word, even by the help of the others or the context of the letter, and laughingly admitted that he had forgotten what the scratches were intended for. At another time, I saw on a desk a piece of paper that had on it a comical likeness or image of a human skeleton in miniature—a profile view of the skull, the ribs, and the other bones, even to the foot. I wondered who the senatorial artist was, and in handling the paper I chanced to turn it another way. And what do you think it was? It was n't meant for a skeleton, after all. It was nothing else than a very hasty autograph of Senator George F. Edmunds.

But even if the handwriting had been legible, the meaning of the inscriptions was frequently bewildering. For example, how in the name of common sense was an ordinary mortal (and espe-

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cially a young mortal, fresh from the pages of Shakspeare and Scott) to know that the memorandum "H. 432" meant that the senator wanted "House of Representatives Bill, No. 432"? Yet that was an easy enigma compared with some others.

One useful rule of conduct, however, I learned at the very beginning of my experience — I never betrayed my ignorance to a senator. Had I done so, he might not have had sufficient confidence in my ability to entrust me with an important message, and might have called another page. If, therefore, a senator asked me to carry a dispatch to the House of Representatives and hand it to a certain member, I would undertake the charge with perfect self-possession, and if I did not know the member, I would manage to find him by inquiry after I got to the House. Sometimes I would be sent for a certain book, and I would hardly know where to go for it — whether to the Senate Library, where are kept books only of a particular class, or to the Law Library, which contains works on purely legal subjects, or to the immense Congressional Library, including hundreds of thousands of volumes; and sometimes I would have to try each of these libraries before I could get the book. But I always succeeded in doing it, and without waste of time on my part. Only once, during the whole term of four years that I was in the Senate, did a senator ever feel provoked at the manner in which I executed any order given to me. It was a memorable day. He was making a very important argument, the galleries were packed, and every one was listening intently to what he was saying. In the course of his speech he had occasion to refer to a certain book, and, searching through the pile he had upon his table, found that the one he needed was not there. I was standing at the end of the clerk's desk, and, looking straight at me, he called out:



THE LADY FINDS IN THE PAGE AN INFLUENTIAL FRIEND. (SEE P. 141.)

"Bring me the third volume of the *Trial of Queen Caroline*."

I supposed that he would not be able to proceed with his speech without the book, and I felt very anxious to bring it to him as quickly as possible. I knew the book very well, having had occasion to get it before, and that it was in the Law Library on the floor below, underneath the room occupied by the Supreme Court. It was quite a distance, but I had my slippers on, and I almost flew through the marble corridors, going down the winding stair-way in a manner that must have astonished people who saw me. Rushing into the room, gasping for breath, I said to the librarian:

"Senator —— wants the third volume of the *Trial of Queen Caroline*, please."

It was a book that he could have found and given to me in a very few moments, but for some reason or other he did not seem inclined to rise out of the chair in which he was sitting. After waiting a short while and realizing that every moment's delay detracted from my glory, I again appealed to him:

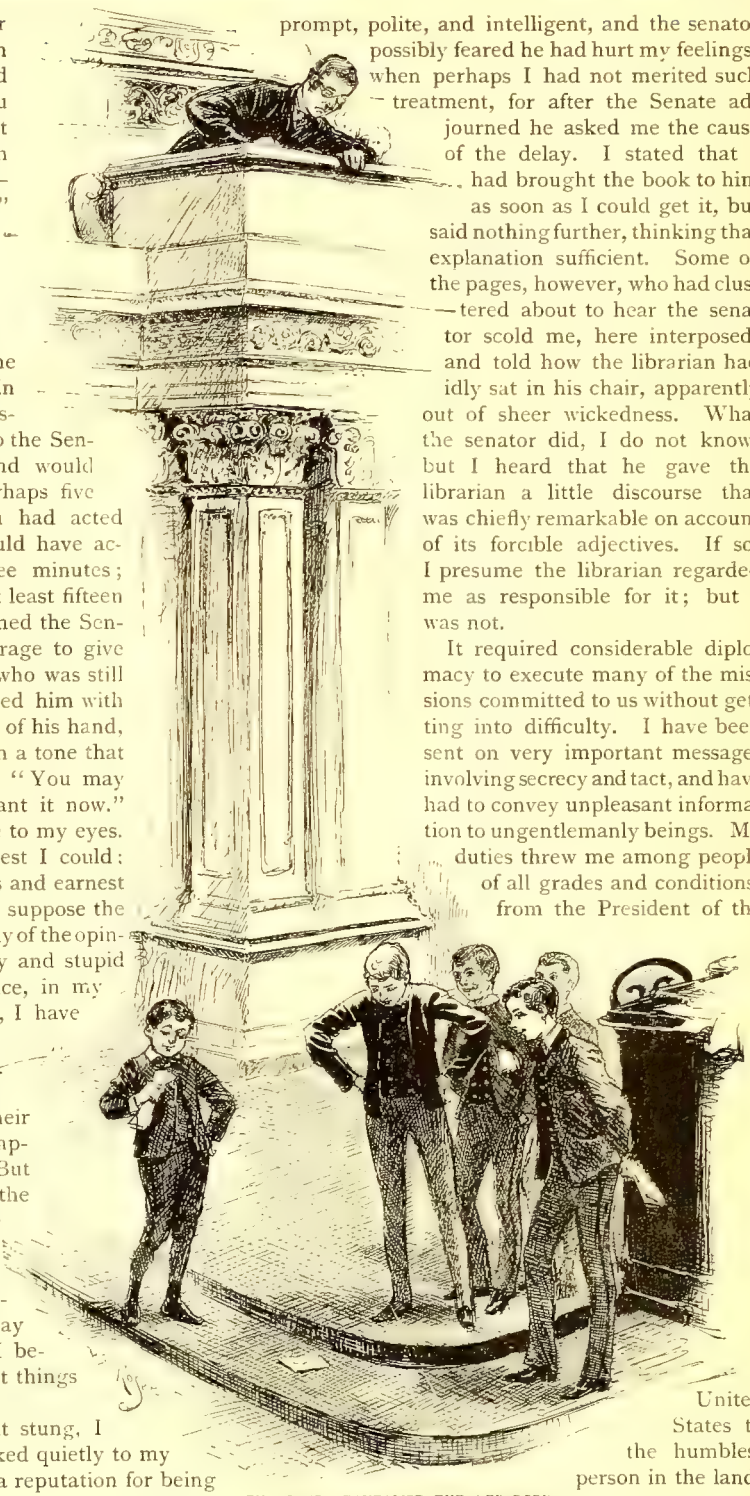
"Wont you please get me the book? The senator is in the midst of a speech, and is waiting for it." But the librarian answered: "Well, he can wait." And then he continued to sit there,

perfectly unconcerned, for fully five minutes. Soon, in came a page, who shouted to me very excitedly: "You 'd better hurry up with that book!" And the librarian merely smiled sardonically—"but never a word spake he."

Two or three minutes later another page entered, more excited than the first, and I really believe that, before the librarian condescended to get the book, nearly every page in the Senate was there to escort me back in disgrace to the Senate Chamber. The errand would ordinarily have taken perhaps five minutes; if the librarian had acted promptly, I believe I would have accomplished it within three minutes; as it was, the delay was at least fifteen minutes, and when I reached the Senate, I hardly had the courage to give the book to the senator, who was still speaking. As I approached him with it, he gave a majestic wave of his hand, saying very sharply and in a tone that was heard by every one: "You may take it back. I don't want it now." This made the tears come to my eyes. I knew I had done the best I could; yet all my good intentions and earnest effort went for naught. I suppose the spectators were unanimously of the opinion that I was a very lazy and stupid boy. Since that occurrence, in my battle with worldly affairs, I have frequently been unjustly suspected and accused by people who knew nothing of the facts, but based their judgment merely upon appearances, as in this case. But people who do not know the facts in any matter have hardly the right to form, much less to express, an unfavorable opinion of a fellow-man. That is the way I have always felt since I became old enough to look at things philosophically.

And so, although I felt stung, I gritted my teeth and walked quietly to my place. I had made quite a reputation for being prompt, polite, and intelligent, and the senator possibly feared he had hurt my feelings, when perhaps I had not merited such treatment, for after the Senate adjourned he asked me the cause of the delay. I stated that I had brought the book to him as soon as I could get it, but said nothing further, thinking that explanation sufficient. Some of the pages, however, who had clustered about to hear the senator scold me, here interposed, and told how the librarian had idly sat in his chair, apparently out of sheer wickedness. What the senator did, I do not know, but I heard that he gave the librarian a little discourse that was chiefly remarkable on account of its forcible adjectives. If so, I presume the librarian regarded me as responsible for it; but I was not.

It required considerable diplomacy to execute many of the missions committed to us without getting into difficulty. I have been sent on very important messages involving secrecy and tact, and have had to convey unpleasant information to ungentlemanly beings. My duties threw me among people of all grades and conditions, from the President of the United States to the humblest person in the land.



THE PAGES TANTALIZE THE REPORTER.

People would come to the Senate and send in their cards to senators who did not wish to see them. Many of these were "bores," and we can not blame the legislators for declining to be bothered. But, on the contrary, I have often seen poor men and women haunting the doors of the Senate day after day, beseeching just one moment's interview, with an earnestness that always aroused my sympathy.

Some of the senators, not knowing these people or not wishing to be troubled at the time, would give various excuses for not coming out. On one occasion a very pleasant-looking lady, who evidently wished assistance in some matter of great importance to her, asked me to hand her card to a senator, whose name I shall not mention, and I did as she requested. The senator looked at the card, and at once said: "Tell the lady I am very busy, and must ask her to excuse me."

I accordingly gave the message to the lady. "But," I added, "if there is anything you desire to say to him, I shall be very glad to carry the message." She then explained that her husband was an invalid soldier and had what is known as a "pension claim" against the Government, and that, as a law of Congress was necessary before the claim could be paid, she wished some senator to introduce a "bill" (which is the first step toward a "law," as I will hereafter explain), in order that her family might get the money and relieve their urgent wants. She further stated that she was not acquainted with any members of the Senate or House, but had presumed to apply to this senator, as he was from her State. I then told her that I did not think he would be likely to trouble himself much about the matter, but that, if she desired, I would speak to Senator Pratt, who was Chairman of the Committee on Pensions of the Senate, and that as he was a very kind-hearted man I was sure he would assist her, although he was not one of the two senators from her State. She said that she would be grateful if I would help her in any way, as she did not know what to do. I took her papers and went to Senator Pratt, told him all about the case, and asked him if he would not do what he could. He said, "Where is the lady?" I told him she was waiting in the reception-room, and he replied, "Well, take me to her," which I did. The result was that the senator introduced the bill for her, and that it passed through both Houses of Congress, was approved by the President, became a law, and she got her money within a few weeks.

It was thus very often in our power to aid strangers and others. I have many a time spoken with senators who refused to see deserving people seeking interviews, telling them that the applicants were old or delicate or some other facts to excite their interest, and the senators as often would change their minds and go out and see the persons.

But while the pages could be considerate and obliging, they could also be otherwise, if their dignity were involved. We could be as "aggravating" as any boys can be, when we wished, and some folks must have thought us little demons. While we were employed to wait upon the senators, "outsiders" would encroach upon our good-nature and ask us to do things which they could do as well themselves, and when, perhaps, we had our hands full of other work. We always refused to attend to these matters, if they were put in the shape of a demand instead of a request. There were several newspaper reporters in the gallery over the Vice-President's chair, to which I have referred, who frequently ignored our rights. A reporter would wish to ask a question of a senator, and, not caring particularly to come down the stairs and send in his card, would drop a note from the gallery, expecting one of us to pick it up and hand it to the senator to whom it was addressed. This was a rather officious request sometimes, as we were tired and worn out from excessive running, and would hardly feel like going up to where the reporter was, in the roundabout way in which we should have had to go, to deliver him the information called for, and then come all the way back. But, whether we were tired or full of activity, we did not like the matter-of-course manner in which some of the reporters had demanded our services; and we would often let the note remain where it had fallen on the carpet. Sometimes, out of pugnacity, we would surround the paper and walk around it, gazing at it apparently with great curiosity, but evincing no inclination to touch it. Finally, when the reporter would lean over the edge of the gallery, and, in a very obsequious manner, would bow his head and smile and go through a lot of gymnastics to indicate to everybody else in the galleries that the "squib" would not "go off," and that he would be exceedingly obliged if one of our excellencies would graciously convey the paper to its desired destination, one of us would pick it up; but not until then.

In addition to the duties belonging to the position of page, I soon became competent to assist officers of the Senate in various ways; at one time, relieving a door-keeper at his post; at another, acting as a scribe, or private secretary, to a senator. But the honor or privilege that I particularly enjoyed was that of hauling up the flag. Every day, when the Senate met, a flag would be hoisted to the top of the staff on the roof

of the Senate, to notify people of that fact, and it would so remain until the Senate adjourned for the day, when it would be lowered. The same thing was done as regards the sessions of the House.

The man who had charge of the Senate flag, not caring about the trouble of ascending the tedious stairs leading to the roof, finally permitted me to act for him. Accordingly, every day, a little before the time for the meeting of the Senate, I would get the keys and go aloft, and, having arranged the flag and halyards, would wait there with the rope in my hand, ready to act. When the steam-whistles all over the city began to blow, announcing twelve o'clock, I would haul away until the flag reached the top of the pole, and, after fastening the rope near the bottom, I would descend to the Senate Chamber, with a profound conviction that I was, after all, a very important personage. Sometimes I would have so many other matters to attend to, that I would forget to haul the flag up for several hours after the meeting of the Senate; and then sometimes I would go home after the Senate adjourned, forgetting to lower it, and it would remain there during the entire night. But no great harm resulted from these omissions, except that occasionally senators, not observing the flag, would stay at home when they should have been at the Senate, or, seeing it waving, would trudge to the Capitol only to find that the Senate had adjourned and that they could return whence they came.

That flag, although to me an object of devotion, gave me more or less annoyance. Frequently, at such a height, the wind blows with considerable violence, and, in a stiff breeze, after hauling the flag to the top, I would attempt to fasten the halyards, and not be aware, until some one mentioned the fact long afterward, that I had left the flag at half-mast. This was caused by the rope slipping while I was fastening it at the bottom. Of course, the flag at half-mast being an indication that a senator or some other great functionary of the Government was dead, this state of affairs was somewhat embarrassing. But I capped the climax one day. The Senate had been in session for several hours, when in came a senator who had just arrived at the Capitol, and inquired of a group of fellow law-makers what the Senate was in distress about. He thereupon narrated something that caused them to chuckle as if it were a good joke; and after they had enjoyed themselves for a while in this way, one of them sent for Captain Bassett, and spoke to him. The Captain then came to me and told me to go up to the roof and see if the flag were all right. I could not imagine what could be the matter with it, but when I stepped on the roof I at once beheld the cause of the mirth. In raising the flag I had hauled away on the wrong rope, and there was the grand ensign of our Republic floating serenely in the breeze — upside down!

Of course, during the few days that it took me to become familiar with my duties, the Senate continued its sessions. That is, it did not suspend them on my account; but nothing extraordinary happened until the twentieth of December, when both Houses of Congress adjourned to the sixth of January. As neither body can adjourn for a longer period than three days without the consent of the other, it became necessary for both Houses to agree to this, which was done by means of a Joint Resolution. Not much business is transacted by Congress during the month of December. The Congressmen hardly arrive in Washington and unpack their trunks before they begin to think about Christmas and New Year's, and wish to depart for their far-away homes to enjoy the accustomed festivities about their own firesides. Upon re-assembling in January, both bodies applied themselves to work in good earnest, and my labors increased in proportion.

But while attending to the duties demanded of me, I was very observant of the manner in which the law-makers attended to their own. Having become connected with the Senate and introduced to it, as I have described, and feeling, with the natural conceit of an American boy, that I thereby became a part of the Legislative Department of the Government, I considered that I ought to inform myself thoroughly about the powers of Congress, and therefore resolved to watch closely the proceedings of each body in the great business of legislation. As some of you may wish to know the result of my observations, I will endeavor to state briefly the course pursued in the enactment of a law, giving you, however, fair warning to arm yourselves with dictionaries. And in this connection I will redeem my promise to explain the mode of electing Congressmen.

(To be continued.)

IMPRISONED IN AN ICEBERG.

By C. F. Holder.

"Sail ahoy!" came a shrill hail from the fore-top of the trim bark "Laughing Polly," as it bowled along in the latitude and near vicinity of the South Shetland Islands.

"Where away?" answered a tall man with a tremendous voice, who was pacing up and down the quarter-deck, muffled in a great pea-jacket.

"Dead ahead!" came the voice of the lookout, who was the captain's son. He had taken the watch so as to be the first to sight land after the long run to the south.

The captain swung himself into the rigging, gave a glance at the supposed vessel, and then dropped to the deck again with a loud laugh. "Your ship is an iceberg," he called out. "A pretty sailor-man you are," he added, "not to tell an iceberg from a whaler."

"I can see her spars," shouted back the boy, who would not acknowledge his mistake; and indeed the nearer they approached, the more the object appeared like a vessel on the same course as themselves. It seemed a veritable ship, careening slightly in the brisk breeze. There were the white top-sails, with the shadows on them distinctly visible, and Ned — for that was our look out's name — almost thought he made out a pennant at her mizzen-peak. So remarkable was the sight that the sailors all gathered in a group forward, and watched the strange sail. But on getting within a mile of it, they plainly discerned that it was an iceberg of enormous dimensions, and which even, at that distance, seemed to tower above them. Its resemblance to a ship was quickly lost, and it loomed up a great mountain of blue ice, momentarily changing its shape and color.

The captain had just given orders to shift the course of the vessel, when a cry of astonishment rose from the crew, who were still watching the distant berg. The captain and mate rushed forward, and saw the cause of the excitement. The ice-mountain had changed its position, and instead of being upright was heeling over. Faster it moved, until finally, fairly overbalanced, it fell over in the water with a mighty crash, hurling into the air great waves three times as high as their mast-head, and sending out huge rollers on either side, while vast blocks of ice seemed to break off and float away.

"It 's gone," shouted Ned excitedly.

"No, it is n't," said his father. "Just keep your eyes on it."

The words were hardly spoken by the captain before a still more remarkable phenomenon occurred; the iceberg appeared gradually rising from the sea, slowly resuming its original shape, like an island of ice being forced above the surface by some invisible power. Slowly but perceptibly it rose, until finally the astonished sailors saw the gigantic berg, almost as large as before, rocking and oscillating, again upright upon the surface.

In the meantime a series of waves from the scene of action had reached them, and Ned was nearly thrown from the foretopgallant-top, where he was still clinging. The ship pitched so violently that it seemed almost as if they had experienced a series of tidal waves.

"It 's only an upset," said the captain, as Ned rejoined him on deck. "You see, one of these great bergs floats about until it gets top-heavy, which is occasioned by the lower portion, a thousand or fifteen hundred feet below, striking, perhaps, a warm current that melts it away, until finally the exposed portion overbalances the base, and over it goes with a thundering crash, as we have seen."

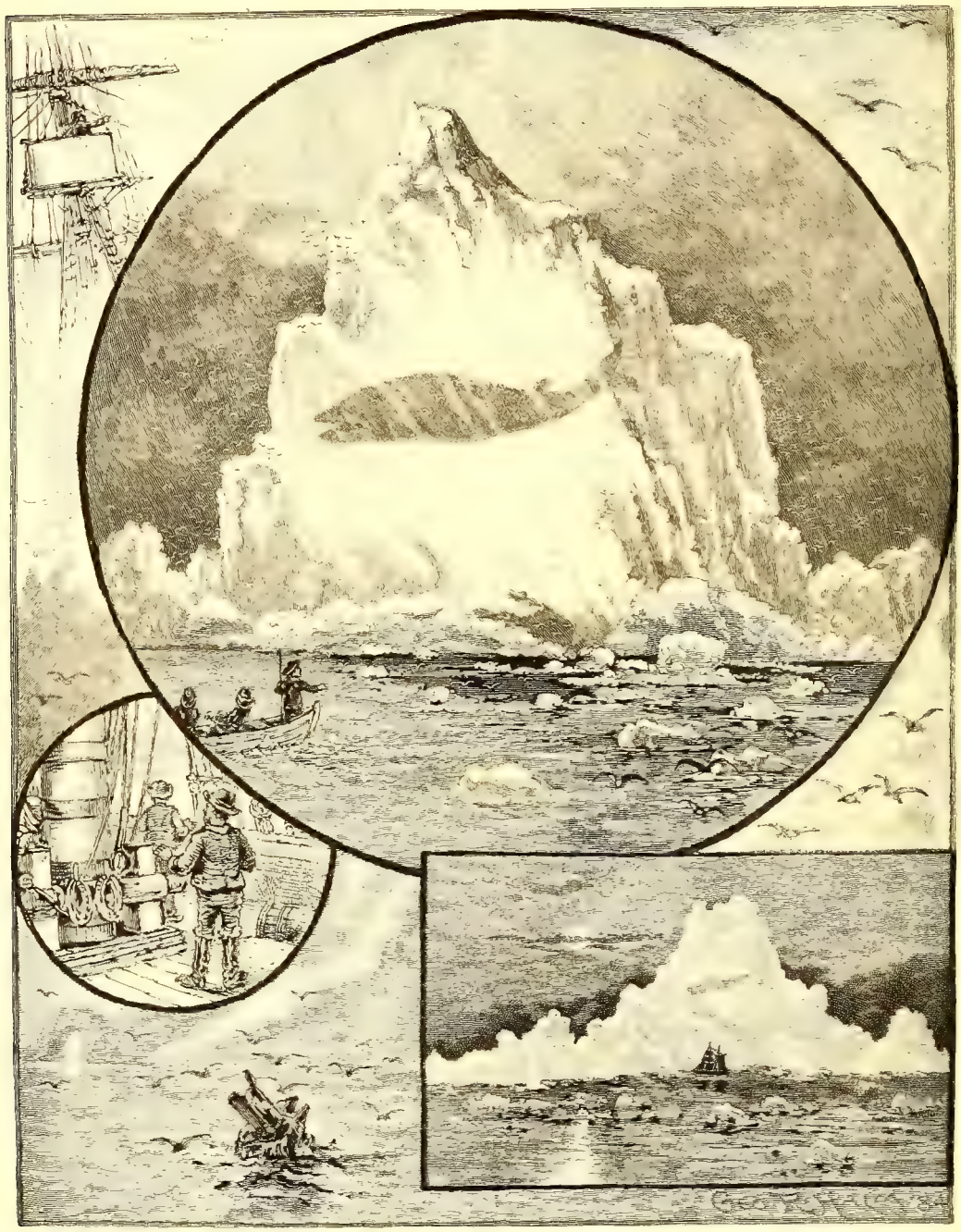
"I had no idea a berg as large as that could tip over," said the young sailor.

"I have seen larger ones than that roll," replied the captain. "There seems to be no limit to their size. An iceberg was observed some years ago, not four hundred miles from here, that was two and a half miles long, over two miles broad, and a hundred and fifty feet high, and it must have weighed fifteen hundred million tons. Yet that was by no means a large one. I have seen them off Cape Horn nearly eight hundred feet high; and a mass of icebergs was once seen sixty miles long by forty broad, and three hundred feet high. As only one-tenth of the whole mass rises above the water, the higher out of water, the larger they are, and one which exposes two hundred feet would probably have eighteen hundred feet under water."

The conversation was here interrupted by a hail always welcome on a whaler. Whether it was "There she blows!" or "Whale o'!" they could not make out; but seeing the lookout pointing toward the floating island, they turned that way.

The vessel had suddenly passed a projection of the berg that showed them its broad side and snowy peak looming three hundred feet into the air, and near the top, frozen in the icy block, was the black body of an immense whale.

"Never mind the boats," said the captain, re-



THE WHALE WITHIN THE ICEBERG.

covering from his astonishment, and recalling an order which he had given upon hearing the hail. "Well, that beats all my experience in thirty years' whaling," he continued. "A fin-back in an iceberg!"

"A frozen whale in command of a ship of ice," said Ned. "And to think that we saw it rise three hundred feet from the water!"

"It 's the greatest leap on record," exclaimed his father, "and as such jumps don't occur every

day, we may as well have a nearer view"; and, instructing the helmsman, the whaler was hauled a point or so on the wind. It was soon found, however, that a nearer view of the whale would involve being becalmed in the lee of the berg, so the boat was lowered, and the captain and Ned were soon being pulled toward the huge prisoner of the ice-island.

As they approached, the sight became still more remarkable and impressive. The sight was very tantalizing to the whalers, as there above their reach was the game they were in search of, but it was out of their power to dislodge it from its bed of ice, and they reluctantly rowed back under the shadow of the berg. Looking up at the imprisoned whale, they saw that it was a rorqual nearly one hundred feet in length — the largest of living animals.

As the wind had died down, they could not leave, and so they witnessed the effect of sunset on the ice-island. The tall peak was flooded with golden lights; dark shadows crept up its sides, gradually changing the golden radiance to gleaming silver, then to gray, which was in turn lost in the approaching gloom. But soon the moon appeared, bathing the berg with its silvery light and bringing out with startling distinctness the frozen giant

Late into the night the sailors watched the island of ice, fearing that perhaps the surface current might bring them dangerously near it, but finally the wind sprang up, the sails filled, and the frozen whale was soon lost in the distance.

Upon the return of the whaler, two years later, the story was told, and it was found that several sea-captains had observed similar sights. One had seen a polar bear so imprisoned, while others told of enormous rocks and bowlders that the bergs lifted from the sea. The presence of the whale in the berg was explained in a remarkable way. The huge animal was not entombed at sea, but it had been washed upon the thick ice-sheet in the lee of some antarctic island (these sheets sometimes extend many miles from shore); the snow from the shore had blown over it year after year, melting and freezing, until finally it was surrounded by hard, clear ice; the weight, ever increasing, forced the sheet under water, and as the snow was continually piling up on the top and changing to ice, the great mass with the imprisoned whale finally projected far out under the sea. The snow continued still melting and freezing, but piling upward. And then its weight, or perhaps a heavy gale, detached the mass from the field, and it floated away, an island of ice, bearing the captured whale beneath the sea.

As we have seen, the warmer currents wear away the submerged portion until the berg became top-heavy and overturned, bringing the long-imprisoned monster high up in air.

Sometimes, instead of being frozen in and carried to sea, whales are forced far inland. Captain Pendleton, who accompanied one of the United States expeditions to the Antarctic Sea, saw a whale two hundred and eighty feet from the surface of the water, in an ice-cliff eight hundred feet high. Whales and their skeletons have not only been found above the level of the sea at South Shetland, but a mile and a half inland away from the shore — wonderful examples of the power of frozen snow and water.

WHAT THE PHILOSOPHER SAID ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

By Mrs. W. H. Daniels.

THE Philosopher lay on the soft fur rug, with his toe in his mouth, thinking.

Though not remarkably large in any other respect, he was a very great philosopher. Indeed, his entire life had been spent in profound cogitation upon most important subjects. He had reflected and experimented upon the phenomena of light and sound, with gravity so undisturbed and interest so absorbed as to draw upon him the admiring observation of all who knew him.

The Philosopher was bald-headed! Philosophers are apt to be. Arduous and protracted mental effort is said to result frequently in the removal of nature's beautiful covering from "The wondrous cage of thought." But in the case of this particular philosopher, the danger of overtasking the brain had become earlier apparent: his hair had never grown at all! The round head, which held such remarkable ideas, had always been bald!

The Philosopher was also toothless! Was he, then, so very aged?

Being constantly absorbed in the consideration of matters of so much greater importance, he had given little heed to the passage of time; and, perhaps for that reason, he could not have told you his own age; but he was certainly of the opinion that he had lived very long indeed. A settled dignity and calm was expressed upon his counte-

nance, as of one too long familiar with events to be disturbed by their changes. Indeed, he could not remember when he had *not* been alive; which would seem to imply that he had always lived.

He did not object to being without teeth. He thought that, in the nature of things, bones ought to be covered with warm, rosy flesh. His own were; and he did not care to make an exception in favor of teeth. They might as well stay where they were; he had a conviction that this would save him a great deal of trouble.

Besides, it left more room to put his toe in his mouth.

The Philosopher believed that he had discovered the true design and purpose of the human toe. He observed that the community at large seemed to suppose that it was intended to be tied in clumsy leathern bags and to be walked upon. This the Philosopher felt to be an error. He did not propose to walk. Why should he give himself so much needless trouble? People knew where he wished to go, and what he liked to have; and it was not only their obvious duty, but their highest pleasure, to carry out his desires. The Grand Turk himself was not more serenely sure of being carefully and devotedly served. Then, if that soft, dimpled foot was not meant for walking, for what was it intended?

Upon this problem the Philosopher had expended much thought, while holding that chubby member in both hands and scrutinizing it closely. Usually he looked at it after the manner of ordinary mortals; but sometimes, when his interest was most absorbing and the question what to do with it especially perplexing, he would look on the left side of his foot with his right eye, and on the right side of it with his left eye,—the method by which all great metaphysicians endeavor to examine both sides of a subject.

It was in one of these rapt moments that an inspiration came to him: the object of the toe was—*to complete the circuit!* Quicker than thought he popped it into his mouth. The experiment abundantly justified his conclusions: he had undoubtedly discovered the chief end of man. From that hour, whenever he wished to indulge in deep and continuous thinking, he was careful first to arrange this return circuit for the current of thought.

The Philosopher had his own revered divinity, and his religious beliefs were at once strong and steadfast. The divinity of life and love which he worshiped was embodied in a female form.

She often appeared to his delighted vision, coming from he knew not where, in the immensities of space; but never failing to bend over him, with heaven shining in her eyes, and smiling on her lips. His faith in her was boundless; he trusted her love more fully than his own wisdom or strength; and he knew that in her tender care were perfect safety and happiness.

The Philosopher never gave utterance to the thoughts which thrilled his being. He knew the power of silence,—the mighty influence of a nature strong enough to repress at will all expression of itself. In vain had proud friends and admiring followers besought him for a single word. In vain they said to each other, "What *do* you suppose he is thinking about?" He only turned his large blue eyes upon them in a silence the mystery of which shut them out from all communication with the wonders of his inner life. They might observe him, and, if they were wise enough, read the processes of his mind from results; but he never deigned further to enlighten them.

Not that he did not desire to speak; of course he did. Sometimes a thought arose so grand and strong as almost to lift his soul away from its clay; or a loving feeling, so sweet and tender as to bring heaven's angels down to his side. At such times his heart overflowed with longing to tell his happiness; but he was aware that "The wine of thought should have ample time to settle and clear, before being drawn off into flasks of speech"; in accordance with which decision, he would thrust his rosy fist into his mouth, as a stopper to keep the words back.

It was on Christmas-day that he lay on the rug, thinking. And he was thinking of Christmas,—of all the love and blessedness it holds; all the forgetfulness of self and thought for others which it means.

At this moment his beloved divinity bent over him; and as he looked up into her beautiful face she said, in the language which such divinities oftenest use, "What was him finkin' about, old Pessus? Was it Kissmus? So it was; what does him fink about it?" and with that she pulled the little rosy connecting link of thought from his mouth.

That was too much for even his powers of repression. He had to speak then. All his love and his deep comprehension of the truest wisdom found voice in a moment.

The Philosopher smiled as he gave utterance, for the first time, to his opinions concerning Christmas. And the Philosopher said:

"*Ah-h, Goo-oo-oo-o!*"

Philosophers need not necessarily speak the English language. Indeed, it has long been considered essential that the profoundest thought should not be too easily understood.

NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH, CROWN PRINCE OF RUSSIA.

By Edna Dean Proctor.



The Boy-prince whose portrait is here given, and who may one day rule the Russian Empire, is the Grand-duke Nicholas, eldest son of the Emperor Alexander III. and Princess Maria Dagmar (Day-dawn), of Denmark, now the Empress Maria Feodorovna. His distinctive title, as eldest son and heir, is *The Czarevitch*, which means the son of the Czar. All Russian boys and girls are designated as sons and daughters of their father. The Russian termination *evitch* or *ovitch* means son of; *evna* or *ovna*, daughter of; Alexandrovitch is son of Alexander; Alexandrovna, daughter of Alexander. The younger sons of the Czar would be George or Michael Alexandrovitch, but only the eldest is spoken of as Czarevitch. The name which the Empress took when she was admitted to the Russian Church signifies the daughter of Feodor (Theodore), this being one of the names of her father, King Christian of Denmark.

Grand-duke Nicholas was born May 18, 1868, at Czarskoe Selo (Czar's village), an imperial summer palace, fifteen miles south of St. Petersburg. This spacious palace stands upon the Neva bank, over two hundred feet above the water,

and is surrounded by extensive grounds so perfectly kept that you can hardly find even a dead leaf upon the lawns. The interior is adorned with precious marbles and mosaics, costly bronzes, tapestries from the Gobelin looms, and all that the Empress Catharine II., who completed it, could bring together to add to its beauty and grandeur. It has always been a favorite residence of the imperial family, and its park an attractive resort for the people. The first railway in Russia was built from St. Petersburg to Czarskoe Selo.

Crown princes have so much to learn that they must begin early and lose no time. Until his ninth year the education of the young Grand-duke was superintended by Madame de Flotow, one of the ladies of honor who had followed the Princess Dagmar from Denmark to Russia. In 1877 the charge was given to Lieutenant-General Danilovitch, who has arranged the Prince's hours of instruction in accordance with those of the military gymnasiums. His regular lessons are from eight in the morning till three in the afternoon, but with such intermissions that they never exceed five hours a day. His afternoons are spent in walks with the Emperor, or in outdoor sports,—riding, swimming, fishing, fencing, gymnastics,—of all of which he is very fond; and his evenings are devoted to preparing for next day's lessons, reading, and keeping a diary. He is an excellent scholar and linguist; enters into his studies with much spirit, and speaks fluently Russian, Danish, French, German, and English. The crown princes of England and Germany may study if they like at the universities, but the heir of Russia must be educated by private tutors.

Last May, upon his sixteenth birthday, the day on which the Prince became of age, he renewed his oath of adherence to the orthodox church, the ceremonies taking place in the chapel of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. As heir to the Russian throne, he accompanied the Emperor and Empress to their recent meeting with the sovereigns of Germany and Austria.
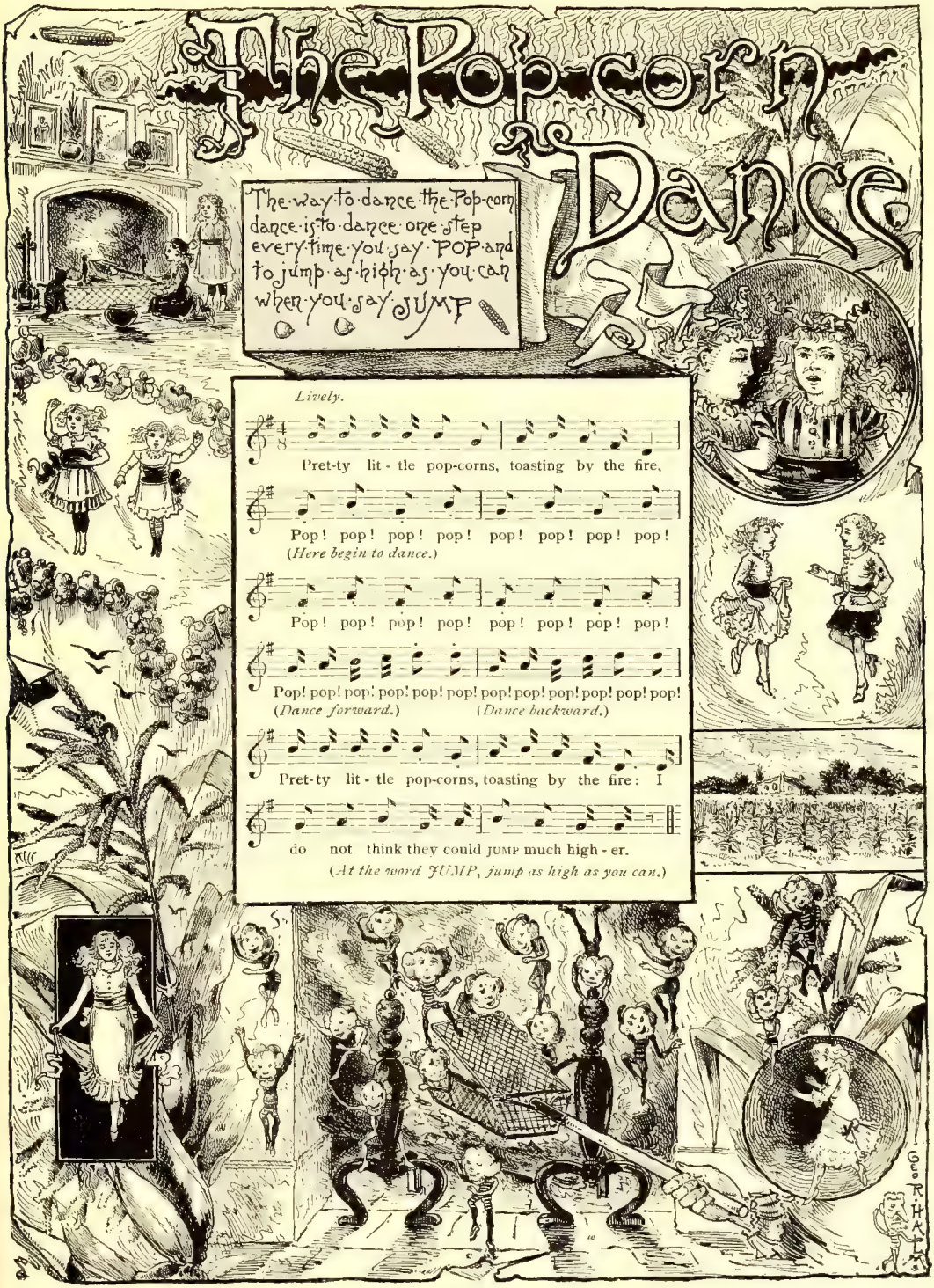
In person the Prince is slight and delicately formed, with fair complexion and auburn hair; and he usually wears a sailor costume, which suits his slender figure. He is a member of the Preobrajensky (Transfiguration) Guard, the famous regiment founded by Peter the Great; and by birth he is Attaman (chief) of all the Cossacks of the empire. It is his privilege to wear the uniform of any regiment he pleases. This in which he is pictured is that of the Hussars.

Neither for crown princes in Europe, nor for boys and girls in America, can we predict what the rolling years will bring; but we will all give our best wishes to

THE CZAREVITCH.

Son of the dauntless sea-kings,
  Heir of the mighty Czars,
What stately crowns his brow may wear,
  His breast what jeweled stars!
All night the red auroras flamed
  Down from the ice-fields lorn,
And the winds blew swift from the southern steppes
  To greet his natal morn;
The guns of the Fortress thundered;
  The church-bells thrilled the air;
Te Deums glorious stole to heaven
  By many an altar fair;
A thousand thousand prayers went up
  That the Lord might guard and guide
The boy who lay in his mother's arms
  By Neva's brimming tide.

God help the lad whose words may bless
  Or blight where'er they fall,
From woods Carpathians' winds have stirred,
  To China's winding wall;
And from Solovetsk, whose crosses gleam
  Athwart the Frozen seas,
To soft Crimean vales that dream
  In balm and summer ease!
God grant that the Russian peasant
  The Khivan by the border,
The roving Kalmuck of the steppe,
  The valiant Cossack warder,
The Pole by broad-armed Vistula,
  The Tartar by the sea,
And all the countless clans and tribes
  Swayed by the Czar's decree,
May find that might and right are one
  Within the vast domain,
And dwell in peace and loyalty
  When he shall come to reign!


The Pop-corn Dance
The way to dance the Pop-corn dance is to dance one step every time you say POP and to jump as high as you can when you say JUMP
Lively.
Pret-ty lit-tle pop-corns, toasting by the fire,
Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!
(Here begin to dance.)
Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!
Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!
(Dance forward.) (Dance backward.)
Pret-ty lit-tle pop-corns, toasting by the fire: I
do not think they could jump much high-er.
(At the word JUMP, jump as high as you can.)

12th MONTH.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC
BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.

DECEMBER.



Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Mon.	14	Taurus	11.50	
2	Tues.	FULL	"	11.50	☾ near Saturn.
3	Wed.	16	Orion.	11.50	John Flaxman, died 1826.
4	Thur.	17	Gemini	11.51	Thos. Carlyle, b. 1795.
5	Fri.	18	Cancer	11.51	Alex. Dumas, died 1870.
6	Sat.	19	"	11.52	(7th) ☾ near Regulus.
7	♋	20	Leo	11.52	2d Sunday in Advent.
8	Mon.	21	"	11.52	☾ near Jupiter.
9	Tues.	22	Virgo	11.53	John Milton, born 1608.
10	Wed.	23	"	11.53	
11	Thur.	24	"	11.54	☾ near Spica.
12	Fri.	25	"	11.54	
13	Sat.	26	Libra.	11.55	(14th) ☾ near Venus.
14	♋	27	"	11.55	3d Sunday in Advent.
15	Mon.	28		11.56	Louis Agassiz, d. 1873.
16	Tues.	29		11.56	Jane Austen, died 1775.
17	Wed.	NEW		11.57	Beethoven, born 1770.
18	Thur.	1		11.57	Samuel Rogers, died 1855.
19	Fri.	2		11.58	Turner (painter), d. 1851.
20	Sat.	3	Capri.	11.58	Shortest day in the year.
21	♋	4	Aqua.	11.59	4th Sunday in Advent.
22	Mon.	5	"	11.59	Geo. Eliot, died 1881.
23	Tues.	6	"	12.00	Washington, resig'd 1783.
24	Wed.	7	Pisces	12.00	Vasco de Gama, d. 1525.
25	Thur.	8	"	12.01	Christmas-day.
26	Fri.	9	"	12.01	Thos. Gray, born 1716.
27	Sat.	10	Aries	12.02	Chas. Lamb, died 1834.
28	♋	11	"	12.02	1st Sunday after Christmas
29	Mon.	12	Taurus	12.03	☾ close to Aldebaran.
30	Tues.	13	"	12.03	☾ near Saturn.
31	Wed.	14	Gemini	12.04	Beaconsfield, born 1805.

THE sun, as he's nearing the end of his course,
Now drives with the goat in the traces;
And Santa Claus' reindeer are close to him now,
As on toward Christmas he races.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

CLEAR the track! Quick, turn back!
Here come the sleds with the boys!
Rosy cheeks! Funny freaks!
And never-ceasing noise.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

DECEMBER 15th, 8.30 P. M.

SATURN is still our only evening star; he is now at his brightest and is still in the constellation *Taurus*. We have now many of the constellations and stars in view that we began the year with. Not only *Taurus* but *Orion* is fully above the horizon. In the east is Procyon of *Canis Minor*, *The Little Dog*, an hour high. This name Procyon means Before the Dog, because it always rises a little before Sirius, the Dogstar, which we can see just above the horizon in the south-east. The Twins Castor and Pollux are in the east also, but without JUPITER, their brilliant guest of last spring. Above them is Capella in *Auriga, The Charioteer*. Lyra is low down in the far north-west, and when it sets will remain below the horizon but a few hours. The Square of Pegasus and *Andromeda* have passed to the west of our south mark. The most conspicuous star over our mark is Hamal, sometimes called Arietis. It is in the constellation of *Aries, The Ram*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. The sun is some distance below this star on the 20th of April, and passes between The Pleiades and Aldebaran on the 21st of May, as mentioned in "The Skies" for January.

THE OLD OAK AND THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"IT 'S very cold this morning," said a little Christmas-tree out in the forest, one windy December day; "though I 'm fir from head to foot, I am all in a shiver."

"You 'll be warm enough before long," said the Old Oak, "I 've seen the woodman looking at you several times lately."

"I know I 've branched out a good deal for myself the past year," said the little Tree proudly, "and I should not wonder if Santa Claus were very well satisfied with me, when I come to be all dressed up for a Christmas party."

"Ho-ho-ho!" laughed the Old Oak, "you and your family are too green; you should have put on brown, dingy jackets like the rest of us, and then you might live to a green old age, as I shall."

Just then the Woodman appeared.

"Well!" cried the little Christmas-tree, as the woodman bore it away, "it 's a great honor to be chosen, and Christmas comes but once a year."

* The names of planets are printed in CAPITALS,—those of constellations in italics.



"SNOW! Blow! Chill! Thrill! That 's the way I come, Mother, but I 'm a jolly, cheery fellow for all that," cries December; "and I 'm going to wrap you right up in a mantle of royal ermine, and make a real Queen of you, with a crown of my own diamonds, and give you a long rest from your labors. We are going to have gay times; there are so many Christmas-trees which I have to attend to, that I expect to be busy with Santa Claus every spare moment. I must drape the forest trees with snow; and there 's a deal of freezing to do: I can't have the brooks and streams running around so. I must put a stop to that right away. And then, such festoons of icicles as I have to hang here and there."

"Well, my dear," said Nature, "you are a jolly and cheery fellow, sure enough, and I shall be very glad to have my robe of ermine, for it is getting cold."

SANTA CLAUS.

OH, Santa Claus is a merry Prince,
He rules o'er the Christmas-tree!
His castle is built in fairy-land
On the topmost peak of Glee.

The name of the castle is Joyousness,
And down through its gardens gay
Run Happy River and Merry Brook
To Laughing Sea away.

The frisky leaves blow here and there
In the sweet little dancing breeze,
And fairy birds frolic the livelong day
Through the beautiful wind-swept trees.

And here in the gardens are growing the toys
That ripen for Christmas-day,
And our merry Prince has to tell the time
When they 're ready to garner away.

And how, do you ask, does he bring them to earth?
—In a beautiful fairy boat,
That sails along through a white-cloud sea,
Like a graceful swan afloat.

And when he draws near to the frozen earth,
He leaps to his loaded sleigh,
He dons his furs and grasps the reins.—
Then, "Hurrah! away, away!"

Now, if you can peep beyond the clouds
On some wonderful Christmas-eve,
I 'm sure you will see him sailing down,
His beautiful gifts to leave.

MADIE'S CHRISTMAS.

MADIE is a very happy little girl; and this is why her smile is so bright. She is called the middle child of the family, because she has a brother Joe, who is older, and a brother Benny, who is younger than she is. The boys are playing horse now, for I can hear Joe saying: "G-e-t up!" But Madie does not like to play horse. She would rather run about in the snow with Trip, her dear little black and white dog.



Now I will tell you about Madie's Christmas, just one year ago. She and Joe and Benny were very happy on that day, for they had a Christmas-tree full of bright little candles, all lighted, and pretty presents which their Papa soon handed them from its branches. Madie put hers in a nice pile, all but the best doll. She carried that in her arms nearly all day, and said, "I love her, oh, ever so much already!"—Joe liked his Punch-and-Judy show very much, and said it was by far the best thing on the beautiful tree; and baby Benny was made very happy by a lovely silver rattle. This was a year ago, you know, when Benny was only fifteen months old. Well, once during the day, Madie was not glad, and her smiles went quite away. I'll tell you how it was: She dressed herself in her Mamma's elegant silk skirt, for fun, and with her doll in her arms knocked at her Papa's door.





"I'll play I am a big lady" she said; "and, oh, how surprised Papa will be to see me!"



But Papa wanted to have some fun, too. So he made believe that he could not open the door. Madie knocked and knocked, and Papa talked to her through the door; at last he stepped back so that she might come in. Madie did not know this; and she knocked and pushed so hard, that—what *do* you think?—The door flew open, and Madie fell down flat, and bumped poor dolly's head upon the floor! Ah, how badly she felt! She forgot to be good, and cried, and stamped her little feet. She even threw off the long skirt that had made her look so fine, and wrapped dolly up in it, and told her, crossly, to "lie there." Papa, to make Madie laugh, got down on his knees and begged his little girl to forgive him. But she frowned and turned her back. Then he went softly away, and when Madie turned to forgive him, she saw that she was all







alone. "O! Papa! Papa!" she cried, as she ran up stairs. "Come back—I'll forgive you!"

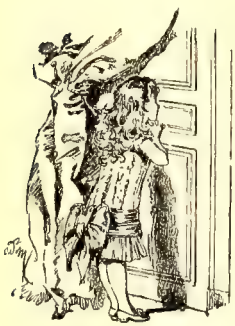
He ran into a room and shut the door; and when she knocked and begged him to let her in, he made believe cry. "Go away!"





he said just as Madie had said it when she was naughty. "But I'm good, now!" begged Madie, want *you!*" sobbed Papa in fun. again with her little girl." So put on the skirt as fast as she doll on her arm she met Papa in laughing. "I don't "I want the fine lady Madie ran down and could, and then with her the hall.

"Good-day, sir!" said she very sweetly; "I've brought my little girl to see you, and we wish you a merry Christmas, sir."



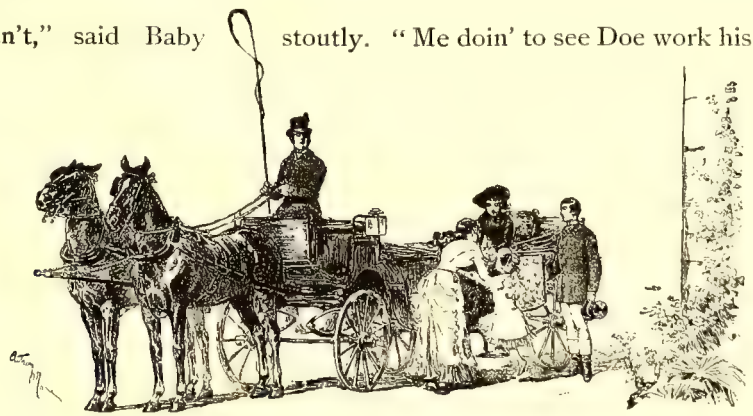
"The same to you," said Papa with a bow, as he caught his little girl in his arms and kissed her,—"and now take off your finery, and put on your white fur coat, for you are to go in the carriage with Mamma, to bring your cousins. We all shall have a happy Christmas dinner together!"



"Oh, oh, how lovely!" cried Madie, laughing with joy; and Benny clapped his little hands, while Joe held him up to the window to see the horses come prancing to the house.

"Joe!" called Madie from the steps—"Mamma says you and Benny may come, too!"

"Me tan't," said Baby stoutly. "Me doin' to see Doe work his Punce-and-Doody!"





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year; but it strikes me that it comes uncommonly early sometimes, that is, for Jack-in-the-Pulpits, who, so to speak, are cultivated by ST. NICHOLAS. Here my birds have hardly finished picking up the crumbs from Thanksgiving feasts, when, lo! a sound of joy is heard, the East is aglow with a new light, and little "Merry Christmases" begin to tingle and sparkle deep in everybody's heart, ready to spread and grow until, on the blessed day, they leap forth in happy speech and great love for all the world in general, and every one in particular!

I can see that you already are conscious of this same Christmas something —

Ha! Ho! I feel the glow,
But what it is I hardly know;
It must be Christmas coming, O!

Bless me! what a grand thing it is to be able to make other folk happy,—rich folk, poor folk (most especially poor folk), young folk, old folk, sick folk, well folk,— to start a summer in their souls right in the middle of winter — a summer of roses, lollipops and trumpets and drums! God bless you, my beloved, and keep you in peace and goodness and joy till Jack says "Merry Christmas" to you again!

Now for business. What matter shall we dispose of first? It shall be the letters. Here is one from Angie:

WHO CAN EXPLAIN?

NEWBURG, June 7, 1884.

MY DEAR JACK: This afternoon as I was sitting on the back piazza watching a thunder-storm come up the river, I seemed to see clouds, or, rather, quite a few miniature feathers, about as large as a pencil-dot floating through the air, when I looked across the river or at the sky. It never happened to me before, or, at least, I think it never did, although it may have done so. Perhaps, this is quite common, but, if it is not too much trouble, will you print this note, and let the dear Little School-ma'am's scholars give me an answer?

Your constant reader, ANGIE M. MYERS.

The Little School-ma'am says that Angie's experience is not an uncommon one. She thinks that she may have been watching the lightning, or else the sun as it was being alternately hidden and revealed by the clouds.

But why should watching either the lightning or the sun make Angie's eyes act in this remarkable manner? Have any of my boys and girls any explanation to offer?

A GOOD MAN'S ADVICE.

HERE is a letter from the Deacon:

DEAR JACK: Let me show your youngsters some words that a good and gifted man once wrote in the fly-leaf of a new book. The book had been bought by a young Boston mother for her only boy, and she was in the cars on her way home from New York, when she was joined by Wendell Phillips, who chanced to be on the same train. They were old friends, and the mother soon showed Mr. Phillips the book, which was entitled, *Spectacles for Young Eyes*. He glanced over it, and then, taking a pencil from his pocket, rapidly wrote these few lines on the fly-leaf:

"Frank
Better loves to read
Than to play;
Hear him with mother plead,
'Bring me a book from far away.'
Books,
The mind's food,
Are good;
But never clutch
Too much.
Good soul, sound stomach, strong brain,—
These are the chain
Which hold the world in your hand
And govern the land.
These serve God the best,
Till he gives you rest.
If you 'd fill life with true joy,
My boy,
While you use these 'SPECTACLES
FOR YOUNG EYES,'
Remember to get *strong*
As well as wise.

"*Wendell Phillips.*"

This was some years ago. Frank, who is now a man and well worthy of his noble old friend, lately showed me the book. I begged him to let me copy the lines for your young folk.

Yours truly, SILAS GREEN.

A BIRD WITH AN OVERCOAT.

HERE is a picture of a curious and sedate old fellow, who not only seems to have on an overcoat, but one that apparently belonged to his great-great-grandfather. It is long in the sleeves, high in the neck, and seems to be a little narrow in the back. In fact, this overcoat is such a close fit that it never comes off, as it is the peculiar marking of the bird, and is made of curious feathers that appear almost like scales.

If our comical-looking friend could talk, he would tell you that this picture was taken while he was on a visit to Her Majesty the Queen of England, and was boarding at the London Zoölogical Gardens, and that he belongs to the exalted order of *Spenisci*. Between you and me this high-sounding word only means that he is a penguin, who lives in some of the Queen's dominions in the Antarctic regions, and, like all the feathered inhabitants of out-of-the-way countries, he seems very strange and curious and not at all bird-like. Note how far back his feet are; how erect he stands; how long his arms are, and how much

like fins they look. You would almost think him a fish, and should you see him in the water you would be sure of it, for there he dives along just like one, and experts have taken his brothers and cousins for small porpoises as they jumped from wave to wave, using their long wings just like fins. On shore they stand upright, and march along in great bodies, so that from a distance they have been taken for soldiers.

Our friend in London, as I am told by C. F. Holder, the naturalist, is the representative of a large tribe, all looking in general alike, but having certain differences, so that they form various families.



"THE BIRD WITH AN OVERCOAT"—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. BRIGGS AND SON, LONDON.)

"Some," Mr. Holder's letter says, "are king penguins; others are jackass penguins, while others, again, are called rockhoppers. They are all confined to the Antarctic regions, and live in rookeries on the desert islands in such vast numbers that no one could count them. They live in regular cities of grass, divided off into streets, alleys, and lanes, along which the penguin families pass just as people do in their own homes. The king penguins divide their settlement into two portions: a larger and a smaller, and the latter is the nursery where the mothers and young live, curious little fellows covered with wool. If any of your friends, dear Jack, should go on a hunt after penguin eggs they would be awfully puzzled, as perhaps after seeing an egg from a distance, when they got to the spot they would find no egg there, while the old bird would protest with its 'urr—urr—urr' that it knew nothing about it. Old sailors used to say that the birds carried their great eggs under their arms, but that was a mistake. The missing egg will be found in a pouch right between the bird's broad-webbed feet. So you see some of the penguins not only have overcoats, but pockets in which the egg is carried about on land and kept warm, and is the only nest the penguin has. Some of the penguins, as the jackass of the Cape of Good Hope, build a nest near the shore; and what a nest it is! Perhaps there will be a collection of pebbles, then a covering of the white and blue shells of a goose barnacle; then some sea-weed, and then, in the case I have in view, half a dozen rusty nails, a piece of wood from a wreck, the nozzle of an old glass bottle, and the cover of a tin can—curious material, your children will say, for a nursery! Such a nest was found in the Falkland Islands, and the objects were taken from a hut deserted by whalers. Several of the birds had taken possession of the hut and built their nests on the floor, and made violent objection when the rightful owners returned."

All these facts, you must understand, are taken down from my friend Holder's personal information, and my birds assure me that he knows a great deal about birds and beasts, and all manner of living things.

A LETTER FROM A BIG DOG.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,
Oct. 2d, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I was lying at my master's feet the other evening when his sister was reading to him out of ST. NICHOLAS (which they think very much of, by the way) about the advanced ages of dogs and other animals, so I thought that I would get her to write to you and tell you about a dog that is *big* if he is n't old.

I was given to my little master on his twelfth birthday, and I think everything of him, and he thinks just as much of me, you may be sure.

I am a full-blooded Newfoundland dog of the St. John's breed; I am one year old, my weight is 145 pounds, my height, 33 inches, my length, from tip of nose to tip of tail, is 70 inches, and what is more, dear Jack, I am still growing.

Every day I go with my master to a restaurant to get my meat, and I carry the basket in my mouth there and back.

I am the biggest dog in this city, and I heard a lady say one day that when I growl it shakes the house. I expect that you will think me a very self-conceited dog; but everybody tells me that I am noble and handsome, so I begin to think that it is so.

Yours truly,

LIONEL LOVERING.

P. S. Lionel is my real name, but every one in the family calls me Lion for short.

L. L.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The principal of our Sunday-school is going to get up a "Children's Christmas Club," like the one you told about, so that we may give presents to all the poor little children. I think it will be lovely to see them made so happy. We have to pay ten cents to enter, and ten cents every month. This money must be earned, not exactly by work, but by some self-denial or something like that. I have a lovely Sunday-school teacher, who will help our class to dress dolls and make pretty things. We used to have a dog, a cat and little kittens, three cows, a great number of chickens and ducks, and two horses. But we moved and left them all with my grandfather. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever so long, and like it very much. The account of the Portland "Christmas Club" in ST. NICHOLAS for last December gave us the idea of getting up one.

Your friend, EUGENIE L.

"An admiring friend, M. D.," will please accept our thanks for the compliment of the following lines which he kindly sends to the Letter-Box:

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

(New version.)

It was time he should come, and I thought he might be
In the package the postman had handed to me;
I tore off the wrapper incredibly quick,
And saw "in a moment that it was ST. NICK,"—
Not he whose one visit occurs in December,
Whom all little ones by his gifts can remember,
But dear old ST. NICK, with its goodness and cheer
That brighten our household each month of the year!

WELLSBORO, PA., September, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and we have taken you eleven years, so I have had the ST. NICHOLAS all my life. You don't know how glad we are when a new number of you comes. There is a scramble and a rush, for we all try to get a look at it first. I say "all," for there are a good many of us — five girls and two boys besides me.

I read "Marvin and his Boy Hunters," and wished it was longer; and the "Spinning-wheel Stories" are splendid! We have an old dog named Towzer. He is a very good dog, but rather hard on cats. Whenever he sees one, he 'll chase it till it runs up a tree. But still he never hurts them. One day he saw a little kitten drowning in a stream, and he just put his nose in and lifted it out, and let it run away without chasing it. Was n't he good? There 's ever so much more to say; but as I don't want to fill up any more room in your precious magazine, I 'll stop.

Your loving reader, FRANCES P——.

KINCARDINE, ONT., February, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Canadian girl, living on the shores of Lake Huron. I want to tell you about the range of ice hills which are formed along the lake shore every winter, and which have the appearance of a range of miniature mountain-peaks, rising sometimes to a height of twenty or thirty feet. Some of these are hollow, with an opening leading to the water, and each wave as it surges into the opening sends forth a jet of spray and pieces of ice from the summit like a real volcano. It is a splendid sight to see a range of ice mountains stretching for miles along the shore, most of them snowy white and others of a mottled appearance, owing to the sand thrown up by the waves. The ice during the winter season stretches out as far as the horizon, but it is often taken nearly all away by the wind.

From your true friend,

AGNES MAY R——.

KANSAS CITY, MO., October, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have intended for some time to write to you, but have put it off, as little folks are very apt to do, and, Mamma says, big folks, too! But now I have something that I *must* tell you. I have had a real Jumbo day, just as big in pleasure as Jumbo is as an elephant, and with Jumbo, too. Barnum's circus has been here, with Jumbo and Queen and the Baby, and I enjoyed seeing Queen and the Baby so much after reading the October ST. NICHOLAS. Queen looks so gentle and quiet, it does not seem as if she ever could be in such a rage. Of course, in a large city like this, it is difficult to find vacant ground for the large tents, and it happened that the place finally chosen was very near where I live, only half a block from the back of our yard. There were thirty elephants with the circus, but the ones which interested me most were the three I first mentioned, and which have become so well known to all of us children who read the ST. NICHOLAS, as I do. While the parade was going through the streets in the morning, the keepers brought those three elephants to the hydrant near us and gave them their bath. You never saw anything so funny as Jumbo was; he would fill his trunk with water and throw it first over the left side of his body, then the right side, then over his back, and next under him on his stomach. Sometimes he would lift one ear and throw the water in there. Several times the keeper took hold of his trunk and led him away to give Queen and the Baby a chance to get near the tub, but before he could fairly turn around, Jumbo's trunk was over his head and into the tub again. Sometimes he threw the water over the Baby, who seemed to enjoy it very much. Again, late in the afternoon, they brought these three out to the hydrant, and my papa took me out close to them. I did enjoy it all so much, and I wished all the little children could have had such a day with Jumbo as I had. I watch for ST. NICHOLAS every month, and think I like best the articles that tell about circuses and cats.

Your constant reader, SARAH C.

AFTON HOUSE, AFTON, NELSON CO., VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nearly ten years old, and am spending some time with my grandma and aunt in the mountains of Virginia. We are all natives of New Orleans, La. This is the first letter I ever wrote to you, and I hope you will not throw it in the scrap-basket. My mamma, who is in Montgomery, Ala., wrote me that my little sister, who is only eighteen months old, said one night, when she was sleepy, "Mamma, my eyes are gone." I thought the remark so original I would write it to you.

I am so delighted with ST. NICHOLAS, and, although not a subscriber, I have been taking all the numbers for the past three or four years, and have three or four volumes. The stories are all so pretty I can't say which I like best.

I would like to write of the lovely scenery around here, but I wont tire you any more; so I remain, your new and admiring little friend, EDITH C——.

BESSIE H., Brooklyn: Concord, Mass.

BEIRUT, SYRIA, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A young girl and her little brother were out on a boating expedition with some friends. The little boy asked his sister to throw a wet handkerchief on the top of the water, in such a way as to make it puff out like a balloon. She replied that she could n't do it then with her gloves on, and told him to wait. He said nothing more about it until they had landed, and then he repeated his request. She again told him that he must wait until they reached home, and then remarked to one of the party that her little brother seemed to think that it was a great attainment to be able to make a balloon out of a handkerchief.

Was that a correct use of the word "attainment," or would it have been better to say "accomplishment"?

We have been having quite a little controversy as to whether or not it was making a right use of the word, and so I thought I would ask you to settle the question for us, and we will agree on whatever you decide. Yours truly, ALFREDA P.

It was an allowable use of the word *attainment*, but *accomplishment* would have been a better word in that special instance.

HAZLETON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine for eight years, and like it very much. I like Miss Alcott's and Frank R. Stockton's stories very much.

The town in which I live is all undermined by coal-mines, and sometimes parts of the town sink down, and the outskirts of the town are all full of mine-holes. I am thirteen years old, and I don't think I shall ever be too old to read you. Yours, etc., F. C. L.

WE heartily thank the following young friends for the very pleasant letters we have received from them: Stephanie Marie Coster, Georgie and Lucy, Victorin, A. McClees, Maybell E. H., Kate, "Edie," Clifton D. Pettis, "Papa and I," Christine M., Gettie Nagel, Meredith Hanna, A. E. C., May Bell Mayer, Florence P. Bossé, Stanley J. T. Platts, Mabel H. Chase, C. Higbe, Reid Simpson, Blanche McC., Flora Gros, Mabel Pollard, P. W. S., Louise Adele Ken, George Walkem, Norah Hamilton, M. E. K., L. I., Gussie, Benny, and "Skye," Mary B., L. F. L., Kittie Greenwood A., Geo. W. Stearns, A. Lincoln Fisher, K. Emmet, W. B., Lillie, Virginia D'Orfeuille Start.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-FOURTH REPORT.

To ALL the members and friends of the Agassiz Association we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Although the summer has its advantages in affording objects for collection, and warm days that invite us out-of-doors, yet the winter is, after all, quite as friendly to our work, for we all are quietly at home or at school, and have leisure for that patient study of our specimens which is our real purpose.

The most prominent feature noticeable this month in the progress of our Association is the greater earnestness of the members and the more substantial character of the work reported.

Superintendents of schools are coming to take an interest in the A. A., and they see in it a practical solution of the problem of introducing the study of Nature into the public schools.

The effect of our Convention is apparent in the formation of new Chapters, and in the stimulus received by old Chapters.

The Chapters of Iowa have formed a State Assembly, like the city Assemblies of Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, etc., and the invitations to their next annual meeting, in August, 1885, are already issued. It will not be long before all our larger cities will have these valuable and powerful Assemblies.

Let each one do his utmost to raise the standard of the work done in his Chapter, and to extend the knowledge and influence of the general Association. By the way, there is properly only *one* "Agassiz Association," consisting of many local Societies. It is not right, therefore, to speak of the "Blanktown Agassiz Association," but rather of the "Blanktown *Chapter* of the ST. NICHOLAS AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION." Any other form leads to confusion. The new Chapters of the month are as follows:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
703	Philadelphia (X)	12	S. K. Biddle, 449 W. 2d St.
704	Canastota, N. Y.	5	Chas. E. Beebee.
705	Philadelphia (Y)	9	Miss Edith Earpe, 641 N. 43d St.
706	Canandaigua, N. Y.	12	Lansing Burnett.
707	Spenceville, Cal.	14	Miss Maude M. Smith.
708	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	4	P. T. Bourne.
709	Philadelphia (Z)	11	H. D. Allen, 2305 St. Albans Place.
710	San Bernardino, Cal.	20	A. S. Guthrie.
711	Glens Falls, N. Y.	5	E. R. Wait.
712	Brooklyn, N. Y. (I)	4	I. E. Underhill, 227 Raymond St.
713	Old Chatham, N. Y.	12	R. W. Morey.
714	Concord, N. H.	6	Brian C. Roberts, 76 Rumford St.
715	Bloomington, Ill.	4	Spencer Ewing.

DISCONTINU'ED.

545 Fall River, Mass. ..... O. K. Hawes.

EXCHANGES.

The Lenox Chapter has for exchange, geodes and various fine mineral specimens, mounted woods (labeled), birds' eggs, and Central American ferns. Address for particulars, William Andreus, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

The Sec. of Salisbury, Mass. (A), is Ralph Halley, instead of Miss Helen Montgomery.

Minerals, insects, and birds, for large and rare insects, or other specimens in general.—G. W. Altman, 534 Clinton St., Buffalo, N. Y.

I should like to correspond with Edgar G. Banta. His name is almost like mine.—Edward G. Banta, Osceola, Iowa.

Perfect *Argynnis Cybele*, *Argynnis Bellona*, and *Vanessa Cardui*, for other butterflies.—Miss McFarland, 1727 F. St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

NOTES.

138. *Swarms of Butterflies.*—We have had a swarm of thousands of golden-brown butterflies on our maples.—E. G. Banta, Osceola, Iowa.

139. *Cardinal Head (?).*—I found near Long Branch, in a clump of elder, the nest of a large bird. The bird is black, and has a cardinal head. The nest was fully five inches in length and three in width, and was fastened by four corners to the branch. The eggs, three or four in number, were of a lilac tinge, with irregular black marks at the larger end. I should like to know what bird it is.—Mary H. Tatnall.

142. *Insects in Snow.*—August 5, I was coming down one of the highest mountains of Colorado—Grey's Peak. Near the summit was a large snow-bank, far above timber-line. In this snow was a large number of *living* insects, flies, mosquitoes, and bugs. Without moving I counted over twelve different kinds. They were burrowing in the snow and traveling around in their little caves. Perhaps the banks are the breeding-places for the mountain insects, as ponds are the homes of the insects lower down.

It will be worth while for the members of the clubs near the mountains to study the snow-banks and note down what they see.—Rev. W. D. Westervelt, Denver, Colorado.

143. *Cynthia Huntera.*—This butterfly, hitherto very rare, has this year been quite abundant here. I found the larvæ on the "Dusty Miller." They are black at first and covered with spines, but become light gray as they grow older. There were three broods this season.—Eugene H. Horne, Stratham, N. Y.

144. *Katydids.*—"When a boy I lived in Kentucky. Black locust-trees surrounded our house. When the katydids began to sing in the evening, we children used to go out into the yard and touch tree after tree with our fingers. No matter how light the touch, it caused the singing to cease, and a moment or two after our fingers were removed it would recommence. Sometimes there would be as many as ten katydids on a single tree, and no matter how close we approached, or how near we placed our fingers to the tree, the music would continue; but the *lightest* touch would cause it to stop instantaneously. At the time, I did this for mere amusement; but, in thinking of it in later years, I am puzzled to account for it." Such is the singular story told me by a gentleman in whom I have the utmost confidence. Have others of the A. A. had any similar experience, or will any one give an explanation of this strange fact?—Frank M. Davis, St. Louis, Mo.

145. "*Wheelbug.*"—I noticed in the June ST. NICHOLAS your question in regard to the so-called "wheelbug."

Its scientific name is *Reduvius novenarius* say; Prionotus cristatus (Linn.); the eggs are of a square-flasked shape, and are deposited in a hexagonal mass, containing seventy or more. The young larvæ are blood-red, with black markings. The larvæ, pupæ, and perfect insects feed on any insects they can overpower, not sparing one of their own kind. The imago is a singular insect, of slow motions when undisturbed, and has on the back of the thorax a wheel-like crest, having from eight to thirteen prongs, which is not possessed by the larvæ and pupæ.—Yours truly, Alonzo H. Stewart, Chapter 275 (E), No. 204 Fourth St., S. E. Washington, D. C.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

WILMINGTON, DEL., October, 1884.

Dear Sir: This Friday we will commence a new year of hard study of natural history. Last year we collected a great many natural objects, but I think that this year there will be more work done than before. Hoping that it will be of more interest to us, I remain, yours, etc., A. E. Keigwin, Sec.

691, Red Bank, N. J. This is our first report, and we have little matter yet to present beyond the fact of our organization. The suggestions given in the hand-book were found very helpful; and, with their assistance, we experienced no difficulty in drafting a constitution and putting ourselves into working order.

Our first need being a cabinet, it was agreed that each member should be his own judge as to form and material. To one, it proved to be a set of shelves; to another, a series of drawers; while, for the general collection, we constructed a larger cabinet, toward which each one is to contribute.

Our attention has been confined this summer mostly to the gathering of sea-shells, birds' eggs, and different varieties of leaves, to the arranging of which we purpose devoting our winter evenings.

Thanks to ST. NICHOLAS for pointing out to us the way to convert work into play, and to mingle so admirably pleasure and instruction.—Persie B. Sickels, Sec.

256, Newton Upper Falls. Chapter 256, A. A., is still advancing. We have added two new members. One of them is a girl who is very much interested in natural history, especially entomology. She is a very pleasant girl, and one whom we all like, but is very unfortunate in one respect. For a long time her eyes have troubled her, and now the doctors tell her that her eyesight will never be stronger, and that eventually she will be blind. So for her the Agassiz Association is a help,—one thing in which she can interest herself.

In our study we have dropped all other departments of science, and give our whole attention to birds. We find it very fascinating, and some of our members are growing to be quite expert in distinguishing the numerous birds, and in describing their nests and eggs. One member reports finding bluebirds' eggs the 9th of March,

which is earlier than ornithologists give the time. One question that perplexes us, and upon which we desire more knowledge, is, Do robins and other birds, if their nests are troubled and some of the eggs taken, eat the remaining eggs, or otherwise destroy them; and if not, what does become of the other eggs? For often they are gone when it is almost certain that no one has approached the nest since some were taken. One member insists that the birds eat their own eggs. Some of the A. A. are probably wise enough to know. — Sincerely yours, Josie M. Hopkins, Sec.

47, Hazleton, Luzerne Co., Pa. Harlan H. Ballard. *Dear Sir:* I submit to you our third report. Our membership has increased to eight, and we expect soon to give an entertainment. Have our cabinet full to overflowing, and will soon get a show-case.

In answer to the question in report 42,— how to get fossils from the rock,— the slate in which the fossils here (carboniferous age) are found has a great cleavage, and even in impressions, and more so in fossils, will crack open at the specimen. The fossils generally have a thin covering of glossy coal, which preserves the form and perhaps makes them easier to get out.— Yours very truly, Thos. F. McNair.

686, Lunenburg, Mass. Our days of infancy are being passed quietly, but we feel that we are growing. We number seven active and three honorary members.

We have met regularly every other Saturday but one since our organization. As a safeguard against the admission of any but workers to active membership, we have introduced the custom of making the acceptance of an election consist in reading a paper before the Chapter, and we find that this regulation works very well.

Each member is expected once in two months to read a paper or give a talk before the Chapter on some subject which he has been especially working up.

The chief difficulty we have to contend with is a hanging back in this matter of writing essays; in this difficulty we presume we are not alone.—J. S. Pray.

Physical Geography.

We conclude this report by giving you the following very kind offer of Professor A. Ramsay, of London:

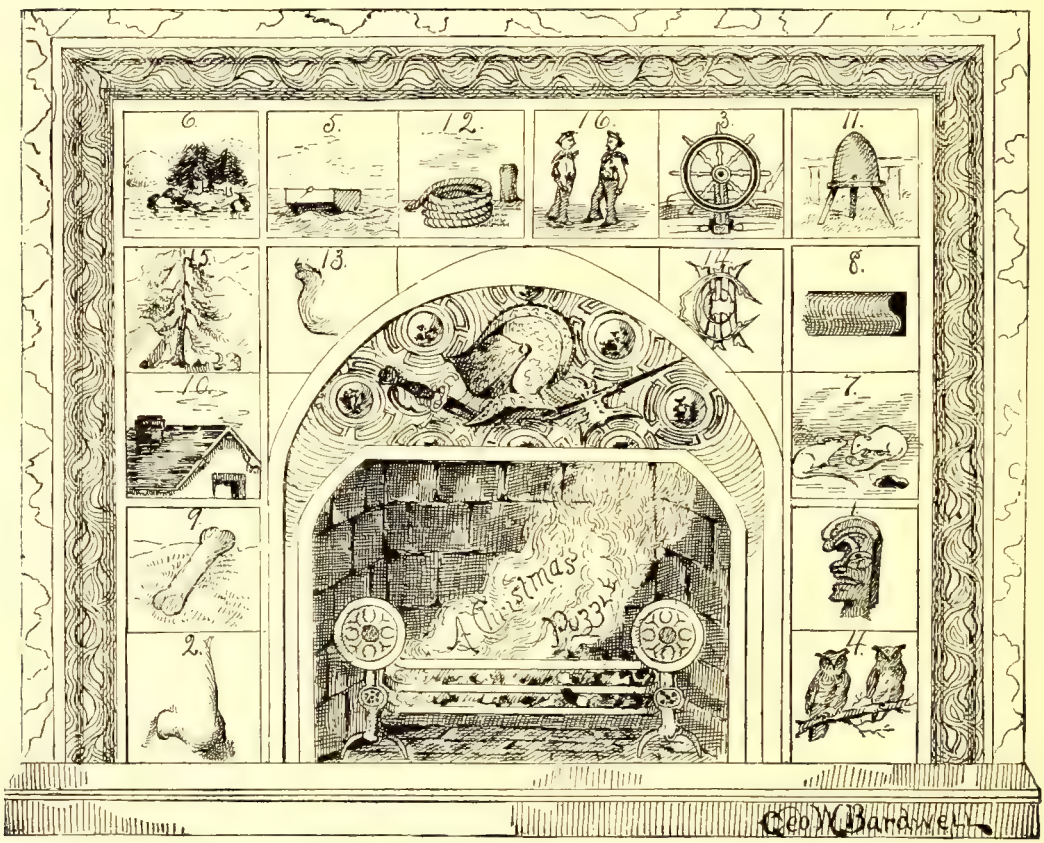
"Although I live a long way off, I should like to be allowed to show my appreciation of your work by offering to help in any way I can.

"This, I am well aware, does not amount to much, because my time is so fully occupied with scientific matters in this country; but whatever I may want in this respect shall, I hope, be made up in willingness. I will volunteer to do what I can to answer questions in Physical Geography.—Yours faithfully, A. Ramsay, 4 Cooper Road, Acton, London, W."

[*Will the Secretaries of Chapters kindly be punctual in sending in their bi-monthly reports?*]

President's address: Mr. Harlan H. Ballard,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



Each of the sixteen small pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of four letters. Take the first letter of the first four words, the second of the second four, the third letter of the third four, and the last letter of the last four words. These sixteen letters will form a Latin quotation that is always associated with the Emperor Constantine.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

This differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma, by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in noisy, not in still," the second "in slaughter, not in kill," and so on until the two words have been spelled. One of these words is a name for Christmas Day; the other, a name for the season.

In noisy, not in still;
In slaughter, not in kill;
In trammel, not in hook;
In viewing, not in look;
In rivet, not in wed;
In living, not in dead;
In trident, not in prong;
In yearning, not in long.

FRANK SNELLING.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

Each of the words described contains eight letters. When rightly selected and placed one below the other in the order here given, the third row of letters (reading downward) will spell a festive season; and the sixth row, a parasitic growth much in use at that season.

Cross-words: 1. Appeased. 2. Acting. 3. Fondled. 4. Archbishops. 5. Assaulted. 6. Those who provide food. 7. One who reckons. 8. Soldiers trained to serve either on horseback or on foot. 9. Those who examine metallic ores. CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

My *first* was so dense that *second* lost my way. "Oh, *third!*" said *second*, "this *first* is enough to *whole* anybody." MAX.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate a blemish from to fail of the intended effect, and leave muddy. 2. Syncopate a limb of a man from heating, and leave a limb of a fowl. 3. Syncopate a little demon from artlessly, and leave artful. 4. Syncopate a negative from to imply, and leave the fruit of the pine. 5. Syncopate a label from the childishness of old age, and leave a deer. 6. Syncopate a pony from the weight of goods carried in a ship, and leave sound. 7. Syncopate a tavern from a small fish, and leave to cut grass. 8. Syncopate the oily part of milk from shrieking, and leave to utter melodious sounds. 9. Syncopate a possessive pronoun from at what place, and leave a personal pronoun. 10. Syncopate a sign from an instant, and leave a familiar abbreviation. 11. Syncopate to cut off from muddy, and leave an emissary. 12. Syncopate an emmet from a closet, and leave to inspect closely. 13. Syncopate to work for from cautious, and leave a color.

The initials of the syncopated words, arranged in the order here given, will spell the name of an ancient bishop whose feast is celebrated in December. PAUL REESE.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. Not liberal toward the opinion of others. 2. Reflected. 3. Measured. 4. An architectural embellishment. 5. A boy's nickname. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In emend. FRANK.

BEHEADINGS.

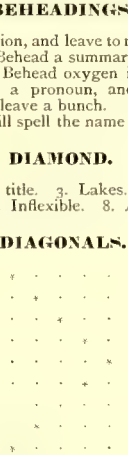
1. Behead an exclamation, and leave to need. 2. Behead a shelf, and leave a margin. 3. Behead a summary of Christian belief, and leave a pastoral pipe. 4. Behead oxygen in a condensed form, and leave a belt. 5. Behead a pronoun, and leave an inheritor. 6. Behead a hard blow, and leave a bunch.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a well-known writer. IDA G.

DIAMOND.

1. In diamond. 2. A title. 3. Lakes. 4. Chooses. 5. Guidance. 6. To correct. 7. Inflexible. 8. A kind of sauce for fish. 9. In diamond. "NAVAJO."

DIAGONALS.



The diagonals, beginning at the top, spell the name of a plant sometimes called the Christmas-flower.

Cross-words: 1. An evergreen. 2. To break. 3. A military salute. 4. To pace. 5. A strong rope. 6. A manufacturing town of England. 7. An inundation. 8. A subterranean chapel. 9. To elevate. DYCIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

Rebus. "Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

Numerical Enigma.

"Praise Him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss."

Charade. Sea-man-ship.

Inverted Pyramid. Across: 1. Barbarian. 2. Sealion. 3. Drips. 4. Eve. 5. E.

Half-square. 1. Sarcastic. 2. Aversion. 3. Relapse. 4 Craves. 5. Aspen. 6. Siss. 7. Toe. 8. In. 9. C.

Peculiar Acrostics. Fourth line, Thanksgiving; sixth line Proclamation. Cross-words: 1. mulTiPlex. 2. cipHeRing. 3. belAbOred. 4. barNaCles. 5. sacKcLoth. 6. conStAble. 7. triGaMous. 8. digItAted. 9. priVaTion. 10. decIsIons. 11. chiNcOugh. 12. conGeNial.

Cube. From 1 to 2, rascal; 2 to 6, leaves; 5 to 6, dishes; 1 to 5, rimmed; 3 to 4, tomtit; 4 to 8, tether; 7 to 8, tanner; 3 to 7, tumult; 1 to 3, rat; 2 to 4, lit; 6 to 8, sir; 5 to 7, dot.

Combination Puzzle. Primals, Name; finals, Less. Cross-words: 1. NelL. 2. AchE. 3. MisS. 4. EelS.

Metamorphoses. 1. One, ode, odd, add, aid, rid, rod, cod, coo, too, two. 2. Fish, fist, gist, girt, gird, bird. 3. North, forth, forts, fords, lords, loads, roads, roods, roots, boots, booth, sooth, south. 4. Earth, garth, girth, girts, girls, gills, galls, gales, gates, hates, hater, water. 5. East, last, lest, west. 6. Calf, call, cell, sell, seal, veal. 7. Pink, pick, peck, peak, beak, beam, seam, slam, slag, slug, slue, blue. 8. Lion, lien, lies, ties, tier, bier, beer, bear.

Pi. Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green.
Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.
"*Third of November.*"

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the October Number were received, before October 20, from Arthur Gride — Blanche Sherry — Maggie T. Turrill — Francis W. Islip — Hugh and Cis — "Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William" — Harry Wheelock.

Answers to Puzzles in the October Number were received, before October 20, from Mabel L. and Florence E., 1 — Paul Reese, 10 — "Onlagiskit," 7 — Louise D. Pitkin, 1 — Alice R. Douglass, 3 — "Navajo," 7 — No name, New York, 1 — "Luck," 8 — Harry Creed, 1 — Albert Casey, 1 — May Lanahan, 3 — Hallie Woods, 1 — "Pepper and Maria," 9 — M. Simpkins, 5 — Clare and Constance Hubert, 5 — M. Barnett and M. Gowm, 1 — W. Davis, 1 — G. F. F., 1 — D. C., 3 — Claire Starkey, 1 — Pearl W., 1 — Victor, 1 — Ida Maude Preston, 7 — Mabel and Frankie, 3 — Lilian Osborne, 1 — Mabel C., 1 — Ella Vivian, 5 — Lidie Le Maistre, 1 — Johnny Duck, 11 — Cora Felson and Theresa Scott, 2 — L. E. M., 1 — Bob Howard, 2 — Harry J. Light, 5 — "Robin Hood," 7 — Louise, Addie, and Eleanor, 6 — Alma Hoffman, 2 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Jennie E. Denman, 1 — C. M. L., 9 — Walter Kinsey, 1 — H. H. C., 1 — Maude Bugbee, 5 — S. R. T., 12 — E. M. Lewis, 8 — Blanche McC., 1 — "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 4 — L. H. B., 2 — Tiny Puss, Mitz and Muff, 10 — S. H. Hepner, 1 — "Pencroft," 4 — May Warren, 3 — Blanche Sherry, "Grantham," London, 6 — Herbert Gaytes, 5 — Alex. Laidlaw, 4 — Margie Ware, 1 — Pliny O. Dorman, 1 — Emma A. Warner, 8 — Marian C. Hatch, 5 — L. I., 9 — Alice M. Burbank, 1 — Miles Turpin, 8 — Olive, Ida, and Lillie G., 4 — Lulu Fargo, 3 — Edith L. Young, 3 — T. R. and E. R. S., 12 — E. G. C. and H. E. B., 6 — "Shumway Hen and Chickens," 10 — "Two Cousins," 6 — S. and S., 8 — Clara and Mamma, 12 — Jennie L. Dupuis, 3 — "I, Me, and Myself," 2 — Ida and Edith Swanwick, 6 — "Captain Nemo," 4 — E. Muriel Grundy, 8 — "Jimmy Jones," 4 — Harry S. Adams, 3 — Daisy, 7 — Papa, Eleanor, and Maude Peart, and J. Spiller, 7 — Marjorie L., 3 — G. and A. Cooley, 3 — Mabel Cholwell Miller, 10 — George Habenicht, 2 — Petsy and Beatie, 2 — Mary P. Stockett, 8 — Hessie D. Boylston, 2 — Tom and George, 4.

A DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.



WITH her funny little glasses you 'd have thought her very wise
If it was n't for the laughter that was peeping from her eyes;
Just the queerest and the dearest little school-ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was certainly her own.

"I give my brightest pupil," in a pleasant tone she said,
"A little corner by himself to show that he is head,
And, to spare the tender feelings of the dullest boy, I put
All the others in a circle so you can't tell which is foot.

"Whenever any pupil in his lessons does n't miss,
I encourage his endeavors with a penny sugar-kiss;
And, since this slight upon the rest might too severely fall,
I take the box of kisses and I hand 'em round to all.

"I 've asked them what they 'd like to be a dozen times or more,
And each, I find, intends when grown to keep a candy store;
So, thinking that they ought to have some knowledge of their trade,
I 've put a little stove in, just to show them how it 's made.

"Enthusiastic? Bless you, it is wonderful to see
How interested in such things a little child can be;
And, from their tempting taffy and their luscious lollipops,
I 'm sure they 'll do me credit when they come to open shops."

And, with a nod that plainly showed how free she was from doubt,
She deftly smoothed the wrinkles of her snowy apron out—
Just the queerest and the dearest little school-ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was really her own!

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.



A "GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE" RACE.



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD, IN BAS-RELIEF.

FROM A MEDALLION BY AUGUSTUS ST GAUDENS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SAID the Child to the youthful Year:
" What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

" My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose.

" All these and more shall be thine,
Dear Child,— but the last and best
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

" Wouldst know this last, best gift?
'T is a conscience clear and bright,
A peace of mind which the soul can lift
To an infinite delight.

" Truth, patience, courage, and love
If thou unto me canst bring,
I will set thee all earth's ills above.
O Child, and crown thee a King!"

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN;

OR, WHAT FOLLOWED READING "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

By Charles E. Carryl.



"'VENISON IS DEER, IS N'T IT?' SAID DAVY, LOOKING UP AT THE SIGN."

Chapter VI.

THE MOVING FOREST.

"Oh, dear!" cried Davy, speaking aloud in his distress, "I do wish people and things would n't change about so! Just so soon as ever I get to a place, it goes away, and I 'm somewhere else!" And the little boy's heart began to beat rapidly as he looked about him; for the wood was very dark and solemn and still.

Presently the trees and bushes directly before him moved silently apart and showed a broad path beautifully overgrown with soft turf; and as he stepped forward upon it, the trees and bushes beyond moved silently aside in their turn, and the path grew before him, as he walked along, like a green carpet slowly unrolling itself through the wood. It made him a little uneasy at first to find that the trees behind him came together again, quietly blotting out the path,—but then he thought:

"It really does n't matter so long as I don't want to go back," and so he walked along very contentedly.

By and by, the path seemed to give itself a shake, and, turning abruptly around a large tree, brought Davy suddenly upon a little butcher's shop, snugly buried in the wood. There was a sign on the shop, reading, "Robin Hood: Venison," and Robin himself, wearing a clean white apron over his suit of Lincoln green, stood in the door-way, holding a knife and steel as though he were on the lookout for customers. As he caught sight of Davy, he said, "Steaks? Chops?" in an inquiring way, quite like an every-day butcher.

"Venison is deer, is n't it?" said Davy, looking up at the sign.

"Not at all," said Robin Hood, promptly. "It 's the cheapest meat about here."

"Oh, I did n't mean that," replied Davy; "I meant that it comes off of a deer."

"Wrong again!" said Robin Hood, triumphantly. "It comes *on* a deer. I cut it off myself. Steaks? Chops?"

"No, I thank you," said Davy, giving up the argument. "I don't think I want anything to eat just now."

"Then what did you come here for?" said Robin Hood, peevishly. "What 's the good, I 'd like to know, of standing around and staring at an honest tradesman?"

"Well, you see," said Davy, beginning to feel frightened, "I did n't know you were this sort of person at all. I always thought you were an archer, like—like William Tell, you know."

"That 's all a mistake about Tell," said Robin Hood, contemptuously. "*He* was n't an archer. He was a cross-bow man,—the crossest one that ever lived. By the way, you don't happen to want any steaks or chops to-day, do you?"

"No, not to-day, thank you," said Davy, very politely.

"To-morrow?" inquired Robin Hood.

"No, I thank you," said Davy again.

"Will you want any yesterday?" inquired Robin Hood, rather doubtfully.

"I think not," said Davy, beginning to laugh.

Robin Hood stared at him for a moment with a puzzled expression, and then walked into his little shop and Davy turned away. As he did so, the path behind him began to unfold itself through the wood, and looking back over his shoulder, he saw the little shop swallowed up by the trees and bushes. Just as it disappeared from view, he caught a glimpse of a charming little girl peeping out of a latticed window beside the door. She wore a little red hood and looked wistfully after Davy as the shop went out of sight.

"I verily believe that was Little Red Riding Hood," said Davy to himself, "and I never knew before that Robin Hood was her father!" The thought of Red Riding Hood, however, brought the wolf to Davy's mind, and he began to anxiously watch the thickets on either side of the path, and even went so far as to whistle softly to himself, by way of showing that he was n't in the least afraid. He went on and on, hoping the forest would soon come to an end, until the path shook itself, again disclosing to view a trim little brick shop in the densest part of the thicket. It had a neat little green door, with a bright brass knocker upon it, and a sign above it, bearing the words,

"SHAM-SHAM: BARGAINS IN WATCHES."

"Well!" exclaimed Davy in amazement. "Of all places to sell watches in, that 's the preposterest!" But as he turned to walk away, he found the trees and bushes for the first time blocking his way, and refusing to move aside. This distressed him very much, until it suddenly occurred to him that this must mean that he was to go into the shop; and after a moment's hesitation he went up and knocked timidly at the door with the bright brass knocker. There was no response to the knock, and Davy cautiously pushed open the door and went in.

The place was so dark that at first he could see nothing, although he heard a rattling sound coming from the back part of the shop, but presently he discovered the figure of an old man, busily mixing something in a large iron pot. As Davy approached him, he saw that the pot was full of watches, which the old man was stirring about with a ladle. The old creature was very curiously dressed in a suit of rusty green velvet, with little silver buttons sewed over it, and he wore a pair of enormous yellow-leather boots; and Davy was quite alarmed at seeing that a broad leathern belt about his waist was stuck full of old-fashioned knives and pistols. Davy was about to retreat quickly from the shop, when the old man looked up and said, in a peevish voice:

"How many watches do you want?" and Davy saw that he was a very shocking-looking person, with wild, staring eyes, and with a skin as dark as mahogany, as if he had been soaked in something for ever so long.

"How many?" repeated the old man impatiently.

"If you please," said Davy, "I don't think I 'll take any watches to-day. I 'll call——"

"Drat 'em!" interrupted the old man, angrily beating the watches with his ladle, "I 'll never get rid of 'em—never!"

"It seems to me—" began Davy, soothingly.

"Of course it does!" again interrupted the old man as crossly as before. "Of course it does! That 's because you wont listen to the why of it."

"But I *will* listen," said Davy.

"Then sit down on the floor and hold up your ears," said the old man.

Davy did as he was told to do, so far as sitting down on the floor was concerned, and the old man pulled a paper out of one of his boots, and glaring at Davy over the top of it, said angrily:

"You 're a pretty spectacle! I 'm another. What does that make?"

"A pair of spectacles, I suppose," said Davy.

"Right!" said the old man. "Here they are."



"HOW MANY WATCHES DO YOU WANT?" SAID SHAM-SHAM, IN A PEEVISH VOICE.

And pulling an enormous pair of spectacles out of the other boot he put them on, and began reading aloud from his paper:

"'*My recollectest thoughts are those*
Which I remember yet;
And bearing on, as you'd suppose,
The things I don't forget.

"'*But my resemblest thoughts are less*
Alike than they should be;
A state of things, as you'll confess,
You very seldom see.'"

"Clever, is n't it?" said the old man, peeping proudly over the top of the paper.

"Yes, I think it is," said Davy, rather doubtfully.

"Now comes the cream of the whole thing," said the old man. "Just listen to this:

"'*And yet the mostest thought I love*
Is what no one believes —'"

Here the old man hastily crammed the paper into his boot again, and stared solemnly at Davy.

"What is it?" said Davy, after waiting a moment for him to complete the verse. The old man glanced suspiciously about the shop, and then added, in a hoarse whisper:

"'*That I'm the sole survivor of*
The famous Forty Thieves!'"

"But I thought the Forty Thieves were all boiled to death," said Davy.

"All but me," said the old man, decidedly. "I was in the last jar, and when they came to me the oil was off the boil, or the boil was off the oil,— I forget which it was,— but it ruined my digestion and made me look like a ginger-bread man. What larks we used to have!" he continued, rocking himself back and forth and chuckling hoarsely. "Oh! we were a precious lot, we were! I 'm Sham-Sham, you know. Then there was Anamanamona Mike — he was an Irishman from Hullaboo — and Barcelona Boner — he was a Spanish chap, and boned everything he could lay his hands on. Strike's real name was Gobang; but we called him Strike, because he was always asking for more pay. Hare Ware was a poacher, and used to catch Welsh rabbits in a trap; we called him "Hardware" because

he had so much *steal* about him. Good joke, was n't it?"

"Oh, very!" said Davy, laughing.

"Frown Whack was a scowling fellow with a club," continued Sham-Sham. "My! how he could hit! And Harico and Barico were a couple of bad Society Islanders. Then there was Wee Wo; he was a little Chinese chap, and we used to send him down the chimneys to open front doors for us. He used to say that sooted him to perfection. Wac——"

At this moment an extraordinary commotion began among the watches. There was no doubt about it, the pot was boiling. And Sham-Sham, angrily crying out "Don't tell *me* a watched pot never boils!" sprang to his feet, and pulling a pair of pistols from his belt, began firing at the watches, which were now bubbling over the side of the pot and rolling about the floor; while Davy, who had had quite enough of Sham-Sham by this time, ran out of the door.

To his great surprise, he found himself in a sort of under-ground passage lighted by grated openings overhead; but as he could still hear Sham-Sham, who now seemed to be firing all his pistols at once, he did not hesitate, but ran along the passage at the top of his speed.

Presently he came in sight of a figure hurrying toward him with a lighted candle, and as it approached he was perfectly astounded to see that it was Sham-Sham himself, dressed up in a neat calico frock and a dimity apron like a housekeeper, and with a bunch of keys hanging at his girdle. The old man seemed to be greatly agitated, and hurriedly whispering, "We thought you were *never* coming, sir!" led the way through the passage in great haste. Davy noticed that they were now in a sort of tunnel made of fine grass. The grass had a delightful fragrance, like new-mown hay, and was neatly wound around the tunnel like the inside of a bird's nest. The next moment they came out into an open space in the forest, where, to Davy's amazement, the



"SHAM-SHAM, EXCLAIMING 'DON'T TELL ME A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS!' BEGAN FIRING AT THE WATCHES."

Cockalorum was sitting bolt upright in an arm-chair, with its head wrapped up in flannel.

It seemed to be night, but the place was lighted up by a large chandelier that hung from the branches of a tree, and Davy saw that a number of odd-looking birds were roosting on the chandelier among the lights, gazing down upon the poor

Cockalorum with a melancholy interest. As Sham-Sham made his appearance with Davy at his heels, there was a sudden commotion among the birds, and they all cried out together, "Here 's the doctor!" Before Davy could reply, the Hole-keeper



THE COCKALORUM IS ILL.

suddenly made his appearance with his great book, and hurriedly turning over the leaves, said, pointing to Davy, "*He* is n't a doctor. His name is Gloopitch." At these words, there arose a long, wailing cry, the lights disappeared, and Davy found himself on a broad path in the forest with the Hole-keeper walking quietly beside him.

CHAPTER VII.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR'S HOUSE.

"YOU had no right to tell those birds my name was Gloopitch!" said Davy, angrily. "That 's the second time you 've got it wrong."

"Well, it 's of no consequence," said the Hole-keeper, complacently. "I 'll make it something else the next time. By the way, you 're not the postman, are you?"

"Of course I 'm not," said Davy.

"I 'm glad of that," said the Hole-keeper; "postmen are always so dreadfully busy. Would you mind delivering a letter for me?" he added, lowering his voice confidentially.

"Oh, no," answered Davy, rather reluctantly; "not if it will be in my way."

"It 's sure to be in your way because it 's so big," said the Hole-keeper; and taking the letter out of his pocket, he handed it to Davy. It certainly was a very large letter, curiously folded like a dinner-napkin and sealed in a great many places with red and white peppermint drops; and Davy was much pleased to see that it was addressed:

Captain Robinson Crusoe,
Jeran Feranderperandamam,
B. G.

"What does B. G. stand for?" said Davy.

"Baldergong's Geography, of course," said the Hole-keeper.

"But why do you put *that* on the letter?" inquired Davy.

"Because you can't find Jeran Feranderperandamam anywhere else, stupid," said the Hole-keeper, impatiently. "But I can't stop to argue about it now," and saying this, he turned into a side path, and disappeared in the wood.

As Davy walked mournfully along, turning the big letter over and over in his hands, and feeling very confused by the Hole-keeper's last remark, he presently saw, lying on the walk before him, a small book beautifully bound in crimson morocco, and picking it up, he saw that it was marked on the cover:

BALDERGONG'S STUFFING FOR THE STUPID.

"Perhaps this will tell me where to go," he thought as he opened it; but it proved to be far more confusing than the Hole-keeper himself had been. The first page was headed "How to frill griddlepigs"; the second page, "Two ways of frumpling crumbles"; the third page, "The best snub for feastie spralls"; and so on, until Davy felt as if he were taking leave of his senses. He was just about to throw the book down in disgust, when it was suddenly snatched out of his hands; and turning hastily, he saw a savage glaring at him from the bushes.

Now Davy knew perfectly well, as all little boys should know, that when you meet a savage in the

woods you must get behind a tree as quickly as possible; but he did this in such haste that he found to his dismay that he and the savage had chosen the same tree, and in the next instant the savage was after him. The tree was a very large one, and Davy in his fright went around it a number of times so rapidly that he presently caught sight of the back of the savage, and he was surprised to see that he was no bigger than a large monkey; and moreover, that he was gorgeously dressed in a beautiful blue coat, with brass buttons on the tail of it, and pink striped trousers. Davy had hardly made this discovery, when the savage suddenly disappeared through a door in a high paling of logs that began at the tree and extended in a straight line far out into the forest.

It was very puzzling to Davy when it occurred to him that, although he had been around the tree at least a dozen times, he had never seen this paling before. The door through which the savage had disappeared also bothered him; for, though it was quite an ordinary-looking door, it had no knob nor latch, nor indeed any way of being opened that he could perceive. On one side of it, in the paling, was a row of bell-pulls, marked:

Family.
Butcher.
Baker.
Police.
Candlestick-maker.

and on the door itself was a large knocker, marked:

Postman.

After examining all these, Davy decided that, as he had a letter in charge, he was more of a postman than anything else, and he therefore raised the knocker and rapped loudly. Immediately all the bell-pulls began flying in and out of their own accord, with a deafening clangor of bells behind the paling; and then the door swung slowly back upon its hinges.

Davy walked through the door-way and found himself in the oddest-looking little country place that could possibly be imagined. There was a little lawn laid out on which a sort of soft fur was growing instead of grass, and here and there about the lawn, in the place of flower-beds, little foot-stools, neatly covered with carpet, were growing out of the fur. The trees were simply large feather-dusters; but they seemed, nevertheless, to be growing in a very thriving manner. And on a little mound at the back of the lawn, stood a small house built entirely of big conch-shells with their pink mouths turned outward. This gave the house a very cheerful appearance, as if it were constantly on a broad grin. .

The savage was sitting in the shade of one of the dusters, complacently reading the little red book; and as Davy approached, he saw, to his astonishment, that he was the Goblin dressed up like an Ethiopian serenader.

"Oh! you dear, delicious old Goblin!" cried Davy, in an ecstasy of joy at again finding his traveling-companion. "And were you the savage that was chasing me just now?"

The Goblin nodded his head, and exclaiming,



"THE SAVAGE WAS SITTING IN THE SHADE OF ONE OF THE DUSTERS."

"My, how you did cut and run!" rolled over and over, kicking his heels about in a delirium of enjoyment.

"Goblin," said Davy, gravely, "I think we can have just as good a time without any such doings as that. And now tell me what place this is."

"Sindbad the Sailor's house," said the Goblin, sitting up again.

"Really and truly?" said the delighted Davy.

"Really and treally truly," said the Goblin. "And here he comes now!"

Davy looked around and saw an old man coming toward them across the lawn. He was dressed in a Turkish costume, and wore a large turban and red morocco slippers turned up at the toes like skates; and his white beard was so long that at every fourth step he trod upon it, and fell forward to the ground. He took no notice whatever of either Davy or the Goblin, and after falling down a number of times, took his seat upon one of the little carpet foot-stools. Taking off his turban, he began stirring about in it with a large wooden spoon. As he took off his turban, Davy saw that his head, which was perfectly bald, was neatly laid out in black and white squares like a chess-board.

"He 's the most absent-minded story-teller that ever was born," said the Goblin, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at Sindbad.

As Davy and the Goblin sat down beside him, Sindbad hastily put on his turban, and after scowling at Davy for a moment, said to the Goblin, "It 's no use telling *him* anything; he 's as deaf as a trunk."

"Then tell it to me," said the Goblin, with great presence of mind.

"All right," said Sindbad, "I 'll give you a nautical one."

Here he rose for a moment, hitched up his big trousers like a sailor, cocked his turban on one side of his head, and sitting down again, began:



"HE PLAYED HOP-SCOTCH WITH THE STARBOARD WATCH."

"A capital ship for an ocean trip,
Was 'The Walloping Window-blind';
No gale that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was taught to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow,
And it often appeared, when the weather had cleared,
That he 'd been in his bunk below.

"The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
And he played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain tickled the crew.
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after-rail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the booming gale.

"The captain sat in a commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gummery bread each day.
But the cook was Dutch and behaved as such;
For the diet he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
Prepared with sugar and glue.

"All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles,
And the Rumbletumbunders roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee;
And the cinnamon-bats wore water-proof hats
As they danced in the sounding sea.

"On rubgub bark, from dawn to dark,
We fed, till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk,—when a Chinese junk
Came by from the torriby zone.
She was stubby and square, but we did n't much care,
And we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
The bark of the rubgub-tree."

Here Sindbad stopped, and gazed solemnly at Davy and the Goblin.

"If you please, sir," said Davy, respectfully, "what is gummery bread?"

"It 's bread stuffed with molasses," said Sindbad; "but I never saw it anywhere, except aboard of 'The Prodigal Pig.'"

"But," said Davy, in great surprise, "you said the name of your ship was ——"

"So I did, and so it was," interrupted Sindbad, testily. "The name of a ship sticks to it like wax to a wig. You *can't* change it."

"Who gave it that name?" said the Goblin.

"What name?" said Sindbad, looking very much astonished.

"Why, 'The Cantering Soup-tureen,'" said the Goblin, winking at Davy.

"Oh, *that* name!" said Sindbad; "that was given to her when —— But speaking of soup-tureens—let 's go and have some pie;" and rising to his feet, he gave one hand to Davy and the other to the Goblin, and they all walked off in a row toward the little shell house. This, however, proved to be a very troublesome arrangement, for Sindbad was constantly stepping on his long beard and falling down; and as he kept a firm hold of his companions' hands, they all went down in a heap together a great many times. At last Sindbad's turban fell off, and as he sat up on the grass and began stirring in it again with his wooden spoon, Davy saw that it was full of broken chess-men.

"It 's a great improvement, is n't it?" said Sindbad.

"What is?" said Davy, very much puzzled.

"Why, this way of playing the game," said Sindbad, looking up at him complacently. "You see, you make all the moves at once."

"It must be a very easy way," said Davy.

"It 's nothing of the sort," said Sindbad, sharply. "There are more moves in one of my games than in twenty ordinary games;" and here he stirred up the chess-men furiously for a moment, and then, triumphantly calling out "Check!" clapped the turban on his head.

As they set out again for the little house, Davy saw that it was slowly moving around the edge of the lawn, as if it were on a circular railway, and Sindbad followed it around, dragging Davy and the Goblin with him, but never getting any nearer to the house.

"Don't you think," said Davy, after a while, "that it would be a good plan to stand still and wait until the house came around to us?"

"Here, drop that!" exclaimed Sindbad, excitedly, "that 's my idea. I was just about proposing it myself."

"So was I," said the Goblin to Sindbad. "Just leave my ideas alone, will you?"

"*Your* ideas!" retorted Sindbad, scornfully. "I did n't know you 'd brought any with you."



"HE GAVE ONE HAND TO DAVY AND THE OTHER TO THE GOBLIN."

"I had to," replied the Goblin, with great contempt, "otherwise there would n't have been any on the premises."

"Oh! come, I say!" cried Sindbad, "that 's my sneer, you know. Don't go to putting the point of it the wrong way."

"Take it back, if it 's the only one you have," retorted the Goblin, with another wink at Davy.



"Thank you, I believe I will," replied Sindbad, meekly; and as the little house came along just then, they all stepped in at the door as it went by. As they did so, to Davy's amazement Sindbad and the Goblin quietly vanished, and Davy, instead of being inside the house, found himself standing in a dusty road, quite alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAY-OVERS FOR MEDDLERS.

AS DAVY stood in the road, in doubt which way to go, a Roc came around the corner of the house. She was a large bird, nearly six feet tall, and was comfortably dressed in a bonnet and a plaid shawl, and wore overshoes. About her neck was hung a covered basket and a door-key, and Davy at once concluded that she was Sindbad's housekeeper.

"I did n't mean to keep you waiting," said the Roc, leading the way along the road; "but I declare that, what with combing that lawn every morning with a fine-tooth comb, and brushing those shells every evening with a fine tooth-brush, I don't get time for anything else, let alone feeding the animals."

"What animals?" said Davy, beginning to be interested.

"Why, *his*, of course," said the Roc, rattling on in her harsh voice. "There 's an Emphasis and two Periodicals and a Spotted Disaster, all crawlin' and creepin' and screechin' ——"

Here Davy, unable to control himself, burst into a fit of laughter, in which the Roc joined heartily, rolling her head from side to side and repeating "All crawlin' and creepin' and screechin'" over and over again, as if that were the cream of the joke. Suddenly she stopped laughing and said in a low voice, "You don't happen to have a beefsteak about you, do you?"

Davy confessed that he had not, and the Roc continued, "Then I must go back. Just hold my basket, like a good child." Here there was a scuffling sound in the basket and the Roc rapped on the cover with her hard beak and cried, "Hush!"

"What 's in it?" said Davy, cautiously taking the basket.

"Lay-overs for meddlers," said the Roc, and hurrying back along the road, was soon out of sight.

"I wonder what they 're like," said Davy to himself, getting down upon his hands and knees and listening curiously with his ear against the cover of the basket. The scuffling sound continued, mingled with little sneezes and squeaking sobs as if some very small kittens had bad colds and were crying about it.

"I think I 'll take a peep," said Davy, looking cautiously about him. There was no one in sight, and he carefully raised the cover a little way and tried to look in. The scuffling sound and the sobs ceased, and the next instant the cover flew off the basket and out poured a swarm of little brown creatures like snuff-boxes with legs. As they scampered off in all directions, Davy made a frantic grab at one of them, when it instantly turned over on its back and blew a puff of smoke into his face, and he rolled over in the road almost stifled. When he was able to sit up again and look about him, the empty basket was lying on its side near him, and not a lay-over was to be seen. At that moment, the Roc came in sight, hurrying along the road with her shawl and her bonnet-strings fluttering behind her; and Davy, clapping the cover on the basket, took to his heels and ran for dear life.

(To be continued.)

FOR BASS-WOOD CHAPS.

By John Vance Cheney.

The boy that likes spring or summer or fall
Better than old King Winter
Is a sort of a bass-wood splinter —
Soft stuff; in fact, he 's no boy at all.

Away from the stove, and look out there!
Did ever you see a picture so fair?
King Winter, from mountain to plain
Not a beggar in all his train.
The poky old pump,
The ugliest stump;
One is in ermine from chips to chin,
The other — no lamb can begin
To look so warm and soft and full,
Though up to its eyes in wrinkles of wool.
See old Dame Post with her night-cap on,
Madam Bush in her shawl with the white nap on!
Crabbed old Bachelor Hedge —
Where, now, is his prickly edge?
And scraggy old Gran'sir Tree,
Shabby as shabby could be,
How he spreads himself in his uniform,
Lording it over the cold and the storm!

Summer? Oh, yes, I know she will dress
Her dainty dear-dears in loveliness;
But Winter — The great and small,
Angelic and ugly, all
He tailors so fine, you would think each one
The grandest personage under the sun.

Who is afraid he 'll be bit to death
By a monster that bites with nothing but breath?
There 's more real manhood, thirty to three,
In the little chicks of a chickadee:
Never were merrier creatures than they
When summer is hundreds of miles away.
Your stay-in-doors, bass-wood splinter
Knows not the first thing about winter.
A fig for your summer boys,
They 're no whit better than toys.
Give me the chap that will off to town
When the wind is driving the chimney down,
When the bare trees bend and roar
Like breakers on the shore.
Into the snow-drifts, plunged to his knees,—
Yes, in clear up to his ears, if you please,
Ruddy and ready, plucky and strong,
Pulling his little duck legs along;
The road is full, but he 's bound to go through it,
He has business on hand, and is round to do it.
As yonder you see him, breaking paths for the sleighs,
So he 'll be on the lead to the end of his days:
One of Winter's own boys, a hero is he,
No bass-wood there, but good hard hickory!

SKATERS' SONG.

By C. Alexander Nelson.

Buckle the steel
Firm to the heel,
For a merry bout and a mazy reel;
The glassy ice
We 'll mark in a trice
With many a quaint and strange device.

Our fire burns bright,
And its ruddy light
Glows far through the starry, wintry night;
We 'll whirl and wheel
On ringing steel,
While our pulses quicken and voices peal.

With shout and song,
A joyous throng,
We 'll wake the echoes loud and long,
Till the moon's pale beam
O'er the hill-top gleam,
And warn us home to rest and dream.

Chorus.—For naught care we,
From cares set free.
Though chill blow the wind o'er the icy lea;
And in sleep we shout,
As we toss about,
That merry, merry skaters are we!



"'TAKE HOME A FRY IN A BOX,' EH? I WISH A FELLOW *could!*"

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.*—FIFTEENTH PAPER.

By Clara Erskine Clement.

SPANISH PAINTING.

THE Spanish school of painting dates about two hundred and fifty years later than the Italian, and one hundred years later than the Flemish school. Thus the Spanish school had its birth just when the Italian school was in its best strength and beauty, and the earliest Spanish painters profited by the study of what had already been done in Italy. As soon as an interest in painting had been awakened in Spain, the Spanish monarchs invited Italian painters to their courts; they also purchased splendid pictures from artists who never went to Spain, and many of these works could be seen and studied by Spanish painters, who thus had some of the finest masterpieces of the world always before their eyes.

Then, too, many Spanish students went to Italy to study, and this constant coming of Italians and going of Spaniards—most of whom returned to practice in Spain the art which they had learned far away beyond the Pyrenees and Alps—resulted in the foundation and establishment of the Spanish School of Painting. The chief centers of this school were Toledo, Seville, Valencia, and Madrid; and after Philip II. made Madrid the capital of Spain, its school of art increased in importance, until, in the time of Philip IV., this city was the metropolis of Spanish art.

Though it is not strictly a part of my subject, I shall tell you something of the magnificent riches of the Gallery of Madrid, which is conceded to be the finest collection of pictures in the world. Of foreign pictures it has forty-three by Titian, ten by Raphael, twenty-five by Paul Veronese, thirty-four by Tintoretto, sixty-four by Rubens, a fine collection by Vandyck, while of Teniers this gallery has sixty finished works. Of the Spanish painters, the gallery contains sixty-five by Velasquez, forty-six by Murillo, and fifty-eight by Ribera.

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When one thinks of all this, it is natural to wonder how such treasures were ever brought together in Spain. The explanation of it is that the great Emperor Charles V. was at the height of his power and wealth just when the painting of Italy had reached its best estate. He ruled over Spain, the Netherlands, Milan, Naples, and Sicily. These countries embraced a large part of the territory of Europe in which art had attained perfection, and the vast riches at his command gave him the power to be the patron of the art of all nations.

Charles V. was the personal friend of Titian and was the possessor of some of the most glorious works of that master; he also purchased many masterpieces of the best Flemish and Italian painters, and thus made the beginning of the splendid museum. To this, Philip II. and other sovereigns added still other foreign works, while many of the best pictures of the Spanish painters were also placed there. The museum now contains many works which were formerly distributed in palaces and convents, and were thus almost lost to the world, since they were only seen by the few who were admitted to these places. Ferdinand VII., however, removed many of those which had adorned the palaces and placed them in the museum, and when the riches of the monasteries were also added to it, this gallery became almost too magnificent for description.

The religious element, as was natural in the days when the Church was all-powerful, was most prominent in Spanish art in the days of Charles V. and his successors. With the exception of portraits, there were few pictures of importance that had not a religious meaning.

Spanish painting reached its meridian in the seventeenth century. The most interesting Spanish artists, about twelve in number, all died between the years 1586 and 1682, and after that time no great painter arose to replace those who had gone, or to add new luster to the Spanish school.

LUIS DE MORALES

was one of the earliest of this twelve. He was born in Badajoz* in 1509 and died in 1586. He was the first Spanish painter who acquired a reputation outside of his own country. His subjects were all religious and he was called "*El Divino*," or "the divine," on account of the devotional element in his works. He painted on panels and finished his pictures with great care. His works are not numerous in Spain, and but few of them are seen elsewhere. There are good specimens in the Louvre, in the Dresden Gallery, and at the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg. He belonged to the Castilian school and studied at Toledo.

When Morales was fifty-five years old, Philip II. invited him to court. When he appeared before the king, he wore so magnificent a costume that Philip was angry, and ordered a sum of money to be paid the artist and a dismissal to be sent him at the same time. This was a dreadful blow to Morales, and when he explained that he had spent nearly all that he had in order to appear before his sovereign in a dress which befitted the dignity of the king, he was pardoned, and commissioned to paint one picture. This, however, was not hung in the Escorial,† which so mortified Morales that he forsook his art and fell into great poverty.

In 1581, Philip visited Badajoz and saw Morales in a very different dress from that which he had worn at court.

"Morales, you are very old," said the king.

"Yes, sire, and very poor," replied the painter.

Philip then commanded that two hundred ducats of the crown rents of Badajoz should be given each year to the painter to supply him with dinners. Hearing this, Morales exclaimed:

"And for supper, sire?"

This aptness so pleased the king that he added one hundred ducats to the pension and these sums gave Morales comfort for the rest of his days. The street in Badajoz in which he lived still bears his name.

JOSÉ DE RIBERA,

also called Lo Spagnoletto, was born at Xativa in 1588 and died in Naples in 1656. Though he lived many years in Italy, his name and rank are important among the painters of Spain. I told you something of him and his life in Naples, in the paper on Italian painters. Perhaps you will remember the kindness of a cardinal to him when he was a boy in Rome, and his decision that he needed the spur of poverty to make him a good artist.

He seems, however, to have thought differently about this in later years, for when a rich picture-dealer in Naples offered Ribera his daughter in marriage, the painter accepted her; but he was an industrious artist, though he lived in princely style. Most of Ribera's subjects were painful, and he painted them so naturally that they are often revolting in their representation of horrible suffering, though their great merits show him to have been a very gifted painter. It is pleasant to add that he sometimes painted pictures of a different sort. One of these is in the Madrid Gallery, and represents the "Dream of Jacob." It has all the strength of his other works, and at the same time a

* Pronounced *Bad-a-hos*.

† A famous Spanish palace, about twenty-four miles from Madrid, built by Philip II.

sweetness of sentiment and a tenderness in its handling which prove that Ribera had a better side in his nature. He has represented Jacob stretched on an open plain, sleeping profoundly; on one side a stream of cloudy, golden brightness extends from earth to heaven, and in this are angels ascending and descending.

Many portraits and other pictures by Ribera are seen in the galleries of Europe. His "Descent from the Cross," which is considered his finest work, is in the church of San Martino, in Naples. Of the large number of his pictures in the Madrid Gallery, many are single heads of saints and apostles on small canvases.

VELASQUEZ.

THIS master is generally called the greatest painter of Spain. His full name is Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. He was born in Seville in 1599,—the same year in which Vandyck was born in Antwerp,—and he died in Madrid in 1660; thus his work belongs to the seventeenth century. His parents were of noble blood; his father was of the Portuguese family of De Silva, and a lawyer in Seville; his mother, Geronima Velasquez,—by whose name the artist is known, according to the custom of Andalusia,—was an accomplished woman, and devoted herself to the education of her son. Although he had a quick mind and could learn easily, he was so fond of drawing that he was unwilling to study other things, and when still very young he was placed in the school of Herrera the Elder. This painter has been called "a clever brute," and Velasquez soon tired of him; but, meantime, he had acquired a free, bold style of drawing. His second master was Francesco Pacheco, who never became great as a painter, but was a refined and polished gentleman and a writer of some reputation.

Velasquez soon discovered that no master could make him the artist that he desired to be. He determined to devote himself to the study of nature alone; and working thus, with untiring industry, he became one of the great masters of the world. Until he was twenty-three years old, he devoted himself to representing the low and common life of the streets; he painted what he saw just as he saw it, in form, color, and every particular. He is said to have kept a peasant lad as a model, and from him he painted a variety of heads in all sorts of positions and with every possible expression. To this early period belong several pictures of beggar boys which are well known, and the important "Water-carrier of Seville," which is now at Apsley House; also, the "Adoration of the Shepherds," which is in the National Gallery in London.

In 1622 Velasquez went to Madrid for the first time, and there saw the pictures of the Royal Galleries, of which he had heard much from the visitors to the studio of Pacheco. He carried with him letters which enabled him to see the works of art in the capital, but he was not brought to the notice of the king. While in Madrid he painted the portrait of the poet Gongora, and secured the friendship of Fonseca, who was a patron of art, and who later interested the minister Olivarez in the young painter of Seville. As the result of all this, Velasquez was soon summoned to the court, and a purse of fifty ducats was sent him to cover the expenses of his journey.

Meantime, he had married the daughter of Pacheco, and when he went to Madrid he was accompanied by his wife, his father-in-law, and his mulatto slave, Juan Pareja, who later became an excellent painter. The first picture painted by Velasquez, after his second arrival at Madrid, was a portrait of Fonseca; this was shown to the king, who was so well pleased with it that he immediately appointed the artist his court-painter, which position Velasquez held as long as he lived.

The service of Philip IV. perfected Velasquez as a portrait-painter. The king was never weary of sitting for his own portrait; and those of his queen and his children, in groups and in single pictures, were repeated again and again. Velasquez was always prosperous; he grew in favor with the king, who afforded him every possible opportunity for improvement and enjoyment. Philip made himself his familiar friend, and was accustomed to visit his studio with as little ceremony as one gentleman uses with another who is his equal in rank. He would permit no other artist to paint his portrait, and lost no opportunity to show his regard for his favorite painter. He was in the habit also of asking advice from Velasquez concerning the improvement of his capital and the art-collections which he desired to make. Velasquez was also the favorite of the minister Olivarez, and this proves that he must have attended strictly to such matters as concerned himself and his art; for had he ventured to advise the king in other directions, the proud minister would not have been his friend.

At length, Velasquez was allowed to visit Italy. He remained there two years and was treated with the respect which his character and his talents merited. After his return to Madrid, he became more and more necessary to King Philip; he attended the king upon his journeys, and was in the most confidential relations with him. After a time the king sent him again to Italy to purchase works of art, and gave him full power to buy whatever his judgment approved. As the special agent of the Spanish monarch, and with his fame as a

painter, Velasquez became a very important person, and was everywhere received with the highest honors. Pope Innocent X. sat to him for his portrait, as did also several cardinals and Roman princes. He was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, and formed close friendships with many sculptors and painters.

Upon his return to Madrid, Velasquez was appointed Aposentador Mayor* of the king's household, with a salary of three thousand ducats a year. He carried at his belt a key which opened every lock in the palace. The duties of this office required him to superintend all the ceremonies and festivals of the royal household; this was a heavy tax upon his time and strength, but he also fulfilled his part as superintendent of the Gallery of the Escorial, arranged his Italian bronzes and marbles in the halls of the Alcazar, attended to bronze castings from models which he had brought from Italy, and painted his last great picture, known in Spain as "Las Meniñas," or "The Maids of Honor." This picture represents the royal family, with the maids of honor, the dwarfs, a sleeping hound, and the artist himself standing before the easel with pencils in hand. Doubtless the great master was very weary of repeating again and again the faces of the king and his children, and the idea came to him to make this picture something more than a portrait. It gives the whole scene precisely as it was, and is thus historical. It represents one moment in the life of all the notable people whom it reproduces exactly as it was passed by them; the faces of the king and queen are seen in a mirror, for the special purpose of the work was thought to be the portrait of the little Infanta, or princess, who is stiffly placed in the center, with her little maids around her. Another portrait by Velasquez of this same little Infanta was copied in an engraving which formed the frontispiece of the last number of ST. NICHOLAS. And on page 176 of this number you will find a copy of the famous painting called "The Maids of Honor."

Mr. John Hay, in his book called *Castilian Days*, says: "The longer you look upon this marvelous painting, the less possible does it seem that it is merely the placing of color on canvas which causes this perfect illusion. It does not seem possible that you are looking at a plane surface. * * * * There is space and light in this picture as in any room. If art consists in making a fleeting moment immortal, * * * * then it will be hard to find a greater painting than this."

When Philip saw this picture, he said it wanted but one thing; and he took a brush and in the most unskillful manner painted a red cross upon the breast of the portrait of Velasquez. Thus was the artist made a Knight of the Order of Santiago, and the manner in which the knighthood was conferred was the highest compliment ever paid to a painter.

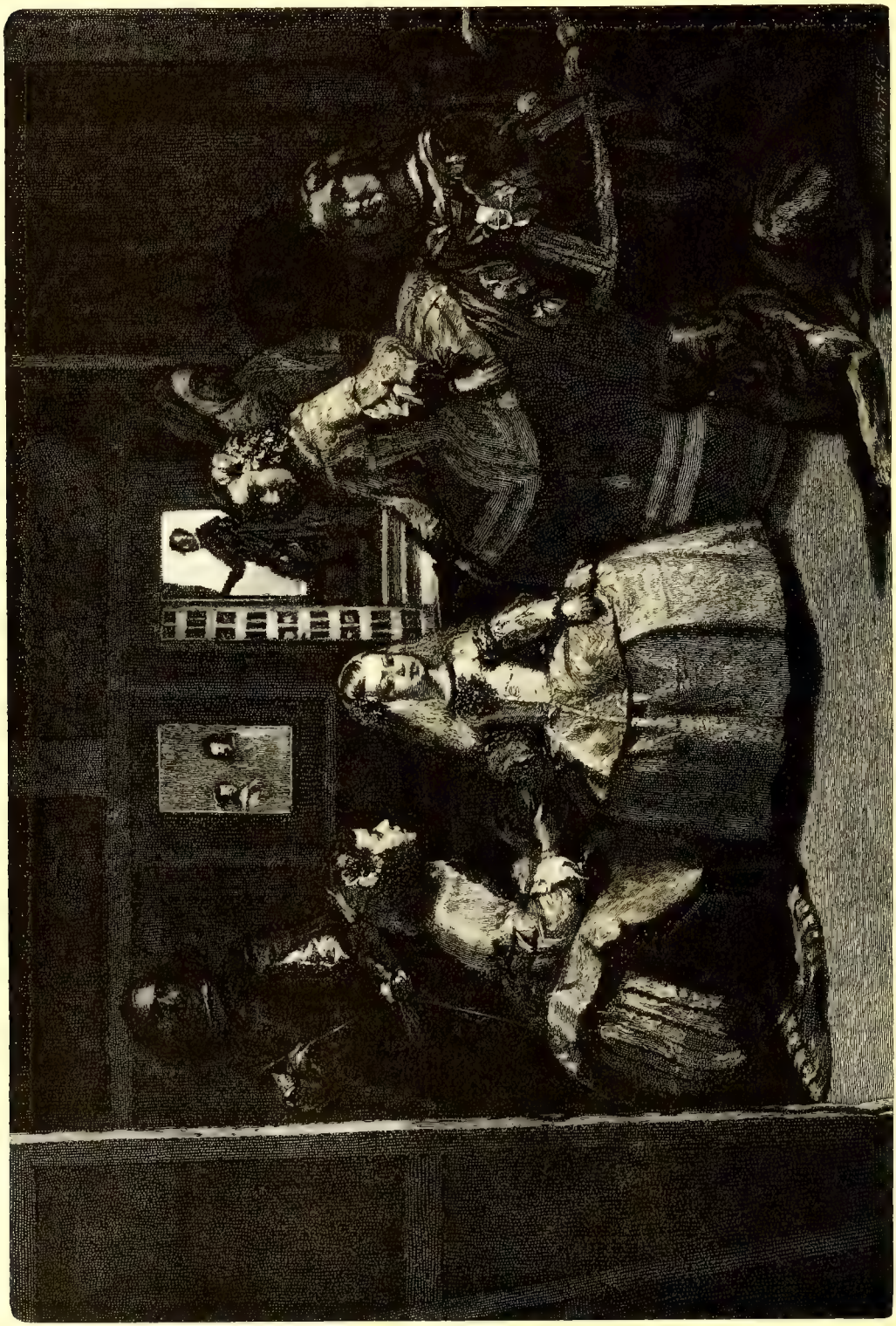
This famous picture is not beautiful. The color is dull, its whole tone being an olive-green gray; the persons represented are not beautiful, Velasquez is the only graceful figure there; but in spite of this it has a great power, it is a picture that one can not turn away from hastily.

The last important act in the life of Velasquez was his superintendence of the ceremonies at the Isle of Pheasants, when the courts of France and Spain met there, and when Louis XIV., accompanied by the queen-mother of France, received the Infanta Maria Teresa for his wife. The splendid ceremonies of the occasion furnished many scenes worthy to be immortalized by the poet or artist, but its preparation was too much for the strength of Velasquez, who was already overworked. He reached Madrid on the 26th of June, and died on the 6th of August. His wife lived but eight days longer, and was buried in the same grave with him. The ceremonies of his funeral were magnificent, and he was buried in the church of St. Juan, which was destroyed by the French in 1811.

Velasquez was of a rare and admirable character; he combined sweetness of temper, freedom from jealousy, and power to conciliate with strength of intellect and will and steadfastness of purpose. He was one of nature's noblemen in the full, broad sense of that word. Stirling, in his *Artists of Spain*, says of him: "He was the friend of Rubens, the most generous, and of Ribera, the most jealous of the brethren of his craft; and he was the friend and protector of Cano and Murillo, who, next to himself, were the greatest painters of Spain. The favorite of Philip IV., in fact, his minister for artistic affairs, he filled this position with a purity and a disinterestedness very uncommon in the counselors of state; and to befriend an artist less fortunate than himself was one of the last acts of his amiable and glorious life." When Velasquez is simply called the greatest painter of Spain full justice is not done him, for he was also the noblest and most commanding man among them all.

Naturally, from his position at court, a large proportion of his works were portraits of exalted personages. These are in groups, single figures, and equestrian portraits, and frequently the groups were so arranged as to perpetuate the memory of historical events. He also painted landscapes which have been favorably compared with those of Claude Lorraine; unlike Rubens, who had a certain manner in all his works, Velasquez changed his handling to suit his subject instead of suiting his subject to his handling. The horses that he painted were as well done as the men who rode

* Grand Marshal of the Royal Apartments.



"THE MAIDS OF HONOR."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

them; he may be compared with Teniers as a painter of scenes from common life; "his fruit-pieces equal those of Sanchez Cotan or Van Kessel; and his dogs might do battle with the dogs of Snyders."

In the Gallery of Madrid there is no separate portrait of Velasquez, though there are such at Florence, Munich, and Paris; that in the "Maids of Honor," painted in 1656, is the latest and most authentic one; another, painted ten years earlier, is in the historical picture of the "Surrender of Breda," which was his greatest work of this kind. In the center of the picture the governor of the conquered city delivers the keys to the great Spinola, while the Spanish and Flemish soldiers are on either side. The landscape of this painting, which is a broad scene in the Netherlands, would make an admirable picture without any figures in it.

The pictures of Velasquez number two hundred and nineteen; they are seen in all the important galleries of Europe, though the finest collection is at Madrid. His works are sold very rarely, and when they do change owners, very large prices are paid for them.

I can not conclude this account of this master in more fitting words than these from Mrs. Jameson:

"There is something in the history of this painter which fills the imagination like a gorgeous romance. In the very sound of his name — Don Diego Rodriguez Velasquez de Silva — there is something mouth-filling and magnificent. When we read of his fine chivalrous qualities, his noble birth, his riches, his palaces, his orders of knighthood, and what is most rare, the warm, real, steady friendship of a King, and added to this a long life, crowned with genius, felicity, and fame, it seems almost beyond the lot of humanity. I know of nothing to be compared with it but the history of Rubens, his friend and contemporary, whom he resembled in character and fortune, and in that union of rare talents with practical good sense which insures success in life."

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE. II.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

At Lawton, Sid had parted from his friend and gone on alone, having laid in a store of gingerbread from a baker's cart, and paused to eat, drink, and rest by a way-side brook. A few miles farther, he passed a party of girls playing lawn-tennis; and as he slowly rolled along, watching them from his lofty perch, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, it 's our neighbor, Sidney West! How did he come here?" and waving her racquet, Alice ran across the lawn to find out.

Very willing to stop and display his new uniform, which was extremely becoming, Sid dismounted, doffed his helmet, and smiled upon the damsels, leaning over the hedge like a knight of old.

"Come in and play a game, and have some luncheon. You will have plenty of time, and some of us are going to the rink by and by. Do come, —we want a young gentleman to help us, for Maurice is too lazy, and Jack has hurt his hand with that stupid base-ball," said Alice, beckoning persuasively, while the other girls nodded and smiled hopefully.

Thus allured, the youthful Ulysses hearkened to the voice of the little Circe in a round hat, and entered the enchanted grove, where he soon forgot the passage of time.

While Sid was thus happily engaged, time slipped away, and Hugh passed his brother in the race, quite unconscious that Sid was reposing in the tent that looked so inviting as the dusty, tired boy plodded by, counting every mile-stone with increasing satisfaction.

"If I reach Uncle Tim's by one o'clock, I shall have done very well," thought Hugh, with a sigh. "Four miles an hour is a fair pace, and I 've made only one stop. I 'll telegraph to Auntie as soon as I arrive; but she wont worry,— she 's used to having us turn up all right when we get ready." The boys had no mother, and Aunt Ruth was an easy old lady who, knowing that she could trust the boys, let them do very much as they liked, to their great contentment.

As he neared his journey's end, our traveler's spirits rose, and the blisters on his heels were forgotten in the dramatic scene his fancy painted, when Sid should discover him at Uncle Tim's or calmly seated at the rink. Whistling gayly, he was passing along a wooded bit of road, when the sound of voices made him look back, to see a carriage-load of girls approaching, escorted by a bicycle rider whose long blue legs looked strangely familiar.

Wishing to keep his secret until the last moment, and conscious that he was not in company trim, Hugh dived into the wood, keeping out of sight while the gay party went by, and returning to the road as soon as they were hidden by a bend.

"If Sid had n't been so mean, I should have

been with him, and have had some of the fun. I don't feel like forgiving him in a hurry for making me foot it like a tramp, while he is having so good a time."

If Hugh could have known what was to happen very soon after he had muttered these words to himself, wiping his hot face and taking the last sip of the coffee to quench his thirst, he would have been sorry that he had uttered them, and would have forgiven his brother everything.

this disaster. They expected their gallant escort would spring up and laugh over this accident; but when he remained flat upon his back, where he had alighted after his involuntary somersault, with the bicycle spread over him like a pall, they were alarmed, and flew to the rescue.

A cut on his forehead was bleeding, and the blow had evidently stunned him for a moment. Luckily, a house was near; and a man, seeing the accident, hastened to offer more efficient help than



"THE FARMER PROPPED THE FALLEN RIDER AGAINST A TREE."

While he was slowly toiling up the last long hill, Sid was coasting down on the other side, eager to display his courage and skill before the girls,— for he was of an age when boys begin to wish to please and astonish the gentler creatures whom they have hitherto treated with indifference or contempt. It was a foolish thing to do, for the road was rough, with steep banks on either side, and a sharp turn at the end. But Sid rolled gayly along, with an occasional bump, till a snake ran across the road, causing the horse to shy, the girls to scream, the bicyclist to turn to see what was the matter, and in doing so to lose his balance just when a large stone needed to be avoided. Over went Sid, down rattled the wheel, up rose a cloud of dust, and sudden silence fell upon the girls at sight of any the girls had wit enough to give, as all four of them only flapped their handkerchiefs wildly at Sid, and exclaimed excitedly:

"What shall we do? Is he dead? Run for water! Call somebody, quick!"

"Don't be scar't, gals; it takes a sight o' thumpin' to break a boy's head. He 's not hurt much,— only dazed for a minute. I 'll h'ist up this pesky *mas*hine and set him on his legs, if he has n't damaged 'em."

With these cheering words, the farmer cleared away the ruins and propped the fallen rider against a tree; which treatment had so good an effect that Sid was himself in a moment, and much disgusted to find what a scrape he was in.

"This is nothing, a mere bump; quite right,

thanks. Let us go on at once; so sorry to have alarmed you, young ladies — " He began his polite speech bravely, but ended with a feeble smile and a clutch at the tree, as he suddenly grew sick and dizzy again.

"You come along with me," said the farmer. "I 'll tinker you up and your whirligig, too. No use sayin' go ahead, for the thing is damaged, and you want to keep quiet for a spell. Drive along, gals; I 'll see to him; and my wife can nurse him better 'n a dozen flutterin' young things, scart half to death."

Thus taking matters into his own hands, the farmer had boy and bicycle under his roof in five minutes; and with vain offers of help, many regrets, and promises to let his Uncle Tim know where he was in case he did not arrive, the girls reluctantly drove away, leaving no sign of the catastrophe except the trampled road and a dead snake.

Hardly was peace restored, when Hugh came down the hill, little dreaming what had happened, and for the second time passed his brother, who just then was lying on a sofa in the farm-house, while a kind old lady adorned his brow with a large black plaster, and suggested brown paper steeped in vinegar for the various bruises on his arms and legs.

"Some one killed the snake and made a great fuss about it, I should say," thought Hugh, observing the signs of disorder in the dust; but resisting a boy's interest in such affairs, he stoutly tramped on, sniffing the whiffs of sea air that now and then saluted him, telling him that he was nearing his much-desired goal.

Presently the spires of the city came in sight, to his great satisfaction, and only the long bridge and a street or two lay between him and Uncle Tim's easy-chair, into which he soon hoped to cast himself.

Half-way across the bridge a farm-wagon passed, with a bicycle laid carefully on the barrels of vegetables going to market. Hugh gazed affectionately at it, longing to borrow it for one brief, delicious spin to the end of the bridge. Had he known that it was Sid's broken wheel, going to be repaired without loss of time, thanks to the good farmer's trip to town, he would have paused to have a hearty laugh, in spite of his vow not to stop till his journey was over.

Just as he turned into the side street where Uncle Tim lived, a horse-car went by, in one corner of which sat a pale youth, with a battered hat drawn low over his eyes, who handed out his fare with the left hand, and frowned when the car jolted, as if the jar hurt him. Had he looked out of the window, he would have seen a very dusty boy, with a pouch over his shoulder, walking smartly down the street where his uncle lived. But Sid carefully turned his head aside, fearing to be recognized; for he was on his way to a certain club to which Bemis belonged, preferring his sympathy and hospitality to the humiliation of having his mishap told at home by Uncle Tim, who would be sure to take Hugh's part, and exult over the downfall of the proud. Well for him that he avoided that comfortable mansion; for on the door-steps stood Hugh, beaming with satisfaction as the clock struck one, proclaiming to him that he had done his twenty miles in a little less than five hours.

"Not bad for a 'little chap,' even though he is 'a donkey,'" chuckled the boy, dusting his shoes, wiping his red face, and touching himself up as well as he could, in order to present as fresh and unwearied an aspect as possible when he burst upon his astonished brother's sight.

In he marched when the door opened, to find his uncle and two rosy cousins just sitting down to dinner. Always glad to see the lads, they gave him a cordial welcome, and asked for his brother.

"Has n't he come yet?" cried Hugh, surprised, yet inwardly glad to be the first on the field.

Nothing had been seen of him, and Hugh at once told his tale, to the great delight of his hearty uncle, and the admiring wonder of Meg and May, the rosy young cousins. They all enjoyed the exploit immensely, and at once insisted that the pedestrian should be refreshed by a bath, an abundant meal, and a good rest in the big chair, where he repeated his story, by particular request.

"You deserve a bicycle, and you shall have one, as sure as my name is Timothy West!" exclaimed his uncle. "I like pluck and perseverance, and you have both; so come on, my boy, and name the wheel you like best. Sid needs a little 'taking down,' as you lads say, and this will serve the purpose, I fancy. I am a younger brother myself, and I know what their trials are."

As his uncle made these agreeable remarks, Hugh looked as if all his trials were over; for his face shone with soap and satisfaction, his hunger was relieved by a fine dinner, his tired feet luxuriated in a pair of vast slippers, and the blissful certainty of owning a first-class bicycle filled his cup to overflowing. Words could hardly express his gratitude, and nothing but the hope of meeting Sid with this glorious news would have torn him from the reposeful paradise where he longed to linger. Pluck and perseverance, with cold cream on the blistered heels, got him into his shoes again, and he rode away in a horse-car, as in a triumphal chariot, to find his brother.

"I 'll not brag, but I do feel immensely pleased with this day's work. I wonder how Sid got on. I

suppose he made the distance in two or three hours, and that he is parading with those swell club fellows at the rink. I 'll slip in and let him find me, as if I were n't a bit proud of what I 've done, and did n't care for anybody's praise."

With this plan in his head, Hugh enjoyed the afternoon very much, keeping a sharp lookout for Sid, even while astonishing feats were being performed before his admiring eyes. But nowhere did he see his brother, for he was searching for a blue uniform and a helmet with a certain badge on it; while Sid, in a borrowed hat and coat, sat in a corner looking on, whenever a splitting headache and the pain in his bones allowed him to see and enjoy the exploits in which he had hoped to join.

Not until it was over and they went out, did the brothers meet; and then the expression on Sid's face was so comical that Hugh laughed till the crowd about them stared, and wondered what the joke could be.

"How in the world did *you* get here?" asked the elder boy, giving his hat a sudden pull to hide the plaster.

"I walked, as you advised me to."

Words can not express the pleasure that answer gave Hugh, nor the exultation he vainly tried to repress, as his eyes twinkled, and a grin of real boyish fun shone upon his sunburnt countenance.

"You expect me to believe that, do you?" asked his brother.

"Just as you please. I started with your lunch-bag to catch you, and when I missed you, I thought I might as well keep on. I got in about one, took dinner at Uncle's, and have been enjoying these high jinks ever since," replied Hugh, calmly.

"Very well, for a beginning. Keep it up and you 'll be a Rowell by and by. What do you suppose father will say to you, small boy?" asked Sid.

"Not much. Uncle will make that all right. *He* thought it was a plucky thing to do, and so did the girls. But when did *you* get in?" asked Hugh, rather nettled at Sid's want of enthusiasm, though it was evident that he was much impressed by the "small boy's" prank.

"I took it easy after Bemis left me," answered Sid. "I had a game of tennis at the Blanchards' as I came along, took dinner at the club, and strolled up here with the fellows. I 've a headache, and I don't feel up to much."

As Sid spoke and Hugh's keen eye took in the various signs of distress which betrayed a hint of the truth, the grin changed to a hearty "Ha! ha!" as he smote his knees, exclaiming gleefully, "You 've come to grief! I know it, I see it. Own up, and don't shirk, for I 'll find it out somehow, as sure as you live."

"Don't make such a row in the street. Jump aboard this car and I 'll tell you, for you 'll give me no peace till I do," answered Sid, well knowing that Alice would never keep the secret.

To say that it was a treat to Hugh faintly expresses the interest he took in the story which was extracted bit by bit from the reluctant sufferer; but after a very pardonable crow over the mishaps of his oppressor, he yielded to the sympathy he felt for his brother, and was very good to him.

This touched Sid, and filled him with remorse for past unkindness; for one sees his faults very plainly, and is not ashamed to own it, when walking through the Valley of Humiliation.

"Look here, I 'll tell you what I 'll do," he said, as they left the car, and Hugh offered an arm, with a friendly air, pleasant to see. "I 'll give you the old wheel, and let Joe get another where he can. It 's small for him, and I doubt if he wants it, anyhow. I do think you were a plucky fellow to tramp your twenty miles in good time, and not bear malice either, so let 's say done, and forgive and forget."

"Much obliged, but Uncle is going to give me a new one; so Joe need n't feel any disappointment. I know how hard that is, and am glad to keep him from it, for he 's poor and can't afford a new machine."

That answer was Hugh's only revenge for his own trials, and Sid felt it, though he merely said, with a hearty slap on the shoulder:

"Glad to hear it. Uncle is a trump, and so are you. We 'll take the last train home, and I 'll pay your fare."

"Thank you. Poor old man, you did get a bump, did n't you?" exclaimed Hugh, as they took off their hats in the hall, and the patch appeared in all its gloomy length and breadth.

"My head will be all right in a day or two, but I stove in my helmet, and ground holes in both knees of my new shorts. I had to borrow a fit-out of Bemis, and leave my rags behind. We need n't mention any more than is necessary to the girls; I hate to be fussed over," answered Sid, trying to speak carelessly.

Hugh had to stop and have another laugh, remembering the taunts his own mishaps had called forth; but he did not retaliate, and Sid never forgot it. Their stay was a short one, and Hugh was the hero of the hour, quite eclipsing his brother, who usually took the first place, but now very meekly played second fiddle, conscious that he was not an imposing figure, in a coat much too big for him, with a patch on his forehead, a purple bruise on one cheek, and a general air of dilapidation very trying to the usually spruce youth.

When they left, Uncle Tim patted Hugh on the head,—a liberty the boy would have resented if the delightful old gentleman had not followed it

up by saying, with a reckless generosity worthy of record: "Choose your bicycle, my boy, and send the bill to me." Then turning to Sid he added, in a tone that made the pale face redden suddenly, "And do you remember that the tortoise beat the hare in the old fable."

"THAT is the last of the stories, for our holiday is over, and to-morrow we must go home. We have had a splendid time, and thank you and Auntie so much, dear Grandma," said Min, expressing the feeling of all the children, as they stood about the fire when the bicycle tale ended.

"I 'm so glad, my darlings, and please God we 'll all meet here again next year, well and happy and ready for more fun," answered the old lady, with arms and lap full of loving little people.

"Auntie deserves a vote of thanks, and I rise to propose it," said Geoff; and it was passed with great applause.

"Many thanks. If the odds and ends in my port-folio have given you pleasure or done you any good, my fondest wishes are gratified," answered Aunt Elinor, laughing, yet well pleased. "I tucked a moral in, as we hide pills in jelly, and I hope you did n't find them hard to swallow."

"Oh, no! — not at all. I intend to look after little things faithfully, and tell the girls how to make their jerseys fit," said Min.

"I 'm going to fill my jewel-box as Daisy did, and learn to cook," added Lotty.

"Eli is the boy for me, and I wont forget to be kind to this small chap," said Walt, stroking his younger brother's head with unusual kindness.

"Well, I 'm rather mixed in my heroes, but I 'll take the best of Corny, Onawandah, and the banner fellow for my share," cried Geoff.

The little people proclaimed their favorites; but as all spoke together, only a comical mixture of doves, bears, babies, table-cloths, and blue hose reached the ear. Then came the good-night kisses, the patter of departing feet, and silence fell upon the room. The little wheel was still, the chairs stood empty, the old portraits looked sadly down, the fire died out, and the Spinning-wheel Stories were done.

"O UNCLE PHILIP!"

By Alice Wellington Rollins.



"WE 'RE going to keep a horse this summer," said Arthur Shaw, proudly, at recess one day.

"Oh, that is n't anything!" replied Willie Leslie. "We 're going to keep a prairie!"

"What 's a prairie?"

"Oh, it 's a big flat place, where they keep about forty horses, and fifty cows, and a hundred pigs, and five hundred dogs, and a thousand sheep, and a million hens, and —— "

Then Willie paused; his knowledge of arithmetic did not extend beyond millions, and he had no intention of lowering his estimates.

It was quite true; Uncle Philip had bought a ranch in Kansas several years before, and had represented life there as so delightful that Mr. Leslie was going to take the entire family thither for the summer, and Willie, indeed, was to go back with his Uncle Philip in February.

"Do you have birthdays on a ranch, Uncle?" inquired Willie, when told that he might go.

"Yes, we have birthdays," said Uncle Philip; "but I 'm not so sure about our having birthday cake."

"Then I shall have my birthday before I go," said Master Willie, emphatically.

"And is your front door cut in halves, like those at Newport, so that Lilian can put on a long dress and lean out over the lower half and look down the road—*so?*" said Fred, illustrating by leaning over the back of a large arm-chair in the attitude of one of Raphael's angels.

"It 's all right about the door, but I 'm afraid she could n't look down the road; it 's too far away."

"How far is it to the gate?"

"There is n't any gate."

"Then how do you get out from the fence?"

"There is n't any fence."

"Then what keeps the animals in?"

"Oh, the herders. We have no trees to make lumber of, and wood is so high that it costs more to build a fence than to hire a man to look after the herd."

"But you have to feed a man," suggested Fred, mindful of what he had been told about the first cost of a horse being a small part of the expense.

"Certainly; but you have to keep a fence in repair. And where eggs are ten cents a dozen, butter fifteen cents a pound, and chickens a dollar and a half a dozen, it is cheaper to feed a man on poultry and custard than to mend a fence. Besides, Fred, how long do you suppose it would take us to put a fence around the ranch, if we had the lumber?"

"Would it take a month?"

"A month? Well, let me see! it is a little hard to calculate, but as a rough guess, I should think, with a force of fifty men, we might get around it in about five years. That is, if we did n't stop to paint it."

"O Uncle Philip!"

"Sometimes we put a wire fence around a small pasture of a hundred acres or so; but you will see that it is much simpler on the whole to keep a man walking around and around the flocks of sheep than to shut them up inside a fence; especially as we have n't any trees of which to make a fence."

"Then," said Lilian, thoughtfully, "that must be what they mean in the Bible by '*men as trees walking*.' But can I have a flower-garden, Uncle Philip?"

"Certainly, if you can make fifty or a hundred acres do for one; I don't think I could spare more than that very well for ornamental purposes. But you can have plenty of flowers if you don't have a flower-garden, you know. You can't walk anywhere on the prairie without stepping on a flower."

"O Uncle Philip!"

"And you can pick up vases for them, too,—great hollow stones that will hold water and make the prettiest vases in the world for a room with a Kansas breeze blowing through it that would shiver glass vases to atoms in a few minutes."

"I know there are some very pretty flowers on the prairies," said Lilian, condescendingly. "But, all the same, I should like a few of the home ones. If I could take out a few sunflower seeds ——"

Here Uncle Philip threw back his head and indulged in a very hearty laugh.

"My dear young lady, when the sunflower season arrives I will harness up my carriage and pair and drive you through twenty acres of them in one field. It will be hard work to pull through, but the horses will trample down the stalks ahead of us, and when they spring up behind us again, after we have driven over them, no one will know where we are, for they will tower three or four feet above our heads as we sit in the carriage or on horseback!"

"O Uncle Philip!"

"And now that I think of it, perhaps we 'd better have the sunflower bed fenced in; for if baby Nora should stray in there, you would never find her again."

"Uncle Philip," said Willie, fixing his eyes sternly on his uncle's face, as he had seen his mother do sometimes when anxious to elicit not only the truth, but the whole truth, "how big *is* the whole thing, anyway?"

"Willie, I object to having my ranch alluded to disrespectfully as the *thing*. The pasture in it is about as large as Central Park; the lawn, where I suppose Lilian will wish to have her tennis and croquet and things, is about as large as Prospect Park in Brooklyn; and the 'whole thing,' as you call it, is about eight times as large as both parks put together."

"O Uncle Philip!"

When Willie finally left with his uncle to find out for himself exactly how much of these wonderful stories was true, Mamma was very quiet for a day or two. She was not so sure as Papa and Uncle Philip seemed to be that her boy would like "roughing it," and she was afraid no one would remember to look in at night to see if he were warmly covered up. She waited anxiously for his first letter; she was quite sure, whatever he might say in it, that she should know if he were really homesick.

When the letter came, it was a postal card, and read as follows:

"When you cum out here, plese bring me a prezent of sum collars for two puppy-dogs."

He did not say a word about being happy or unhappy, but Mamma was so clever that she said she was quite satisfied about it all, and she was

never heard to worry again about the extra blanket at night. When the second letter came, it was another postal card, which read thus:

"DEAR PAPA: Ive bawt a horse. He is a Good Horse. I pade thirty dollars for him. I havn't bawt him to ride, but to speccullate. You no you sed you would by me a horse, and Ide like to sell you this one for me to ride. You can hav him for fifty dollars. Uncle Fillip sez fifty dollars is cheap for horses. He sez youll find it a bargin. And I cood keep the horse I like and make twenty dollars on him. Uncle Fillip sez it izn't offen that a bargin is a bargin for both sides. Let me no if you warnt to by him on theze condishuns.

"Your affekshionet sun,

"WILLIAM G. LESLIE."

Two months later, the entire family started to join Willie at the ranch. The first day's journey was very lovely, on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, through the Susquehanna valley and among the Alleghany mountains.

"But I don't see any 'chinery, Papa," complained little Nora, after gazing steadily out of the window.

They could not imagine at first what Nora meant; but they discovered at last that having heard them talk a great deal about the "beautiful *scenery*" that they were to see from the cars, she had supposed them to mean beautiful "machinery," such as Papa had shown her once at the American Institute Exhibition.

Behind them in the cars sat a gentleman who, Mamma whispered, was Mark Twain.

"But he has n't said a single funny thing all the way," complained Lilian, on the second morning; "for I 've been listening all the time."

"Of course he has n't," explained Fred. "He keeps his funny things for his books."

"And perhaps," suggested Lilian, "he is waiting to hear *us* say something funny, to put that in his book. But I certainly shan't;" and Lilian closed her lips with unusual emphasis, lest a witticism should escape unawares.

"*Will* he put us in his book, do you think, Papa?" asked Nora, anxiously.

"Well, it is just possible he may say something about a little girl who could n't find any machinery in the mountains," said Papa, slyly.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, they stepped from the cars at last, to find Uncle Philip waiting with the carriage, a big team for the luggage, and Willie prancing about on the horse he had "bawt."

"Mamma," said he, solemnly, "it 's all true!"

"What is true, my son?"

"Everything that Uncle Philip said!"

And away he cantered, or "loped," as they call it in Kansas. The visitors exclaimed at the beauty of the prairie; for, although it was very early in the season, and the trees had been still leafless when they left New York, the prairie wild flowers were already in blossom, and as far as the eye could see, the grass was studded with brilliant portulacca.

"It must be God's flower-garden, Mamma," whispered Nora; "for I don't think any one else could plant so many!"

"What is that village in the distance, Philip?" asked Mrs. Leslie, when they had been driving about ten minutes.

"Willie," called his uncle, "your mother wishes to know what that village is in the distance?"

Willie almost rolled from his horse in his amusement.

"It is n't a village, Mary," explained Mr. Leslie. "It 's a fort. I can see the main buildings of stone, and the American flag floating from the top. Fort Harker, I presume. Is n't it Fort Harker, Philip?"

"Willie," again called his uncle, "your father says it is n't a village, but a fort. He thinks it must be Fort Harker!"

This time they were quite sure Willie would fall from his horse in the ecstasy of his amusement.

"Why, Papa, that is the ranch! and the flag is our flag!"

"I bought that flag in New York," explained Uncle Philip, "the day Lilian told me that the young ladies at her school, who expected to correspond with her this summer, wanted to know what the postage to Kansas was. I can't have my nephews and nieces think that in coming to see me they are expatriating themselves from the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The many buildings on the ranch — the stables, corrals, sheep-sheds, hen-house, tool-house, piggery, water-tower, windmill, cook-house, and so on, — did, indeed, give the appearance of a thriving little village; and as Mamma entered the comfortable dwelling-house, she laughed to remember her fears about Willie's "roughing it" and having, perhaps, no extra blanket on cold nights. Next to her room was a cheery little room for Nora; but as the little girl had never slept quite alone before, they were not surprised to hear a little voice in the night calling:

"Mamma, are you there?"

Mamma answered in person, and as she smoothed the pillow, said:

"You know it is very foolish to call anybody up in the night, Nora, unless you really want something."

"I did want something, Mamma; I wanted you."

"But if you wake up, you must turn over and go to sleep again. That is the way I do. I never call anybody."

"I know you don't now," said Nora, wistfully. "Did n't you call anybody when you were a baby?"

Mamma did not make any direct reply, but busied herself with the coverlet.

The next night Nora slept till morning; a little surprised at not being praised for this feat at the breakfast-table, she inquired, gravely:

"Mamma, did you hear me *not call* you last night?"

Now began long and happy days for them all,—days full of excitements so varied that at the end of the summer, Fred declared that he had not been berrying, and he had not had a sail; but he believed he had done everything else that a boy could do to have a good time. Each of them had a pony, and after the long, delicious gallops on the prairie, with the soft grass under their ponies' feet, not a stick nor a stone in the path to make them stumble, with the wild, free breeze blowing in their faces, and no need to slacken speed lest a carriage or a bicycle should be coming around the corner, they were quite sure they could never *endure* to ride in a park again, and the thought of pacing solemnly around and around in a ring at the riding-school was simply intolerable. Willie, of course, appreciated at its true value his superior experience, and found it especially delightful to know more than Mamma about some things, at last. "Just think, Uncle Philip!" was his favorite exclamation, "Mamma thought that flock of sheep was a hedge-fence!" or, "Uncle Philip! Uncle Philip! just look at Mamma, out on the range with a parasol! Is n't she a 'tender-foot!'"

One amusement was watching the great flocks of sheep with the merry little lambs go in and out of the corrals night and morning. Then came the excitement of shearing-time, and loading the great wagons with heavy bags of wool to be sent to New York and Boston. There were fewer wild flowers as the summer heat increased; but after the wild flowers came the great harvests of grain, and the children—the elders, too, for that matter—were never weary of watching the wonderful machines, almost human in their intelligence, so it seemed, that cut the grain, tying it into bundles as it accumulated, or threshed the rich wheat from the useless chaff. The hay-fields—and Uncle Philip expected to cut two thousand tons of hay that summer—were, many of them, so far from the home ranch that the men had a complete camping outfit, not to waste time going back and forth for their meals. Of the delights of visiting that camp, I forbear to write, lest those of you who, poor things, are obliged to spend the summer at Newport or Mount Desert should have your simple pleasures spoiled for you by the comparison. Then there were picnics at the great cave, beautifully shaded with great trees along the creek,



THE GREAT FLOCKS OF SHEEP.

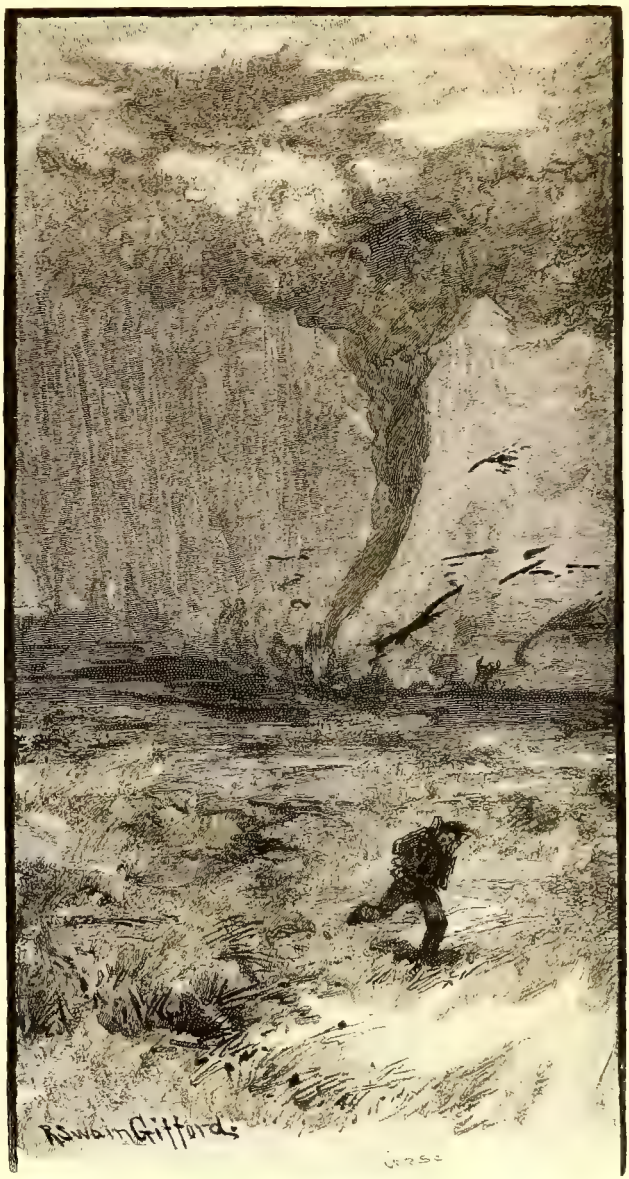
where wonderful Indian hieroglyphics were found, and where the gentlemen — as the shooting season began, and they scattered over the prairie for prairie-chicken, quail, plover, or duck — were glad to come together for afternoon tea, made from Mrs. Leslie's urn. And at last, just before they were going home, they had one of the genuine prairie excitements.

They all had been dining at Elk Horn ranch, — the charming home of their nearest neighbors, — and as they rose from the table, smoke was seen in the distance. Experienced eyes, however, pronounced that it was nothing alarming, and they all sat on the piazza for another hour. When at last the horses were brought around, they had hardly driven a quarter of a mile, before a man without any hat met them on horseback, shouting:

"You can not get home, Mr. Leslie! The fire is raging for miles between here and your house!"

"But I *must* get home!" shouted Uncle Philip, as he gave the whip to his horses. They were only four miles from their own house, but between raged a sea of prairie fire!

It was a terrible sight, as they approached the place where flames began to be visible. Of course there were no towering buildings with roofs ablaze and crackling walls, and they had no fear of any lives being in danger; but to see *acres* of low grass all aflame, like a lake of fire miles in extent, was a thrilling sight in itself, even if one were not wondering what might be happening at the dear home just beyond. Uncle Philip drove to a little patch of plowed ground, waiting there with the smoke and cinders almost blinding their eyes, and the fearful wind almost blowing them from the carriage, till the flames had passed over a strip of land wide enough for the horses to pass through. Then, on and on, as fast as the excited animals could run, waiting from time to time on little squares of plowed ground, till they came to a strip of furious flame, which did not seem to yield even after waiting ten or fifteen minutes. "I *must* get to my sheep!" exclaimed Uncle Philip, and in another moment they were driving straight through and over the flaming grass! It did not last long, of course; but they drove home at a furious pace, to find that the fire had paused about a mile from the house, though all the men on the ranch were at work there, beating down the flames with old blankets, branches of trees, and even old clothes dipped in water. It was a fierce struggle; and they worked till late into the evening before they could feel that house and crops and "range" were at last quite safe.



THE CYCLONE.

"You look like Meg Merrilies, Mamma," said Lilian, as she tried to smooth her mother's flying

wraps and disordered hair. "A prairie fire is dreadful. But then I suppose a cyclone would have been worse!"

"What is a cyclone?" inquired Nora.

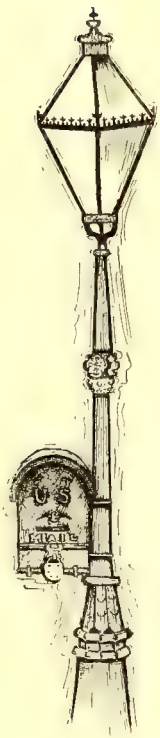
"It is a terrible storm, my little girl," explained Uncle Philip. "And if it should make up its mind to take you with it to Kansas City, it would carry you there faster than any railway train you ever saw."

"O Uncle Philip!"



THE POSTMAN

By Laura E. Richards.

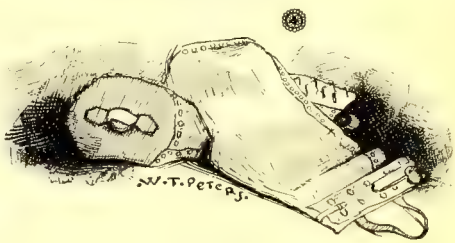




Hey, the little postman,
And his little dog!
Here he comes a-hopping
Like a little frog;
Bringing me a letter,
Bringing me a note,
In the little pocket
Of his little coat.



Hey, the little postman,
And his little bag!
Here he comes a-trotting
Like a little nag;
Bringing me a paper,
Bringing me a bill
From the little grocer
On the little hill.



Hey, the little postman,
And his little hat!
Here he comes a-creeping
Like a little cat.
What is that he 's saying?
"None for you to-day?"
Cruel little postman,
I wish you 'd go away.

HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter V.

Kit had to go back on his course again, but not far; and he was soon following the path among the undergrowth. Fresh hoof-prints in soft places amid the roots and dead leaves corroborated the laborer's story; they led to the grassy hollow, where a spot which some beast had lately grazed was plainly to be seen near another that showed an impression, like that of a human form, on the bank.

"It must have been a man that lay here; that shows it," said Kit, turning over the stump of a cigar with his foot.

Of course, neither man nor horse was there then; but he was able to follow the foot-prints along a winding cart-track, through beautiful, open, sun-spotted woods, until he came to a pair of posts with three bars, the two upper ones of which were let down.

"To take Dandy through," said Kit to himself. "Here are his tracks still!" and he followed them into a wild, rocky, and hilly road beyond.

Farther along were some men gathering squashes in a field, and Kit shouted his question at them across a brier-overgrown stone wall.

"Yes, we 've seen a man with just such a horse," one shouted back from a wagon in which he stood, catching the squashes another man and a boy tossed up to him.

In spite of the briers, Kit was over the wall in a moment, and the squash-gatherers stopped their work to hear his eager questions.

"No," said the man in the wagon, "I did n't notice the braided foretop nor the other marks which you describe. The fellow wanted to sell or trade his horse; but as I did n't want either to buy or swap, I did n't take the trouble to go and look at his beast. I guess you 'll hear of him farther up the road."

All the boy's hope and strength seemed to come back with the joy of this good news. How glad he now was that he had not given over the pursuit, as more than once in his discouragement and fatigue he had been tempted to do! And how fortunate that he had got so early a start, after the theft was discovered!

"Perhaps Uncle Gray will take back some of his hard words," he said, anticipating the triumph of riding Dandy home, or of carrying a certain clew to his whereabouts. "And how pleased Mother will be!"

He heard of the horse at two or three places, and at last got a ride with a young farmer, who gave him a startling piece of information.

"I 've seen your horse-thief, certain as the world! He wanted to sell me the animal for a hundred dollars, and I think I might have bought it, but I don't like to take a horse I 've never seen before, for fear there might be something wrong about it."

Kit described Dandy's marks.

"Yes, that 's the one!" said the farmer. "I looked at his feet, and I remember he had no shoes in front. His foretop was n't braided, but it was crinkled, as if it had been braided and the braids had been taken out. A cunning thief would be apt to do that."

He also remembered the mottles on the sides. Kit asked excitedly when and where he had seen the man and horse.

"A little before noon," was the reply. "The fellow stopped to get dinner and bait his horse at my father-in-law's, the next house to mine. It 's just possible he 's there now. I 've been down the road since dinner, and am just driving home."

So saying, he whipped up his horse; while Kit, with impatient expectation, strained his eyes in the direction of the father-in-law's house in the distance. The young farmer drove rapidly by his own door, and turned up at the next front-yard. The father-in-law himself came out leisurely to meet him.

"Where 's that fellow who took dinner here, and had the horse to sell?" cried the young farmer. To which the old farmer responded with a deliberation strangely in contrast with Kit's breathless excitement:

"That chap? He 's been gone an hour. He hung 'round, trying to get me to make him an offer, till I fairly had to send him away."

"It 's too bad!" said the young man. "The horse was stolen, and it belongs to this boy's uncle. Where did he go?"

The old farmer looked at Kit's changing countenance, and replied:

"I said to him, 'The best place to sell your horse is over at Peaceville, at the cattle-show.' 'Is there a cattle-show at Peaceville?' said he. 'Yes,' I said, 'it opens to-day, and holds to-day and to-morrow.' 'That 's an idea,' said he; 'how far is it?' I told him about eight miles; then he wanted to know the best way to get there, and started off. I 've no doubt that he will go straight

to the cattle-show with his stolen horse, if he don't sell it on the way."

"What did he say for himself? What sort of looking man was he?" Kit asked.

"He said he had been to collect a bad debt, and had been obliged to take a horse he did n't want, and that was why he was willing to dispose of it at any price. But I did n't have much faith in what he said, though he was a rather good-looking, pleasant fellow. Sallow-complected, red hair, about average height, and he wore a common-looking suit of some sort of dark checked goods, and a narrow-brimmed, low-crowned straw hat."

All this corresponded well with what Kit had heard before, and enabled him to form in his mind so distinct an image of the fugitive that he felt almost sure he would recognize him when he saw him, even if he were not riding Dandy.

"Do you suppose he has really gone to the cattle-show?" he asked, turning to the younger farmer. "Or might he not have made a pretense of going, to throw pursuers off his track?"

"Either is likely enough; but I think it more probable he will try to sell the horse at the fair. That being in another county, and so far away, he wont expect to meet there any of your neighbors who know the animal. Your best course," the young man added, "will be to take the road to Peaceville, and inquire for him as you go along."

"I think so myself. And I must lose no time!"

Adding a word of hearty thanks, Kit was stepping down from the wagon, when the young man stopped him.

"Sit still; I 'll drive you over to the main road you are to strike; I only wish I could go all the way!"

"I wish you could!" exclaimed the grateful boy. "But I shall be glad of even a little lift."

He was beginning to feel more foot-sore and leg-weary than he had ever been in his life, and it was with pain and repugnance that he stepped down upon the road-side where the friendly young farmer was obliged to leave him. His stomach was empty and faint, and there was a spot in the small of his back which seemed to be tiring of its share in the day's business, and threatening to strike work altogether.

He felt that he could not afford a minute's time to rest, or even to get a bite at a farm-house, so much depended on the speed with which he could follow the thief. He had quenched his thirst at way-side wells and springs, and helped himself to apples in orchards as he passed; and with such scanty refreshment he trudged on wearily.

It was very near sunset when, dusty and haggard and spent, he came in sight of the cool meadows and sluggish, winding river on the pleasant outskirts of Peaceville. From afar off he was shown the high-towered fair-building in the midst of the grounds where the cattle-show was held; and at last the colossal image of an ox-yoke above a broad open gateway assured his anxiously beating heart that he had arrived at the entrance.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the gate-keeper asked for his ticket, Kit in return inquired for Dandy and his rider. The man shook his head.

"I have seen too many horses to remember any particular one," he said. "Your man may have left his horse outside, or he may have taken it in; I can't tell."

"Shall I have to pay to go in?" Kit asked, having learned that a ticket of admission would cost half a dollar. "I have n't come to see the fair, only to hunt for a stolen horse."

The man took out his watch, then looked Kit over carefully.

"All right," he said. "It 's the end of the show for to-day, anyhow." And he turned back into the grounds, accompanied by Kit.

The man appeared interested in something taking place on the other side of a railing that swept around in a wide curve near the entrance, inclosing, as Kit found, that indispensable feature of the agricultural fair-ground, the trotting-park.

There was a crowd of spectators farther along, on the side where he was, while beyond, far away on the broad, well-trodden circular track, he saw half a dozen or more horses with light sulkies coming swiftly around toward him. Each sulky had its occupant perched on the little frame that served as a seat, ridiculously close to the tail of the trotter he was urging. The dust of the track leaped up like smoke in dull gray puffs under the flying hoofs, rose in a cloud behind, and gradually mingled with the ring of thin, dingy haze, of like earthy origin, overhanging the entire race-course.

Four or five of the trotters fell behind, and became scattered along the track, while two passed, nearly abreast, the spot where Kit was, and shot by the judges' stand,—a square-roofed tower inside the track,—amid a tumult of cheers from the crowd without. Some one's horse had won; Kit did not care whose; he only waited to see that Dandy Jim was not on the track (for which absurd idea he laughed well at himself afterward), and then turned to look through the stables behind the course.

He found only blooded animals there, and soon satisfied himself that it was not the place to look for Dandy Jim. Meanwhile, some visitors who

had their teams in the fair-grounds were hitching them up, and driving out. He scanned them rapidly, and, hastening across the field amid a throng of pedestrians taking their departure, found a number of horses, some harnessed to wagons and some detached, tied to ropes or rails between the race-course and the central fair-buildings, or pavilion.

With a heart full of distressing anxiety, he looked at every animal; but Dandy Jim was nowhere to be seen. Was his toilsome journey then in vain? Had the thief, whom he had traced until within a mile or two of the village, suddenly taken another turn and eluded him? Or had the horse been actually brought there, and sold, and taken away again, before his arrival? This was the result he had dreaded most, and a final, sickening fear settled upon him that this was what had occurred.

The far-spreading fields of the river-valley were already in shadow, and the sunshine was fast fading from the wooded hills; evening was closing in with a beauty and dewy coolness which made the movements of the crowds, and the dusty canopy over the race-track, seem something alien and strange. The bell at the judges' stand was tinkling for starts and recalls, and every one who was not leaving the grounds appeared interested in the next heat to be run. No one noticed or cared for poor Kit, not even a policeman to whom he appealed; and in all these throngs he saw not a face he knew.

There were fruit-wagons and ginger-beer carts, side-shows and refreshment-tents, farther on; while a distant sound of lowing and bleating told him that the cattle-sheds were on the other side of the grounds. He determined to make the tour of them, asking for Dandy of every man who would give him a moment's attention. The side-shows with their highly colored placards did not allure him, nor had he any desire to see "the finest museum of curiosities" ever opened to an ungrateful world for the low price of ten cents; nor to try his luck at swinging the ball around the peg, a little game at which he was told by the proprietor there was a chance to win a small fortune.

But here Kit, looking for friendly faces to which to address his questions, suddenly stopped.

"It beats everything!" said a young man, giving the ball a final spiteful swing. "When I swung it just for fun, I could knock down the peg by the return swing every time. But as sure as I put up my money, I knock it down the other way, and lose. How do you manage it, old Punkin-eater?"

"It 's all luck," replied the proprietor, coolly pocketing his dimes. "Walk up; don't be afraid, gentlemen? You pay ten cents for a swing, and if you knock the peg down with the ball coming back, you win half a dollar; five for one. Try it?"

He appealed to Kit in vain; Kit just then had his fascinated eyes on the young man who had been losing. Suddenly he stepped forward and extended his hand with the eagerness of one snatching at the smallest chance of friendly assistance, exclaiming:

"Cassius Branlow!"

Cassius Branlow gave a start of surprise, and eyed him sharply.

"You have slightly the advantage of me, young man," he replied coolly.

"Don't you know me? You used to work for my father in the tin-shop. I am Kit!"

"Ah! Kit indeed! But, great Scott! what has happened to you? You look as if you had been seeing the elephant, and been slightly stepped on. How 's your father? It seems an age since I 've been among the East Adam folk."

The young man rattled away so glibly that it was some moments before Kit could tell his story. Then he said, appealingly:

"My father is dead. And I am living with Uncle Gray. His horse was stolen last night; I have traced it to this town, and I think to this cattle-show. I don't know anybody here—and I am so glad I have met you!"

Mr. Cassius Branlow opened his eyes and held his breath a second or two before exclaiming:

"What a volley of thunderbolts you fire off at a poor mortal, all at once! Your father dead? Just as I was thinking of going back to work for him again! The best man I ever worked for in seven States! And your uncle's—what did you say?—his horse stolen?"

"Yes; I 've been traveling all day to find it. And now, here I am, at night, twenty miles from home,—though it's farther than that by the way I 've come,—in a place where I don't know a soul, and I don't know what to do!" Here poor Kit's voice broke.

"Do?" cried Mr. Cassius Branlow, cheeringly. "I 'll tell you what you must do. Step into this refreshment-tent with me and get a lunch, the first thing. That 's what you need."

"I can't do that," replied Kit, "till I have found the horse. Come around here with me; I have looked everywhere except on the side of the cattle-pens."

"There are no horses over there," said Branlow, very positively, "and I don't believe the man who took yours would be likely to bring it to so public a place as this. Though I must say it seems to be a great resort for doubtful characters

of all kinds. Is n't it a shame," he went on, without giving Kit a chance to reply, "that the agricultural fair — an institution from which so much good is expected — should have run down, as it has of late years, and have been given over almost entirely to horse-racing! Look around you here to-day, and what do you see?"

"I don't see what I want to — my uncle's horse!" said Christopher.

"A few calves and pigs, a little show of fruit and garden-stuff — I could eat all the pears and grapes there are in the hall in a few hours!" Mr. Branlow declared. "And what else is there besides the horse-trotting? That 's what I call demoralizing. But it 's of a piece with some of these outside shows. There 's that little game of swinging the ball, for example."

"The one you were just now playing?" queried Christopher, surprised to hear his old acquaintance criticise the management of the cattle-show from a moral point of view.

"I wished to see if it was anything more than the miserable game of chance which I proved it to be," replied Branlow. "I call it a disgrace to New England agriculture that such a thing should be allowed at any of its annual exhibitions. Don't you?"

"It does n't seem to be just right," said Christopher. "I had n't thought about it before. I can't think of anything but Uncle Gray's horse!" And he gazed anxiously about.

"Your Uncle Gray, as I remember him," said Cassius, "is a most excellent man, with a nose like a short sickle, and a tendency to asthma. It 's too bad about his horse! I must try to help you find it."

"I should be so glad if you would!" exclaimed the grateful Christopher.

"Of course I will," rejoined Branlow. "Now, let 's see! If the fellow was so foolish as to bring it to a show like this ——"

"It 's out of our county, and a long way from the place where the horse is known," suggested Kit. "I don't believe there 's anybody here from our town but myself."

"I had n't thought of that," replied Branlow. "And you say you have traced him to Peaceville?"

"I am sure of it!" affirmed Kit.

"In that case," said Branlow, "you 're doing a very unwise thing to stand here talking with me. Don't you see? The rascal may not yet have brought the horse into the grounds; or, if he has, he may spy you out, and get off with it while you are gaping about. I 'll tell you what 's your scheme. You should be at the entrance, where you 'll be sure to see him if he takes the horse out or in. You made a mistake leaving it."

"Perhaps I did," poor Kit murmured. "But I thought there might be some other way out, and I could look around in a few minutes."

"There 's no other way out; and you 'd better leave me to look about for you. Describe the horse, so I shall know it if I see it."

Kit described Dandy's points, which Cassius rehearsed after him, telling them off on his fingers. "A dark-brown horse" (first finger). "Mottled with lighter spots on his sides" (second ditto). "Foretop looks as if it had been lately braided — shod behind, not before — yes! yes! I 've got him!" said Branlow, touching fingers number three and four.

"You 've got him?" repeated the startled Christopher.

"On my fingers," Branlow smilingly explained; "and here!" touching his forehead. "I shall know that horse when I see it. Light-brown, with darker spots ——"

"No, no!" cried Kit. "Dark-brown, with lighter roundish mottles ——"

"Certainly! Is n't that what I said? I 'll look at every horse on the ground, and if it 's shod before and not behind ——"

"Behind and not before!" interrupted Christopher.

"Hear me out!" continued Branlow. "If it 's shod before and not behind, I shall know at once it is n't your horse. Now rush to the gate, and don't leave it till I meet you there. We 'll have your nag, and trap the rogue, too, if they 're on this ground."

Kit started to run toward the entrance; while Mr. Cassius Branlow, instead of devoting his time and energies at once to making the promised search, stood, holding Dandy Jim poised on the ends of his fingers, and smilingly watched the boy as he scudded away across the open field, amid the scattered pedestrians.

Suddenly Mr. Cassius snapped Dandy off his finger-tips, and uttered his favorite exclamation:

"GREAT SCOTT!"

This was called out by an unexpected movement on the part of Christopher, who, seeing some wagons over on the side of the cattle-pens, and reasoning that, where wagons were, horses were likely to be, notwithstanding Branlow's positive assurance to the contrary, and the fact that none were in sight, turned aside from his course, in order to give a rapid look in that direction.

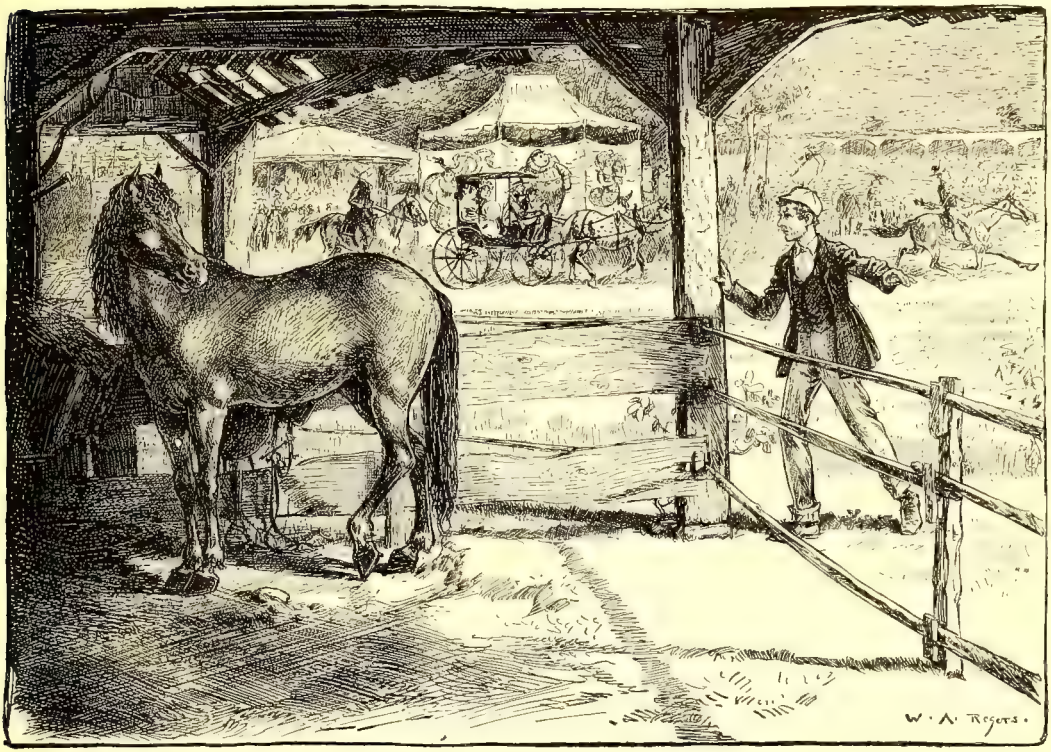
"I can see at the same time if anybody on horseback passes in or out," he said to himself, keeping an eye on the entrance while hastening to the sheds.

These were mostly empty, the great annual cattle-show having dwindled, as Branlow truly ob-

served, to a mere horse-racing affair, with a pretty exhibition of fruits and vegetables and a little live-stock thrown in as additional attractions. A few of the pens were occupied by handsome cattle and noble-looking swine, which no one seemed interested in just then; while Kit saw that the owners of the wagons had taken advantage of the condition of things by slipping their horses into the least dilapidated of the ancient-looking, unused sheds.

These owners, like almost every one who was not leaving the grounds, were over at the trotting-course. It was quite late, and the sheds were in shadow. Each had two or three bars up, shutting in the horses, some of which were loosely harnessed, while the harnesses of others had been stripped off and left in the wagons near by, or thrown across the low partitions of boards dividing the pens.

In the gloom of these low-roofed stalls three or four of the animals looked much alike, and all appeared dark enough to be Dandy Jims



"KIT GAVE A CRY OF JOY: 'DANDY! DANDY JIM!'"

to the wild-eyed boy peering eagerly over the bars. But at sight of one he gave a cry of joy:

"Dandy! Dandy Jim!"

And the horse gave a quick, low whinny of recognition.

(To be continued.)

ON AN ICE-YACHT.

By E. Vinton Blake.



"WIND AGAINST STEAM! — THE BLACK SNORTING ENGINE FALLS BEHIND!" (SEE PAGE 195.)

THE Dalzells again! Not among the rose-gardens of Dalzell Hall, not upon the wide slopes that climb upward from the sea all around Daisydown, not amid the sweet, wind-blown fragrances of summer or the ripe fruitage of autumn days; — but in snowy, blowy December weather, by the shores of a great river — ice-bound now — that flows through eastern New York to the sea, do we find Ranald, Houghton, and Phil.

You who have read of Molly Arnold's three friends — she had none stauncher, I trow — may be glad to hear from them again.

It was very near Christmas when Miss Molly electrified her family one morning at the breakfast-table with "Papa, I've an idea!"

"What a rarity! Might I inquire what it is?" asked her father, with a smile.

"I want to ask you a favor," added Molly.

"That's not so surprising," exclaimed Mr. Arnold.

"I wish to invite some friends of mine here for the holidays. The Dalzells were very kind to me last summer at Daisydown," continued Molly, hesitating a little.

"They were more than kind," said Mr. Arnold, heartily.

"And I 'd like to ask them here," added Molly, making a bold plunge.

Mrs. Arnold calmly put up her eye-glass, and looked fixedly at her daughter. Under the questioning gaze, Molly's enthusiastic certainty of belief in her plan oozed gradually out at her finger-ends. She played with her fork, and sat quite silent, her eyes directed toward her plate.

Mr. Arnold glanced quickly from his wife to his daughter.

"I have heard a great deal about the young Dalzell gentlemen," observed Mrs. Arnold, after a long pause, transferring her attention to her husband. "May I ask your opinion of them?"

"They 're very fine boys," said Mr. Arnold, tersely, pushing away his chair. "I 'd be happy to see them here."

When Mr. Arnold was about departing downtown, Molly waylaid him with a flying bound from the reception-room.

"Papa!" in a half whisper, "can the boys come?"

"Oh, I think so," he answered, with an indulgent smile. And Molly rested content.

The next day, Mrs. Arnold graciously condescended to write a kind and pressing invitation for the whole family, Mr. Tripton Dalzell included. She had seen the latter several times—his boys, never. And Mrs. Arnold disliked boys.

Following the invitation and its acceptance, came what seemed at first an unlucky coincidence—a letter from Murat Havemeyer, at Poughkeepsie-on-the-Hudson, proffering them Christmas hospitalities and ICE-YACHTING! if they would but make haste to come up. How Molly's cheeks glowed! Had not she been out in the "Rondina" only the winter before, in a glorious skim, away down below Newburgh? Ice-yachting, indeed!

Then her color faded. For one moment she repented having invited the Dalzell boys. The next, she reddened again, ashamed of her selfishness.

"No, I 'm not sorry,—not very. I 'm glad they 're coming, and I 'll do every single thing I can to make it pleasant for them. But oh, I do wish we might have ice-yachting nearer home! It 's the finest sport in the world!" she cried.

"Dear me," said Mr. Arnold, "we must see about this. I 'm not quite a magician, but I think this state of things might perhaps be remedied. Ice-yachting does not come every day."

And Molly rested in hope,—such confidence had she in her father.

In due time the Dalzells arrived. The Christmas festivities were brilliant indeed; but with them we have naught to do. Nor yet with anything, save the fact that arrangements were somehow completed by which Ranald, Houghton, Phil, and Molly—the latter attended by Mrs. Arnold's maid—went up to Mr. Havemeyer's at Poughkeepsie, for three or four days.

And now, for the first time since our happy summering, we meet face to face Houghton, Ranald, and Phil. We do not see much change; Houghton is as quiet as ever; Ranald's gray eyes are as shrewdly penetrating; Phil's bluntness seems to have suffered no abatement. He is rather the shyest of the three, just now, for he has not quite got his "bearings"; and young Murat Havemeyer, aged nineteen, is a rather self-sufficient and authoritative young fellow. Phil, watching him, decides in his mind that he does not like young Murat.

But Murat the elder understands boys. That is such a comfort! Before they know it, they are talking to him quite as if they had always known him, and he listens and answers with that imperturbable, jolly good humor of his, the sun reflecting from the kindly depths of his brown eyes, and bringing out tawny glints in his full beard. For they are down by the frozen Hudson, and the "Rondina," swiftest and wariest of ice-swallows, is at hand, ready for a start; and it is a sunshiny Wednesday morning, with a fresh wind and a sting in the air. And Miss Molly's frizzes are particularly fluffy, and her blonde braid hangs to her waist below her snug hood, and she wears a long, close ulster and seal-skin gloves. Every one is buttoned and tied up, excepting Houghton and young Murat, who are not going on this trip.

It can not be said that young Murat is exactly easy in his mind because of the lack of confidence in his skill manifested by his father.

"I 'll take the helm to-day, my dear fellow, if you 've no objections," Murat the elder has said to him an hour previous. "We 've a fresh wind abeam, and I wont risk Miss Molly's precious neck with your mad steering. If Mr. Houghton Dalzell has a mind to ship with you by and by,—at his own peril,—why, I 've nothing to say."

So now, Murat, a little sore at this disparagement in Molly's presence, gloomily watches the start.

"Now, Mr. Ranald, if you were aboard a streak of blue lightning, what would you do?" inquires Mr. Havemeyer.

"I think I should—hold on tight," answers Ranald, with a laugh.

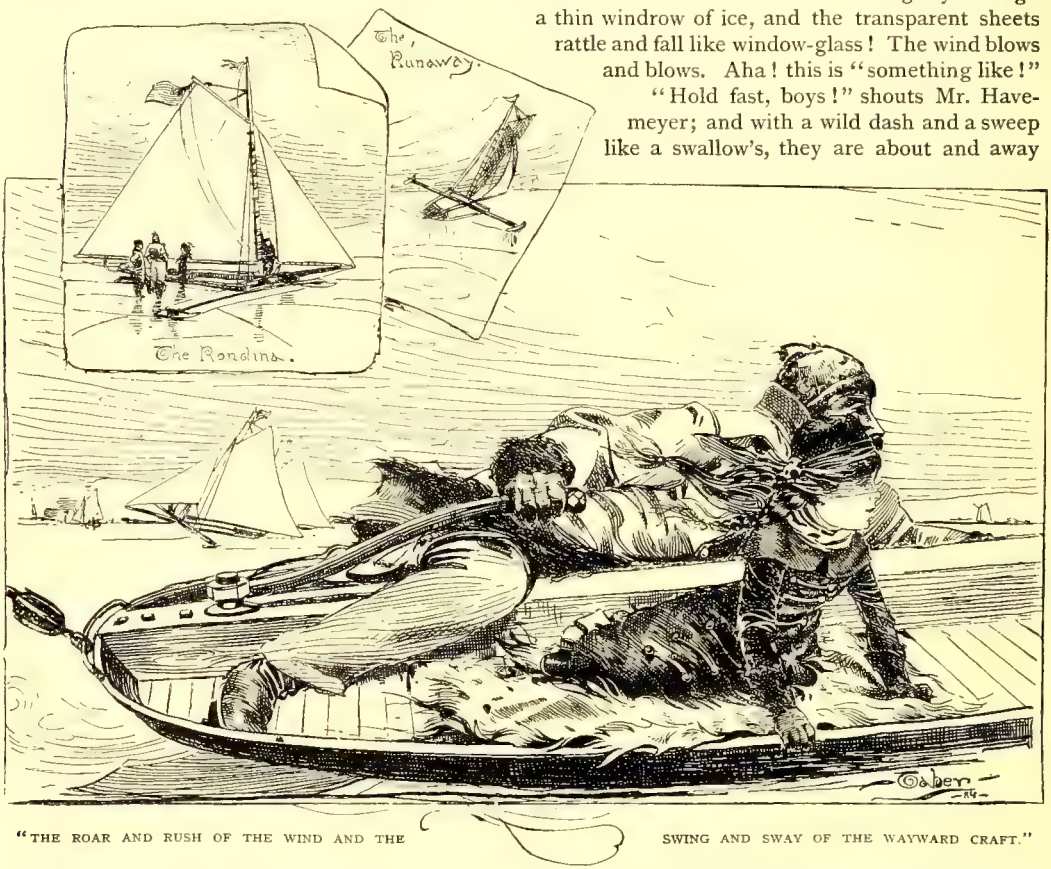
"Just what I 'd advise you to do to-day," says Mr. Havemeyer, with a bland warning. "I understand from Miss Molly that you and your cousin are excellent sailors." He smiles at Phil.

"I like boating," says Phil, eagerly.

"Does the ice-yacht work like a water-yacht?" inquires Ranald, surveying the queer runners, the

"box" aft, the sheet hauled taut, the jib cast off, and the rudder turned straight across.

"Not precisely," answers Mr. Havemeyer, assisting Miss Molly to her place. "The sails are always trimmed flat aft, unless the wind is too strong; then the boom may be cast off a foot or so. Now, young gentlemen, your safest place is the windward runner. You can hold by the shrouds. You ballast the windward side nicely. All ready?"



"THE ROAR AND RUSH OF THE WIND AND THE SWING AND SWAY OF THE WAYWARD CRAFT."

Mr. Havemeyer trims the jib, and Murat the younger swings the stern around and pushes a step or two. The next instant they are on the wing.

Ice-yachting is very new to the Dalzells. The first things Ranald notices are the deserted docks of Poughkeepsie,—the Havemeyer mansion is just above, near the river,—a few sloops, ice-bound, and the smoke of many furnaces, blown straight out in the crisp, cold air.

With what a speed they fly! How clear-cut everything appears in the sharp, winter morning! The headlands are bleak and bare, the fields white, marked here and there with the dark intersection of fence and wall. How the long ice-covered river opens and widens before them!

Now here comes Blue Point, bare and ragged against the steely blue sky; and of a sudden Ranald hears, above the ceaseless whir of the runners, a dull, booming, crack! crack! that runs from under their very feet, seemingly clear across the river. Now the runners crash lightly through a thin windrow of ice, and the transparent sheets rattle and fall like window-glass! The wind blows and blows. Aha! this is "something like!"

"Hold fast, boys!" shouts Mr. Havemeyer; and with a wild dash and a sweep like a swallow's, they are about and away on a new tack. How the scene changes! How the headlands fly to meet them! Ranald rubs his eyes with one hand. That was a bare, bleak hill—now it is dotted with evergreens; there is a house among them—it is gone!

"This beats instantaneous photography!" says Phil under his breath. He holds on tightly.

Now, with another sudden, unpremeditated swing they are about again; the crushed ice flies like diamond spray from the runners; the wind whistles through the ropes and sails; the yacht sways and leaps, bounds and heels sideways; it trembles all over, and they feel as if they themselves had wings and were sweeping through space! Molly's cheeks glow, her eyes are ablaze with excitement.

The rudder moves as easily as a straw in Mr. Havemeyer's strong hand; it is wonderful how the wild, wayward thing obeys the slightest touch. Surely it feels—it knows—it is alive!

"Hi!" shouts Ranald, as we flash straight toward a pool of open water, black and still. "Aha!"—But where is the water now? They skim over thin, transparent ice; it cracks; they can see the boiling and bubbling of the confined and swiftly flowing tides. Now, with a sudden bound, the runner strikes a little mound of ice and snow, and whiz! flash! It rears and wheels; the runner is flung on high; Ranald's feet fly out from under him, and he is swung wildly through the air, holding to the shrouds in desperation. When this trapeze performance is ended and he can catch his breath, there is a roar and rush behind them. What next?

The down train! The boys look over their shoulders as the big, black monster shoots past. The whistle blows sharply; there are handkerchiefs waving from the windows. The ice-yacht is just now holding nearly across the river.

"A race! a race, boys!" cries Molly.

She sees the quick turn of Mr. Havemeyer's hand, and with a sheer and a spring they are off after the train.

"Molly, Ranald, this is glorious!" cries Phil, quite carried out of himself. Ranald says nothing, but the gray eyes are all aflame as he looks at Molly. There is a laughing flash from the hazel ones, and she calls out, "Did n't I tell you!"

Now the race—the race, boys! Steam against wind! How they fly! Everything is blurred and melted together and indistinct. The ice is all a bluish white haze, with that diamond sparkle from the runners blazing up.

The windows of the train are filled with heads; they seem to shout at the party on the ice-yacht, who hear only the rush and roar of the wind and the runners. The wind increases; the boat rears higher; the windward runner cuts fiercely through the air, and the crushed ice flies in a shower. Almost up with the train, now; and creeping on!

Will the wind hold? But never fear; this is no flaw, but a steady gale. It seems as if the black train were slowing up; yet no,—it is the yacht which is flying faster, literally on the wings of the wind. And now—a crack in the ice ahead!

Mr. Havemeyer raises himself and scans the ice with eagle eye. An old hand at ice-yachting is he.

"We can do it, I think," he says.

Now, brave "Rondina!" And the train sees the crack, too; the cars seem alive all their long length with heads and gestures and warning shouts. Do they think everybody is asleep there on that light, flying, feathery wanderer?

The upper edge of the crack is higher by full six inches than the lower; and between swirls the black, treacherous water. They are upon it!

Whiz!—Splash!—as the edge-ice sags and the runner catches the cold tide. There is a wild, tremulous swing and sway, a toss of the windward runner, and the crack is far astern. How the train cheers! And look, now, the black, snorting engine falls behind! Wind against steam! Give them three cheers, boys, and swing your caps, and hold fast while you are about it. The track is clear ahead; the locomotive whistles and snorts and shouts in wild salute at the yacht's victory. Faster,—faster,—till there is only the ring of the runners, the roar and rush of the wind, the tremble and leap and swing and sway of the wayward craft.

But look! What is this that comes wildly careering toward them? A runaway yacht, without a soul aboard! And lo! yonder the careless owners are chasing wildly and ineffectually after it.

They might as well chase the wind. A little thoughtlessness, a little disembarking without letting loose the jib or putting the rudder hard down round,—and now the craft has flown.

There is no swifter thing on earth than an ice-yacht; and Mr. Havemeyer's action is exceedingly prompt.

"We shall have a collision here, next," says he; and then the "Rondina" gives a queer spring and a wild flying sweep that takes Ranald so by surprise that he almost goes through the trapeze performance again. How Molly manages to stay on is a puzzle. Then a sort of sidewise shift in the wind produces a corresponding change in the direction of the runaway, which shoots directly toward them. Ranald says, "Good gracious!" and wonders how it will feel to be shot off into the air on his own hook.

"We must wear or go to smash in two minutes," says Mr. Havemeyer; and with a quick word to Molly, a sharp, "Hold fast there, forward!" the "Rondina" comes around in a lightning-like sweep. Under strong headway, it is an exciting maneuver. They watch the threatening stranger,—it also seems alive, and thirsting to do them mischief; it plunges viciously at them as their windward runner comes down on the ice, and a dexterous turn of the rudder just saves the "Rondina" from disaster. The runaway yacht shoots furiously past, toward the headlands; we go skimming about since the danger is past, and we hear the shock and crash with which it brings up on the rocks ashore, and the spars go by the board.

"So much for carelessness," says Mr. Havemeyer, looking severely at the distant and discouraged

crew. And then they are shooting swiftly back up the river to New Hamburgh, which they passed long ago. People are walking across the river on the ice over the track of the ferries; there are also other yachts skimming about here and there; children are sliding in the white coves, and their laughter comes, clear and distinct, through the keen air.

Cold? No one is cold. Excitement keeps them warm. Now back and forth they skim, frighting passing teams with their swift, bird-like flights, shooting close to the verge of quiet little villages stirring under their winter coat of snow. Ah, this is indeed flying! By zigzags and wild stretches they come at last in sight once more of the piers, and sloops, the black smokes, and clustered houses of Poughkeepsie; and after that, all in a minute, as it were, the little cove, the ice-bound pier, and the house among the evergreens on the hill salute our vision. But now, to "bring to" requires, as Ranald begins to see, a little more maneuvering than he would use in sailing the "Nocturne" in blue water. First the "Rondina" flies away to windward for a great many lengths; then she comes down with the wind, gradually decreasing in speed, until she is fairly in the cove.

Slowly — slowly — "Dear me," says Ranald; "I would n't believe such a trick as *that* could ever stop her!"

There is a slight scrape and jar as Mr. Havemeyer sets the rudder sharp across, — to act as a brake, — and the swallow's flight is ended. And Phil wonders why in the world Molly was n't spilled out; and Ranald declares, as they all walk up the snowy path to meet Houghton and young Murat, that it is the most exciting experience he ever had in his life.

MAISY'S CHRISTMAS.

By C. T.

"I WONDER," cried Maisy, small and fair,
On Christmas eve, as the night shut down,
"How Santa Claus can go everywhere
And find all the stockings in every town!"

She skipped from the window lofty and wide,
And questioning stood at her mother's knee
In the beautiful light of the fireside,—
"Mamma, does he ever forget?" asked she.

"A poor child is begging out there in the storm,
So cold, Mamma, and so pale and thin!
Can't we have her here to get dry and warm?
And may I tell Bessie to bring her in?"

Astonished, the shivering beggar was brought,
And thankfully stood in the fire-light's glow
While Maisy gazed at her, deep in thought.—
"Do you hang up your stocking? I 'd like to know!"

"My stocking? I have n't a stocking," she said.
"Oh, dear, kind people, please give to me
For starving Mother a piece of bread;
Too weak to rise from her bed is she."

They gave her stockings, clothes, food and wine,
With fuel to burn and candles to cheer,
And sent her home in a carriage fine,
Quite dumb and breathless with joy and fear.

"Mamma, Mamma," cried Maisy, small,
When the child had gone in her dream of bliss,
"She never has hung up a stocking at all!
She does n't know, even, who Santa Claus is!"

Then she kneeled on the hearth-stone, "O Santa Claus dear,"
She cried, with her pretty head all in a whirl,
"You need n't bring anything beautiful here;
Please take all my things to that poor little girl!"

And Santa Claus heard what she said, and she hung
No stocking at all by the fire that night.
But up in the morning rejoicing she sprung,
Herself like the sunshine, so cheerful and bright.

Not a trace of a present by bed or by fire!
The good saint had taken her quite at her word;
And Maisy sweet, having had her desire,
Set up her old play-things, as blithe as a bird.

She played till 't was time to the church to go;
Then in satin and velvet and fur and plume,
The mother and daughter tripped over the snow,
With red lips smiling and cheeks abloom.

And after the service was over, and out
The people poured from the portal wide;
Her playmates round Maisy pressed about,—
And "What did you get in your stocking?" they cried.

Then answered our Maisy sweet and small,
While her color grew to a deeper red,
"What did *you* get? *I* got nothing at all!"
"Nothing! She must have been naughty!" they said.

That moment, a beautiful sound in the air!
The blast of a horn, so clear and loud
That it caused all the people to start and stare!—
And a horseman dashed swift past the waiting crowd.

And up to Maisy where she stood,
A little apart from the rest, he spurred;
Dismounted as quickly as ever he could,
And bowed to the ground ere he uttered a word.



Such a splendid messenger, plumed and curled,
Booted and spurred, with a sword so grand!
There never was such a surprise in the world;
And what do you think he held in his hand

Tied up with ribbons?—Such trinkets and toys,
(Oh, the snow-birds fluttered to hear the news!)
A music-box, and no end of joys,
And the dearest dolly, with pointed shoes!

"Good Santa Claus sent me," he said, and he smiled,
"To bring you some presents and wish you delight;
He did what you asked for the poor little child,
But it made him too late for your stocking last night!"

MIKKEL. III.

By Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

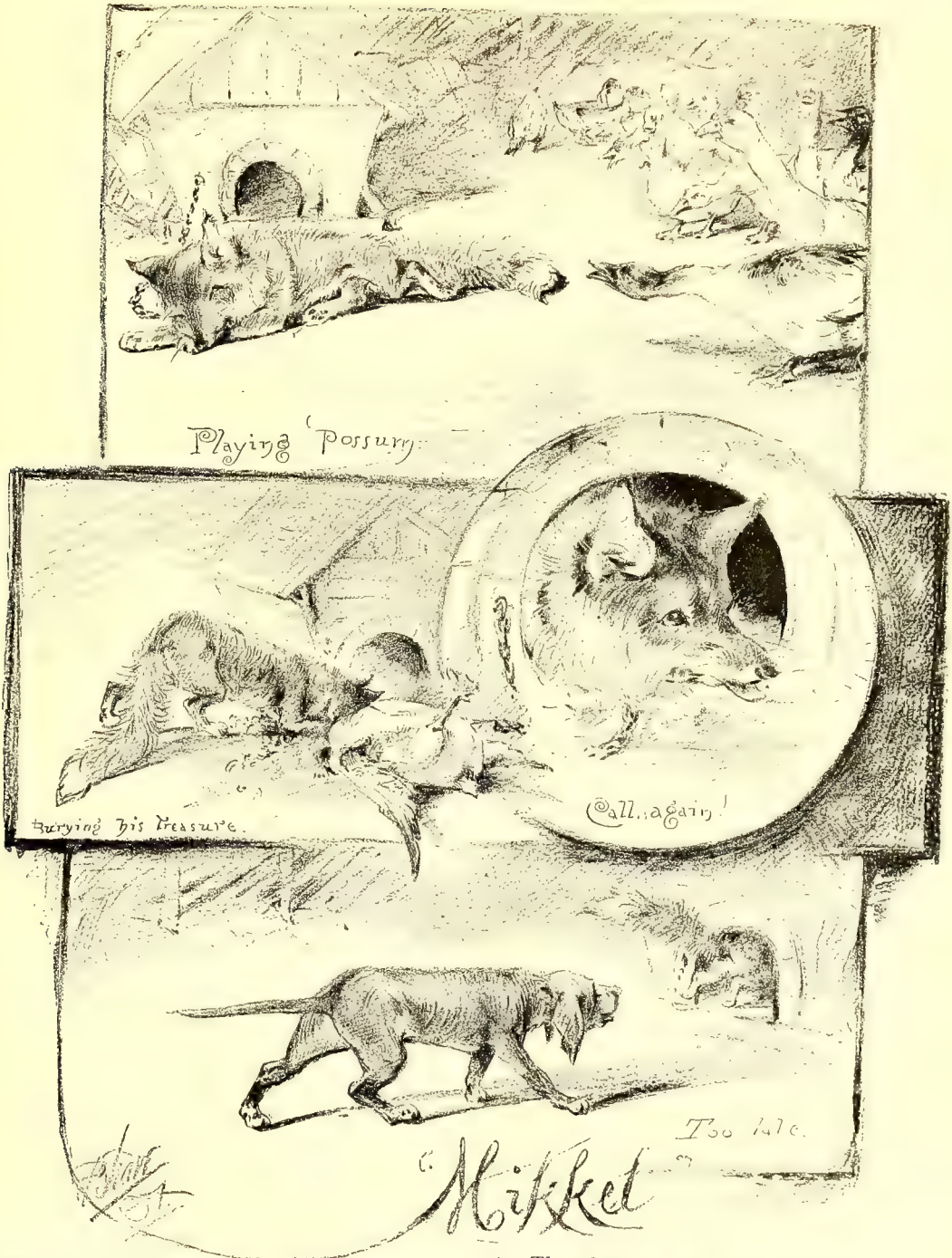
For about four months all went well at the parsonage. So long as Mikkel was confined in the stable he behaved himself with perfect propriety, and, occasionally, when he was (by special permission) taken into the house to play with the children, he won golden opinions for himself by his cunning tricks, and became, in fact, a great favorite in the nursery. When the spring came and the sun grew warm, his kennel was, at Thor's request, moved out into the yard, where he could have the benefit of the fine spring weather. There he could be seen daily lying in the sun, with half-closed eyes, resting his head on his paws, seeming too drowsy and comfortable to take notice of anything. The geese and hens, which were at first a trifle suspicious, gradually grew accustomed to his presence, and often strayed within range of Mikkel's chain, and even within reach of his paws; but it always happened that on such occasions either the pastor or his wife was near, and Mikkel knew enough to be aware that goose was forbidden fruit. But one day (it was just after dinner, when the pastor was taking his nap), it happened that a great fat gander, prompted by a pardonable curiosity, stretched his neck a little too far toward the sleeping Mikkel; when, quick as a wink and wide-awake, Mr. Mikkel jumped up, and before he knew it, the gander found himself minus his head. Very cautiously the culprit peered about, and seeing no one near, he rapidly dug a hole under his kennel and concealed his victim there, covering it well with earth, until a more favorable opportunity should present itself for making a meal of it. Then he lay down, and stretched himself in the sun as before, and seemed too sleepy even to open his eyes; and when, on the following day, the gander was missed, the innocent demeanor of Mikkel so completely imposed upon every one, that he was not even suspected. Not even when the second and the third goose disappeared could any reasonable charge be brought against Mikkel.

When the summer vacation came, however, the even tenor of Mikkel's existence was rudely interrupted by the arrival of the parson's oldest son, Finn, who was a student in Christiana, and his dog Achilles. Achilles was a handsome brown pointer, that, having been brought up in the city, had never been accustomed to look upon the fox as a domestic animal. He, therefore, spent much of his time in harassing Mikkel, making sudden rushes for him when he thought him asleep; but always returning from these exploits shamefaced and discomfited, for Mikkel was always a great deal too clever to be taken by surprise. He would lie perfectly still until Achilles was within a foot of him, and then, with remarkable alertness, he would slip into the kennel, through his door, where the dog's size would not permit him to follow; and the moment his enemy turned his tail to him, Mikkel's face would appear, bland and smiling, at the door, as if to say:

"Good-bye! Call again whenever you feel like it. Now, don't you wish you were as clever as I am?"

And yet in spite of his daily defeats, Achilles could never convince himself that his assaults upon Mikkel brought him no glory. Perhaps his master, who did not like Mikkel any too well, encouraged him in his enmity, for it is certain that the assaults grew fiercer daily. And at last, one day when the young student was standing in the yard, holding his dog by the collar while exciting him against the half-sleeping fox, Achilles ran with such force against the kennel that he upset it. Alas! For then the evidence of Mikkel's misdemeanors came to light. From the door-hole of the rolling kennel a heap of goose-feathers flew out, and were scattered in the air; and, what was worse, a little "dug-out" became visible, filled with bones and bills and other indigestible articles, unmistakably belonging to the goose's anatomy. Mikkel, who was too wise to leave the kennel so long as it was in motion, now peeped cautiously out, and he took in the situation at a glance. Mr. Finn, the student, who thought that Mikkel's skin would look charming as a rug before his fire-place in the city, was overjoyed to find out what a rascal this innocent-looking creature had been; for he knew well enough that his father would now no longer oppose his desire for the crafty little creature's skin. So he went into the house, loaded his rifle, and prepared himself as executioner.

But at that very moment, Thor chanced to be coming home from an errand; and he had hardly entered the yard, when he sniffed danger in the air. He knew, without asking, that Mikkel's doom was sealed. For the parson was a great poultry-fancier and was said to be more interested in his ganders than he was in his children. Therefore,



without waiting for further developments, Thor unhooked Mikkel's chain, lifted the culprit in his arms, and slipped him into the bosom of his waistcoat. Then he stole up to his garret, gathered his clothes in a bundle, and watched his chance to escape from the house unnoticed. And while Master Finn and his dog were hunting high and low

for Mikkel in the barns and stables, Thor was hurrying away over the fields, every now and then glancing anxiously behind him, and nearly smothering Mikkel in his efforts to keep him concealed, lest Achilles should catch his scent. But Mikkel had his own views on that subject, and was not to be suppressed; and just as his master was congratulating himself on their happy escape, they heard the deep baying of a dog, and saw Achilles, followed by the student with his gun, tracking them in fierce pursuit. Thor, whose only hope was to reach the fiord, redoubled his speed, skipped across fences, walls, and stiles, and ran so fast that earth and stones seemed to be flying in the other direction. Yet Achilles's baying was coming nearer and nearer, and was hardly twenty feet distant by the time the boy had flung himself into a boat, and with four vigorous oar-strokes had shot out into the water. The dog leaped after him, but was soon beyond his depth, and the high breakers flung him back upon the beach.

"Come back at once," cried Finn, imperiously. "It is not your boat. If you don't obey, I 'll have you arrested."

Thor did not answer, but rowed with all his might.

"If you take another stroke," shouted the student furiously, leveling his gun, "I 'll shoot both you and your thievish fox."

It was meant only for intimidation; but where Mikkel's life was at stake, Thor was not easily frightened.

"Shoot away," he cried, thinking that he was now at a safe distance, and that the student's marksmanship was none of the best. But before he realized what he had said, whiz! went a bullet over his head. A stiff gale was blowing, and the little boat was tossed like a foot-ball on the incoming and the outgoing waves; but the plucky lad struggled on bravely, until he hove alongside a fishing schooner, which was to sail the next morning for Drontheim. Fortunately the skipper needed a deck hand, and Thor was promptly engaged. The boat which had helped him to escape was found later and towed back to shore by a fisherman.

III.

HOW MIKKEL MAKES HIS FORTUNE.

IN Drontheim, which is a large commercial city on the western coast of Norway, Thor soon found occupation as office-boy in a bank, which did business under the name of C. P. Lyng & Co. He was a boy of an open, fearless countenance, and with a frank and winning manner. Mr. Lyng, at the time when Thor entered his employ, had just separated from his partner, Mr. Tulstrup, because the latter had defrauded the firm and several of its customers. Mr. Lyng had papers in his safe which proved Mr. Tulstrup's guilt, but he had contented himself with dismissing him from the firm, and had allowed him to take the share of the firm's property to which he was legally entitled. The settlement, however, had not satisfied Mr. Tulstrup, and he had, in order to revenge himself, gone about to the various customers, whom he had himself defrauded, and persuaded them to commence suit against Mr. Lyng, whom he represented as being the guilty party. He did not at that time know that Mr. Lyng had gained possession of the papers which revealed the real authors of the fraud. On the contrary, he flattered himself that he had destroyed every trace of his own fraudulent transactions.

The fact that Mr. Lyng belonged to a family which had always been distinguished in business and social circles for its integrity and honor only whetted Tulstrup's desire to destroy his good name, and having laid his plans carefully, he anticipated an easy triumph over honest Mr. Lyng. His dismay, therefore, was very great when, after the suit had been commenced in the courts, he learned that it was his own name and liberty which were in danger, and not those of his former partner. Mr. Tulstrup, in spite of the position he had occupied, was a desperate man, and was capable, under such circumstances, of resorting to desperate remedies. But, like most Norwegians, he had a streak of superstition in his nature, and cherished an absurd belief in signs and omens, in lucky and unlucky days, and in specters and apparitions, foreboding death or disaster. Mr. Tulstrup's father had believed in such things, and it had been currently reported among the peasantry that he had been followed by a spectral fox, which some asserted to be his wraith, or double. This fox, it was said, had frequently been seen during the old man's lifetime, and when he once saw it himself he was frightened nearly out of his wits. Superstitious stories of this kind are so common in Norway that one can hardly spend a month in any country district without hearing dozens of them. The belief in a *fylgia*, or wraith in the shape of an animal, dates far back into antiquity, and figures largely in the sagas, or ancient legends of the Northland.

It has already been told that Thor had obtained a position as office-boy in Mr. Lyng's bank; and it was more owing to the boy's winning appearance than to any fondness for foxes on Mr. Lyng's part, that Mikkel also was engaged. It was arranged that a cushion whereupon Mikkel might sleep

should be put behind the stove in the back office. At first Mikkel endured his captivity here with great fortitude; but he did not like it, and it was plain that he was pining for the parsonage and his kennel in the free air, and the pleasant companionship of the geese, and the stupid Achilles. Thor then obtained permission to have him walk about unchained, and the clerks, who admired his graceful form and dainty ways, soon grew very fond of him, and stroked him caressingly, as he promenaded along the counter, or seated himself



"WITH HIS LUMINOUS FACE AND BODY, AND A HALO OF PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT ROUND ABOUT HIM, HE WAS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

on their shoulders, inspecting their accounts with critical eyes. Thor was very happy to see his friend petted, though he had an occasional twinge of jealousy when Mikkel made himself too agreeable to old Mr. Barth, the cashier, or kissed young Mr. Dreyer, the assistant book-keeper. Such faithlessness on Mikkel's part was an ill return for all the sacrifices Thor had made for him; and yet, hard as it was, it had to be borne. For an office-boy can not afford to have emotions, or, if he has them, can not afford the luxury of giving way to them.

C. P. Lyng & Co's bank was a solid, old-fashioned business house which the clerks entered as boys and where they remained all their lives. Mr. Barth, the cashier, had occupied his present desk for twenty-one years and had spent nine years more in inferior positions. He was now a stout little man of fifty, with close-cropped, highly respectable side-whiskers and thin gray hair, which was made to cover his crown by the aid of a small comb. This comb, which was fixed above his right ear and held the straggling locks together, was a source of great amusement to the clerks, who made no end of witticisms about it. But Mr. Barth troubled himself very little about their poor puns, and sat serenely poring over his books and packages of bank-bills from morning till night. He prided himself above all on his regularity, and it was said that he had never been one minute too late or too early during the thirty years he had been in Mr.

Lyng's bank; accordingly, he had little patience with the shortcomings of his subordinates, and fined and punished them in various ways, if they were but a moment tardy; for the most atrocious of all crimes, in Mr. Barth's opinion, was tardiness. The man who suffered most from his severity was Mr. Dreyer, the assistant book-keeper. Mr. Dreyer was a good-looking young man, and very fond of society; and it happened sometimes that, on the morning after a ball, he would sleep rather late. He had long rebelled in silence against Mr. Barth's tyranny, and when he found that his dissatisfaction was shared by many of the other clerks, he conceived a plan to revenge himself on his persecutor. To this end a conspiracy was formed among the younger clerks, and it was determined to make Mikkel the agent of their vengeance.

It was well known by the clerks that Mr. Barth was superstitious and afraid in the dark; and it was generally agreed that it would be capital fun to give him a little fright. Accordingly the following plan was adopted: a bottle of the oil of phosphorus was procured and Mikkel's fur was thoroughly rubbed with it, so that in the dark the whole animal would be luminous. At five minutes before five, some one should go down in the cellar and turn off the gas, just as the cashier was about to enter the back office to lock up the safe. Then, when the illuminated Mikkel glared out on him from a dark corner, he would probably shout or faint or cry out, and then all the clerks should rush sympathetically to him and render him every assistance.

Thus the plan was laid, and there was a breathless, excited stillness in the bank when the hour of five approached. It had been dark for two hours, and the clerks sat on their high stools, bending silently over their desks, scribbling away for dear life. Promptly at seven minutes before five, uprose Mr. Barth and gave the signal to have the books closed; then, to the unutterable astonishment of the conspirators, he handed the key of the safe to Mr. Dreyer (who knew the combination), and told him to lock the safe and return the key. At that very instant, out went the gas; and Mr. Dreyer, although he was well prepared, could himself hardly master his fright at Mikkel's frightful appearance. He struck a match, lighted a wax taper (which was used for sealing letters), and tremblingly locked the safe; then, abashed and discomfited, he advanced to the cashier's desk and handed him the key.

"Perhaps, you would have the kindness, Mr. Dreyer," said Mr. Barth calmly, "to write a letter of complaint to the gas company before you go home. It will never do in the world to have such things happen. I suppose there must be water in the pipes."

The old man buttoned his overcoat up to his chin and marched out; whereupon a shout of laughter burst forth, in which Mr. Dreyer did not join. He could not see what they found to laugh at, he said. It took him a long while to compose his letter of complaint to the gas company.

Mikkel in the meanwhile was feeling very uncomfortable. He could not help marveling at his extraordinary appearance. He rubbed himself against chairs and tables and found to his astonishment that he made everything luminous that he touched. He had never known any respectable fox which possessed this accomplishment, and he felt sure that in some way something was wrong with him. He could not sleep, but walked restlessly about on the desks and counters, bristled with anger at the slightest sound, and was miserable and excited. He could not tell how far the night had advanced when he heard a noise in the back office (which fronted upon the court-yard) as if a window were being opened. His curiosity was aroused and he walked sedately across the floor; then he stopped for a moment to compose himself, for he was well aware that what he saw was something extraordinary. A man with a dark-lantern in his hand was kneeling before the safe with a key in his hand. Mikkel advanced a little further and paused in a threatening attitude on the threshold of the door. With his luminous face and body, and a halo of phosphorescent light round about him, he was terrible to behold. He gave a little snort, at which the man turned quickly about. But no sooner had he caught sight of the illuminated Mikkel than he flung himself on his knees before the little animal, and with clasped hands and a countenance wild with fear exclaimed: "O, I know who thou art! Pardon me, pardon me! Thou art my father's spectral fox! I know thee, I know thee!"

Mikkel had never suspected that he was anything so terrible; but, as he saw that the man was bent on mischief, he did not think it worth while to contradict him. He only curved his back and bristled, until the man, beside himself with terror, made a rush for the window and leaped out into the court-yard. Then Mikkel, thinking that he had had excitement enough for one night, curled himself up on his cushion behind the stove and went to sleep.

The next morning, when Mr. Barth arrived, he found a window in the back office broken, and the door of the safe wide open. On the floor lay a bundle of papers, all relating to the transactions of Tulstrup while a member of the firm, and, moreover, a hat, marked on the inside with Tulstrup's name, was found on a chair.

On the same day, Mr. Lyng was summoned to the bedside of his former partner, who made a full confession, and offered to return through him the money which he had fraudulently acquired. His leg was broken and he seemed otherwise shattered in body and mind. It had been his purpose, he said, to drive Mr. Lyng from the firm in disgrace, and he was sure he could have accomplished it, if Providence itself had not interfered. But, incredible as it seemed, he had seen a luminous animal in the bank, and he felt convinced that it was his father's spectral fox. It was well enough to smile at such things and call them childish; but he had certainly seen, he said, a wonderful, shining fox.

Mr. Lyng did not attempt to convince Mr. Tulstrup that he was wrong. He took the money and distributed it among those who had suffered by Mr. Tulstrup's frauds, and thus many needy people—widows and industrious laborers—regained their hard-earned property, and all because Mikkel's skin was luminous. When Mr. Lyng heard the whole story from Mr. Dreyer, he laughed heartily and long. But from that day he took a warm interest in Thor and his fox, and sent the former to school and later to the university, where he made an honorable name for himself by his talents and industry.

Poor Mikkel is now almost gray, and his teeth are so blunt that he has to have his food minced before he can eat it. But he still occupies a soft rug behind the stove in the student's room, and Thor hopes he will live long enough to be introduced to his master's wife. For it would be a pity if she were not to know him to whom her husband owes his position, and she, accordingly, hers.



FANCHON'S GERMAN.

By Eleanor Putnam.

Of course her name was not really Fanchon, for she was a real little American girl, and proud enough to be one, too. But very early in her career, it became evident that Frances was far too stately a name for the little yellow-haired damsel; and Fanny was ordinary, and Aunt Maria disapproved of ordinary names; and Frank was masculine, and Papa abominated anything masculine about a woman; so when Uncle Bob, just returned from Paris, called the pretty fairy "Fanchon," the family took it up at once, and Fanchon she was and is and will be to the end of the chapter.

They all were upstairs in Fanchon's pretty parlor one winter afternoon: Helen Lawrence, Catherine Motte, and Amy Van Horne, Eleanor Bowditch, Jessica Cabot, and Fanchon herself, all six of them intimate, particular and bosom friends from their kindergarten days.

"Four o'clock," said Jessie Cabot, "and all done at last; but how we have worked, girls!"

Jessie Cabot was as lazy as a luxurious yellow kitten, and looked not so very unlike one, as she nestled in her low chair by the fire, with her round little face, sleepy eyes, and fuzzy lemon-colored hair.

"You all have worked like Trojans," said the pretty hostess Fanchon. "I could never have done it all without you."

She was pouring chocolate from the most charming turquoise blue pot ever seen, and the girls were sitting about in various graceful attitudes, resting from their labor, and refreshing themselves with a nourishing repast of macaroons, lady's-fingers, and bonbons.

The "work" lay on a broad, low table by the window,—such a heap of brilliant, useless things!

Coquettish little slippers of gold and silver; shining fish and birds; delicate butterflies with glittering wings; fairy trunks of pink satin and portmanteaux of blue silk; rose-colored glasses; ivory canes; silver pipes and golden umbrellas,—everything that was frail and useless and extravagant. In short, these were the favors for Fanchon's german, and the girls had been working like bees, filling the fanciful *bonbonnières*, putting ribbons on the ribbonless, writing the character cards, and dividing the masculine favors from the feminine.

"Four days to wait, girls; wont it seem like an age!" said Catherine Motte, a curly haired, gray-eyed elf. As she spoke, she waltzed slowly down the room and stopped by a window.

"Arthur Winslow dances as slowly as that," she said. "I like to dance with Will Everett ever so much better; he goes like the wind. I do like to dance rapidly."

"I don't," drawled Jessie Cabot; "the slower the better for me."

"I should like to go to a german every single evening," announced Helen Lawrence, nibbling a macaroon. "Let 's see; four days. Sunday, Monday,— positively, girls, nothing but cooking-class, the Stanleys' musicale, and the matinée on Wednesday. Not a step of dancing until Fanchon's german. How can we wait?"

"What music shall you have, Fanchon?" asked Amy Van Horne; "shall you have 'Brimmer's Six'?"

"Papa has promised me Snaphausen," replied Fanchon, demurely, though her dimples would show a bit, for very joy.

Who would n't be glad to have Snaphausen and his wonderful men to play for one's german? Snaphausen, who composed such glorious dance music; who would not play for every one, not he; who needed coaxing and teasing, not to mention a fee of one hundred and fifty good dollars.

He had nodded his shaggy old head and promised to play for Fanchon. No wonder she smiled and dimpled.

There was a perfect chorus of delight and envy from the girls.

"Snaphausen! That lovely Hulbert Snaphausen, and *all* his men!"

"Fanchon, you spoilt child!"

"You lucky girl!"

"Is there anything that Fanchon's father will not do for her?"

"O, Fanchon, you 'll throw my poor little german into the shade, indeed!"

"Mine, too; let me hide my diminished head somewhere. I was so puffed up with my 'Brimmer's Six.'"

"Well, girls," said Fanchon, making herself heard with difficulty. "You know, Papa always promised me a nice coming-out party."

But though she tried to be modest, Fanchon knew, and the rest knew, that though they were friends, these bosom six, there *was* a bit of rivalry among them in regard to these first parties of theirs. It was their first society winter, for they had left Miss Leighton's school only the June before.

"How lovely it will be!" sighed Eleanor Bow-

ditch, in rapture. She was sitting in the window seat, apparently absorbed in admiring her exquisite, steel-embroidered slippers. Presently she frowned.

"O, Fanchon," she said, "here is a horrid little beggar going to play something dreadful on a violin. She 's looking up here; shall I shake my head?"

"Why, no," said Fanchon, going idly up to the window; "let her play. I don't mind. Do you?"

"Cover your ears," cried Eleanor, who was musical and sang like a lark; "cover your ears, girls. Prepare for 'Silver Threads Among the Gold!'"

The player, a poor pinched creature with eyes of unnatural size, glanced up at the house, rested her chin on her poor violin, and began to play.

It was not "Silver Threads Among the Gold," but a plaintive, simple little air, quite new to the hearers. Almost a wail it was, and seemed to express in music such cold and hunger and desolation, that the pretty smiling group at the upper window became quite sober all at once.

As soon, however, as the sad air came to an end, the player's face brightened, she tuned her violin, and suddenly swept into a swinging waltz, so gay and so entrancing, that Amy and Catherine seized each other and whirled madly away quite to the other end of the room.

"How can she play so well? Where did she learn? And on such a poor violin!" exclaimed Helen Lawrence.

"How dreadfully cold she must be!" exclaimed Jessie Cabot, with a shudder.

It was indeed a bitter day, with an eager, penetrating wind, which cared not a snap for the cotton gown and thin little shawl of the poor musician.

"Excuse me just a minute, girls," said Fanchon; "I 'm going down."

The girls declared that it was nearly dinner-time, and they must be going, so they trooped across the hall to Fanchon's chamber.

Fanchon ran downstairs to give some small coins to the little player. As she opened the door, a keen blast rushed in, leaving her almost breathless.

"How horrible!" said Fanchon; "I should think she would die. She shall be warm for once, anyhow," and she sent her around to the kitchen.

Down the broad stairs came the girls, as charming as pinks and roses, smiling and comely in their sealskin, and plush, and velvet, and nodding plumes. What did they care for the wind? He might blow twice as fiercely as now, and they would still be warm and rosy.

"Thursday night!" they called out gayly. "Good-bye, Fanchon; remember the german!"

Fanchon smiled and nodded. The stony-faced footman closed the door, and Fanchon paced the hall a minute, with her forehead puckered into a frown.

"It was just one of my crazy performances," she said. "Now that I have got her in, I don't know what to do with her, I 'm sure, and Helen is waiting upstairs. I 'll ask Aunt Maria if — no, Aunt Maria has the 'Associated Charities' in the parlor, and can not be bothered by a beggar. There! I must go down and see her myself. I can give her my old ulster, if I can't do anything else."

Fifteen minutes later, Fanchon came up into the little parlor where Helen Lawrence was waiting.

"I 'm afraid you 'll never forgive me, dear," she said breathlessly, "for leaving you so long. I know I 'm horribly rude."

"I believe I was almost asleep," replied Helen, drowsily. "The wind and the fire make me stupid. What is it? Have the girls just gone?"

"O, no," said Fanchon; "they went long ago. I was downstairs talking with that Italian girl. Do you remember the man who was killed last month in the elevator at Warner's? This is his daughter; and the Warners never have done a thing for her, and her mother is dead, too!"

"I remember," answered Helen, yawning, "Papa said the Warners behaved badly about that; but Bennett has had new horses this year, and Kate and Julia have gone abroad, so I suppose they feel rather poor."

"But what will become of the girl?" asked Fanchon.

"That 's a conundrum," returned Helen, lightly; "there are so many such people, you know."

She knelt down on the rug and began to feed Psyche, the silken-eared King Charles spaniel, with bits of macaroon.

Fanchon's heart gave a swift little throb of doubt. They came rather often, these throbs, when she talked with Helen. Fanchon was so proud of her. She was such a brilliant and beautiful Helen, such a queen among the girls; and then — she was Jack Lawrence's sister. Fanchon did wish to believe Helen quite perfect, and yet — sometimes ——

Fanchon's eyes roved almost guiltily about the room.

Such a dear, little, frivolous room; all blue and ash and silver; with silky white rugs; distracting cabinets of bronze and china and carved ivory, sent home from China by Uncle Bob; her own piano; her dainty desk, her beloved books and pictures — then — *that girl.* The picture of the little girl would keep coming up in her mind.

"She slept in a hogshead on India wharf one night, Nell," said Fanchon aloud, at last.

"Who did?" asked Helen, trying to induce Psyche to beg.

"That Italian girl. Carlotta, her name is."

"O!" said Helen. "Psyche, you witch, beg, or you shall not have it."

"There 's an institute at Bingham," began Fanchon, "a sort of home for girls. You pay a hundred dollars, and that admits one girl; and she is kept and taught until she can earn her own living. They teach cooking and needle-work and everything useful. Aunt Maria is a trustee."

"What a horrible place!" said Helen devoutly. "Fanchon, dear, your favors are just perfect. They never cost less than thirty dollars, you extravagant little sinner. And then Snaphausen! Your party will outshine all the others. Is n't it nearly dinner-time? Let 's go into your room and brush our bangs."

It snowed the next day, and the wind blew in stormy gusts, driving the white flakes in sheets before it.

Fanchon could not go to church. She stood by the window and watched the storm; she teased the sleepy dog; she wandered restlessly about the house from room to room.

"I can not do it," she said, stopping and resting her arms on the low mantel in her own parlor. "Why should I do it? It is my birthday, and Papa is willing. What would the girls say? I told them yesterday I should have Snaphausen. How strange they will think it! And then perhaps it is too late, anyway. Snaphausen may make us pay just the same, if we break our engagement. I do not believe Papa can find him another for that same evening. Oh, dear!"

She looked a moment in gloomy silence at the cupid that, in a gilded swing, pretended to be the pendulum of her little mantel-clock.

It was to be her first "real grown-up party." Jessie Cabot had given the opening german of the season, and had lovely silver filagree bouquet-holders and *boutonnières* for favors.

Amy Van Horne had followed with "Brimmer's Six," quite eclipsing Jessie's two violins and piano. Now it was Fanchon's turn, and she had it in her power to eclipse them all with the great Snaphausen himself, and garlands of *bon silene* rose-buds, instead of ribbons, for the ribbon figure,—her own dainty device.

Could she,—should she give it all up? No, it was really too hard; she could not do it. What could she say to the girls and Helen?

Then Jack Lawrence would say she was odd, as he did when she picked up the scattered corn-balls for the old woman on the Common. She could not bear to have Jack Lawrence call her odd again. There was Aunt Maria; and Aunt Maria would call her a strange child, and wonder what "our set" would say. Then Papa,—who knew whether he approved, or thought her silly and quixotic, when he said, "Do just as you please," with that queer twinkle in his eye? After all, there were people enough to help the Italian. Why should Fanchon care?—she was not responsible.

And just then, by some strange chance, there flashed through Fanchon's mind that old bitter question, the question of Cain before the Lord, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Fanchon sat down upon the silky rug, laid her head upon a chair-cushion, and cried with hearty good-will.

Such a pretty picture as it was! The long, well-lighted room, with the candles reflected in twinkles and sparkles in the beautiful polished floor; the bank of palms and ferns which filled the window at the end; the pretty girls in filmy gowns of white and rose and blue; and, flying lightly down the middle of the floor, six blithe young couples whirling away with merry feet to the sound of the *Morgenblatter* waltz.

It was a very good waltz and well played, with plenty of swing and *verve* to it to set the young pulses beating and the young feet flying, but it was not Snaphausen and his twelve merry men who played it.

It was a thin-faced, dark-eyed Italian girl, in a gray gown of Fanchon's.

She played as if she were bewitched and could never stop nor tire. Beside her, at the piano, a young man in glasses hammered out the time, in unceasing one, two, three, after the fashion of the professional accompanist.

That was all the music. Fanchon's german had come to this. Her music was even less than Jessie Cabot's, and she was now certain that her party would be eclipsed by every other one given by the "intimate six," as Jack Lawrence called them.

Yet, after all, Fanchon did not mind it so much.

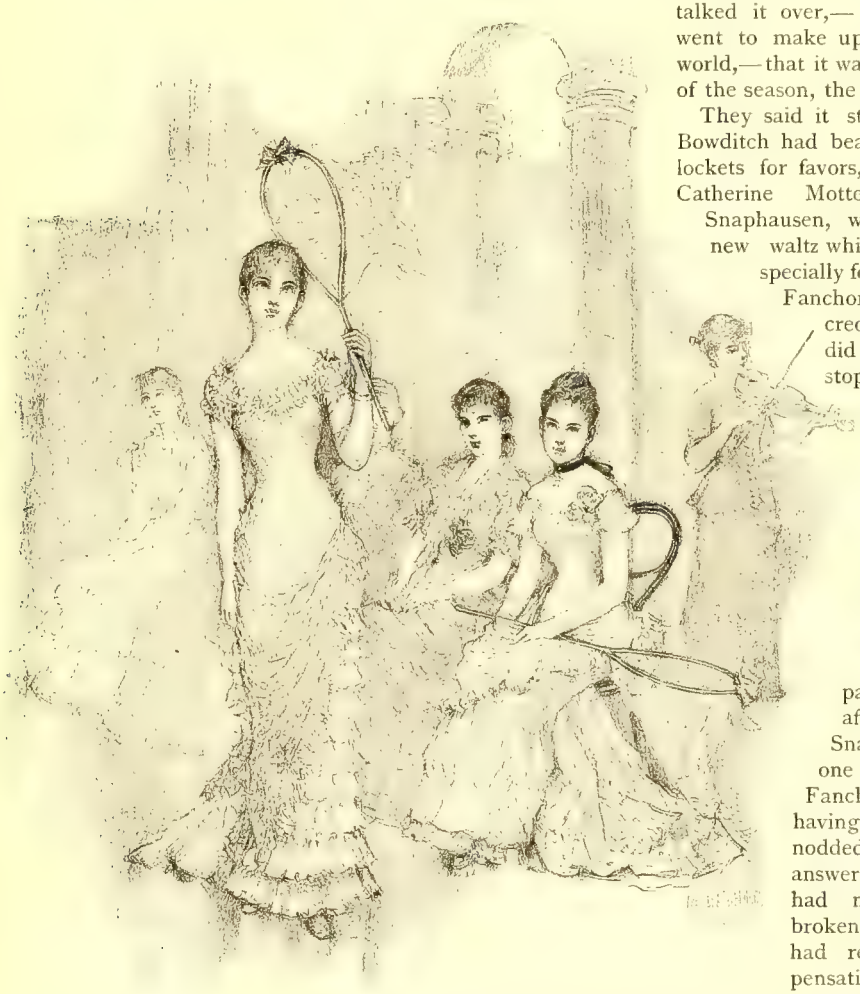
It was certainly unpleasant when Aunt Maria said that she hoped "their set" would not call her father "money-mean"; and it really made her cringe when she saw Minnie Harcourt and Bella Douglass raise their eyebrows and exchange significant little smiles when they saw the musicians.

But it was not so very bad when the first was over. Fanchon was so busy with her duties as hostess, seeing that plain Susie Boyd did not go favorless, and that somebody took pity upon Donald McArthur, who was so sadly conscious of his feet and hands, that she had no time to think upon her own woes.

Somebody—could it have been Papa?—had told Helen all about it, and Helen had told the girls.

Amy and Jessie pressed Fanchon's hands in the "right and left" figure and whispered that she was "just elegant." Helen, her own beautiful Helen, beamed upon her and said softly:

"Fanchon, I wish I were worth half as much as one of your little fingers."



And Jack Lawrence, that charming Harvard sophomore, when he seated her after a breathless, delicious whirl, said bluntly, with honest admiration in his eyes: "You are a trump, Miss Fanchon! I wish there were more girls like you."

Poor Fanchon flushed as pink as a rose. It was, after all, such a very little thing, and how much they were all making of it! Why, some girls would never have hesitated an instant, and what a sacrifice she had thought she was making!

Just then Jessie Cabot, in gauzy blue tulle, with her yellow hair in a flying mist, drew Fanchon into the dance, and who could stop to think any longer of sacrifices or Italian girls or industrial schools, while weaving mystic figures and whirling madly down the room with Will Everett, and five gay young couples following after?

They said afterward, when they talked it over,—"the girls" who went to make up Fanchon's little world,—that it was the finest party of the season, the very finest.

They said it still, after Eleanor Bowditch had beautiful monogram lockets for favors, and even after Catherine Motte actually had Snaphausen, with a wonderful new waltz which he composed specially for the occasion.

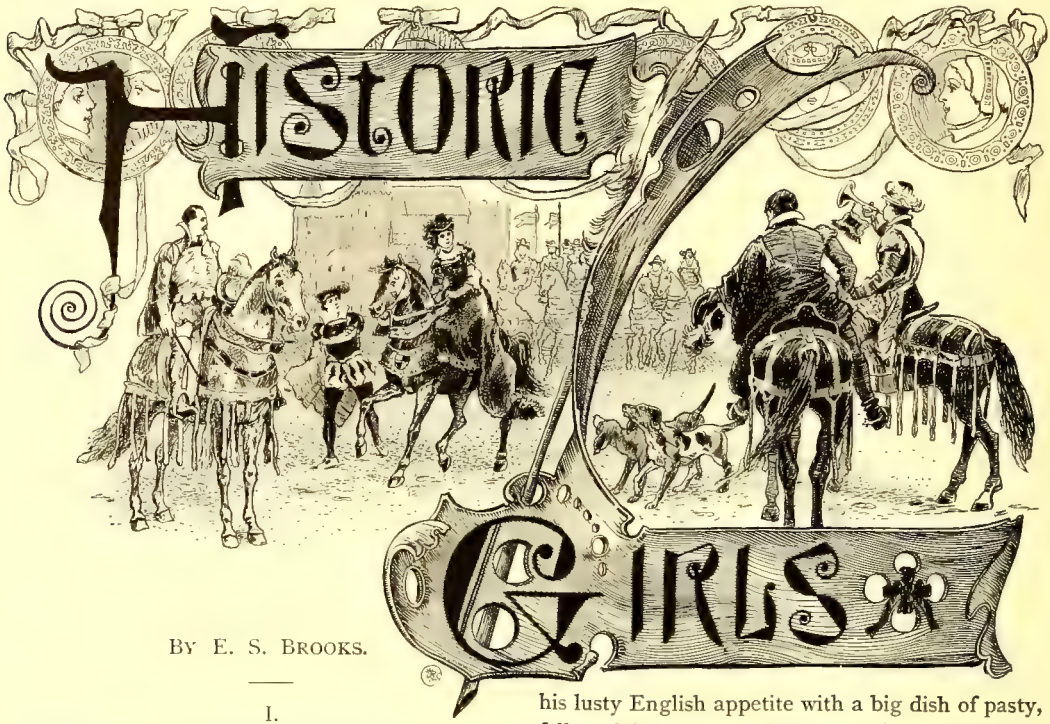
Fanchon took none of the credit to herself. She did wish people would stop praising her. The girl, Carlotta, had gone to the pleasant country school, and Fanchon would like the whole thing to be forgotten, and never mentioned again.

The queerest part of the whole affair was about old Snaphausen. Some one had told him why Fanchon had given up having him, and he had nodded gravely and answered "So?" He had not minded the broken engagement, and had refused any compensation for it.

But at Catherine Motte's party he played a new waltz, and Catherine could not help pluming herself a trifle. It was not every girl who had a delicious Snaphausen waltz composed all in her honor.

"What do you call it, Herr Snaphausen?" called out Will Everett, as he swept by with Fanchon; "have you named it yet?"

The German beamed above his blinking glasses, and nodded his shaggy head. "*Ach*, yes," he answered rhythmically, "*ach*, yes; surely she haf a name; she is called the '*Fanchon* Waltzen!' So!"



BY E. S. BROOKS.

I.

ELIZABETH OF TUDOR: THE GIRL OF THE HERTFORD MANOR.

[*Afterward Queen Elizabeth of England; the "Good Queen Bess."*]

A. D. 1548.

THE iron-shod hoofs of the big gray courser rang sharply on the frozen ground, as, beneath the creaking boughs of the long-armed oaks, Launcelot Crue, the Lord Protector's fleetest courser-man, galloped across the Hertford fells or hills, and reined up his horse within the great gates of Hatfield manor-house.

"From the Lord Protector," he said; and Master Avery Mitchell, the feodary,† who had been closely watching for this same courser-man for several anxious hours, took from his hands a scroll, on which was inscribed:

"*To Avery Mitchell, feodary of the Wards in Herts, at Hatfield House. From the Lord Protector,* THESE:"

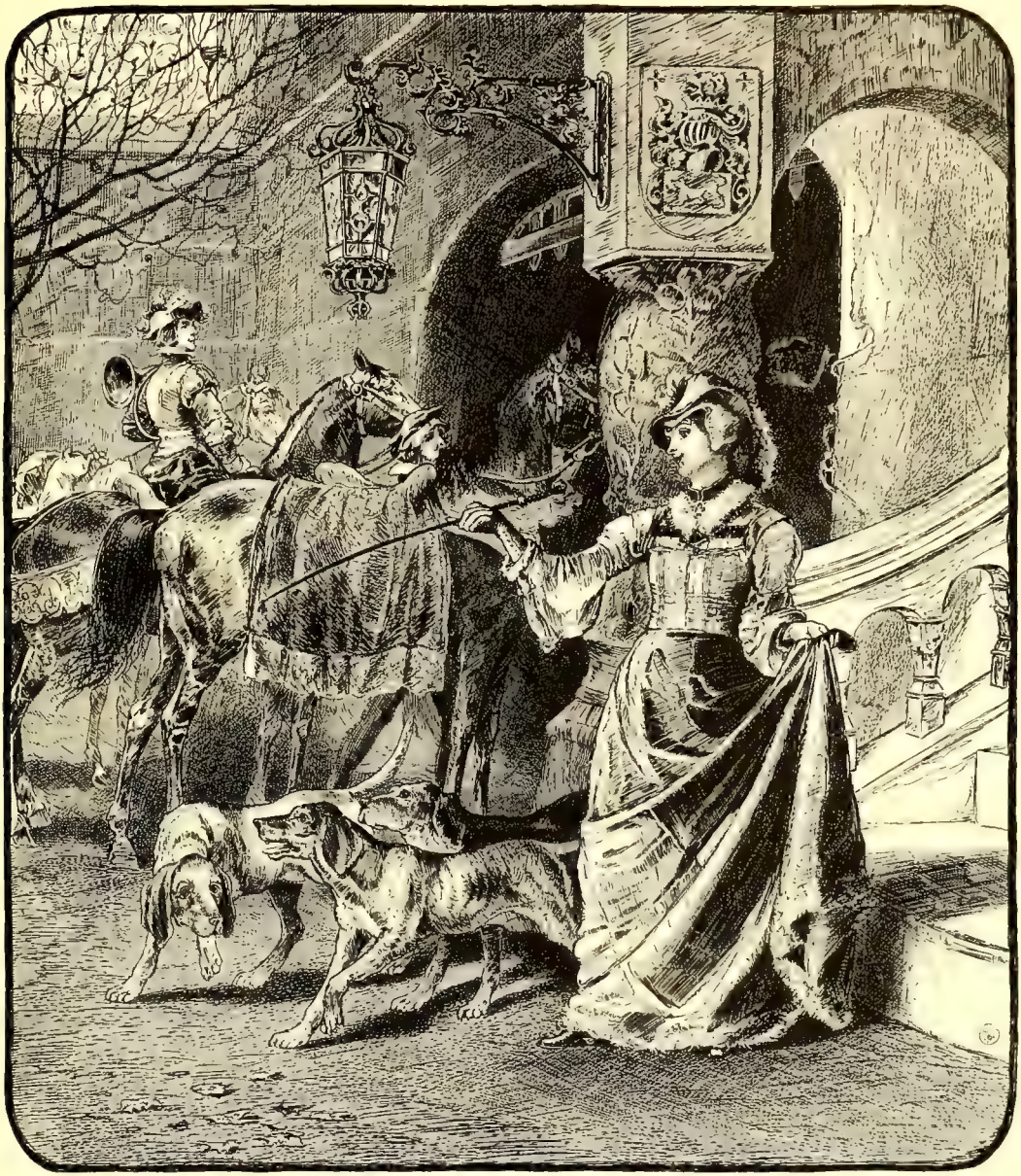
And next, the courser-man, in secrecy, unscrewed one of the bullion buttons on his buff jerkin, and taking from it a scrap of paper, handed this also to the watchful feodary. Then, his mission ended, he repaired to the buttery to satisfy his lusty English appetite with a big dish of pasty, followed by ale and "wardens" (as certain hard pears, used chiefly for cooking, were called in those days), while the cautious Avery Mitchell, unrolling the scrap of paper, read:

"*In secrecy,* THESE: Under guise of mummers place a half-score good men and true in your Yule-tide maskyng. Well armed and safely conditioned. They will be there who shall command. Look for the green dragon of Wantley. On your allegiance. This from ye wit who."

Scarcely had the feodary read, reread, and then destroyed this secret and singular missive, when the "Ho! hollo!" of Her Grace the Princess's outriders rang on the crisp December air, and there galloped up to the broad door-way of the manor-house a gayly costumed train of lords and ladies, with huntsmen and falconers and yeomen following on behind. Central in the group, flushed with her hard gallop through the wintry air, a young girl of fifteen, tall and trim in figure, sat her horse with the easy grace of a practiced and confident rider. Her long velvet habit was deeply edged with fur, and both kirtle and head-gear were of a rich purple tinge, while from beneath the latter just peeped a heavy coil of sunny, golden hair. Her face was fresh and fair, as should be that of any young girl of fifteen, but its expression was rather that of high spirits and

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† An old English term for the guardian of "certain wards of the state,"—young persons under guardianship of the government.



"WITHOUT YOUR HELP, MY LORDS! WITHOUT YOUR HELP!"

of heedless and impetuous moods than of simple maidenly beauty.

"Tilly-vally, my lord," she cried, dropping her bridle-rein into the hands of a waiting groom, "'t was my race to-day, was it not? Odds fish, man!" she called out sharply to the attendant groom; "be ye easier with Roland's bridle there. One beast of his gentle mettle were worth a score of clumsy varlets like to you! Well, said I not right, my Lord Admiral; is not the race fairly mine, I ask?" and, careless in act as in speech, she gave the Lord Admiral's horse, as she spoke, so sharp a cut with her riding-whip as to make the big brute rear in sudden surprise, and almost unhorse its rider, while an unchecked laugh came from its fair tormentor.

"Good faith, Mistress," answered Sir Thomas Seymour, the Lord High Admiral, gracefully swallowing his exclamation of surprise, "your ladyship hath fairly won, and, sure, hath no call to punish both myself and my good Selim here by such unwarranted chastisement. Will your grace dismount?"

And, vaulting from his seat, he gallantly extended his hand to help the young girl from her horse; while, on the same instant, another in her train, a handsome young fellow of the girl's own age, knelt on the frozen ground and held her stirrup.

But this independent young maid would have none of their courtesies. Ignoring the outstretched hands of both the man and boy, she sprang lightly from her horse, and, as she did so, with a sly and sudden push of her dainty foot, she sent the kneeling lad sprawling backward, while her merry peal of laughter rang out as an accompaniment to his downfall.

"Without your help, my lords — without your help, so please you both," she cried. "Why, Dudley," she exclaimed, in mock surprise, as she threw a look over her shoulder at the prostrate boy, "are you there? Beshrew me, though, you do look like one of goodman Roger's Dorking cocks in the pultry yonder, so red and ruffled of feather do you seem. There, see now, I do repent me of my discourtesy. You, Sir Robert, shall squire me to the hall, and Lord Seymour must even content himself with playing the gallant to good Mistress Ashley;" and, leaning on the arm of the now pacified Dudley, the self-willed girl tripped lightly up the entrance-steps. Self-willed and thoughtless — even rude and hoydenish — we may think her in these days of gentler manners and more guarded speech. But those were less refined and cultured times than these in which we live; and the rough, uncurbed nature of "Kinge Henrye the viij. of Most Famous Memorye," as the old chronicles term the "bluff King Hal," re-appeared to a noticeable extent in the person of his second child, the daughter of ill-fated Anne Boleyn, "my ladye's grace" the Princess Elizabeth of England.

And yet we should be readier to excuse this impetuous young Princess of three hundred years ago than were even her associates and enemies. For enemies she had, poor child, envious and vindictive ones, who sought to work her harm. Varied and unhappy had her young life already been. Born amid splendid hopes, in the royal palace of Greenwich; called Elizabeth after that grandmother, the fair heiress of the house of York, whose marriage to a prince of the house of Lancaster had ended the long and cruel War of the Roses; she had been welcomed with the peal of bells and the boom of cannons, and christened with all the regal ceremonial of King Henry's regal court. Then, when scarcely three years old, disgraced by the wicked murder of her mother, cast off and repudiated by her brutal father, and only received again to favor at the christening of her baby brother, passing her childish days in grim old castles and a wicked court,— she found herself, at thirteen, fatherless as well as motherless, and at fifteen cast on her own resources, the sport of men's ambitions and of conspirators' schemes. To-day the girl of fifteen, tenderly reared, shielded from trouble by a mother's watchful love and a father's loving care, can know but little of the dangers that compassed this Princess of England, the lady Elizabeth. Deliberately separated from her younger brother, the King, by his unwise and selfish counselors, hated by her elder sister, the lady Mary, as the daughter of the woman who had made *her* mother's life so miserable, she was, even in her manor-home of Hatfield, where she should have been most secure, in still greater jeopardy. For this same Lord Seymour of Sudleye, who was at once Lord High Admiral of England, uncle to the King, and brother of Somerset, the Lord Protector, had by fair promises and lavish gifts bound to his purpose this defenseless girl's only protectors, Master Parry, her cofferer, or steward, and Mistress Katherine Ashley, her governess. And that purpose was to force the young Princess into a marriage with himself, so as to help his schemes of treason against the Lord Protector and get into his own hands the care of the boy King and the government of the realm. It was a bold plot, and, if unsuccessful, meant attainder and death for high treason; but Seymour, ambitious, reckless, and unprincipled, thought only of his own desires, and cared little for the possible ruin into which he was dragging the unsuspecting and orphaned daughter of the King who had been his ready friend and patron.

So matters stood at the period of our story, on the eve of the Christmas festivities of 1548, as, on the arm of her boy escort, Sir Robert Dudley, gentleman usher at King Edward's court and, years after, the famous Earl of Leicester of Queen Elizabeth's day, the royal maiden entered the hall of Hatfield House. And, within the great hall, she was greeted by Master Parry, her cofferer, Master Runyon, her yeoman of the robes, and Master Mitchell, the feodary. Then, with a low obeisance, the feodary presented her the scroll which had been brought him, post-haste, by Launcelot Crue, the courser-man.

"What, good Master Avery," exclaimed Elizabeth, as she ran her eye over the scroll, "you to be Lord of Misrule and Master of the Revels!

And by my Lord of Somerset's own appointing? I am right glad to learn it."

And this is what she read:

"*Imprimis**: I give leave to Avery Mitchell, feodary, gentleman, to be Lord of Misrule of all good orders, at the Manor of Hatfield, during the twelve days of Yule-tide. And, also, I give free leave to the said Avery Mitchel to command all and every person or persons whatsoever, as well servants as others, to be at his command whensoever he shall sound his trumpet or music, and to do him good service, as though I were present myself, at their perils. I give full power and authority to his lordship to break all locks, bolts, bars, doors, and latches to come at all those who presume to disobey his lordship's commands. God save the King. SOMERSET."



"DOWN THE BROAD STAIR TROOPED THE MOTLEY TRAIN OF THE LORD OF MISRULE."

It was Christmas Eve. The great hall of Hatfield House gleamed with the light of many candles that flashed upon sconce and armor and polished floor. Holly and mistletoe, rosemary and bay, and all the decorations of an old-time English Christmas were tastefully arranged. A burst of laughter rang through the hall, as through the ample door-way, and down the broad stair, trooped the motley train of the Lord of Misrule to open the Christmas revels. A fierce and ferocious looking fellow was he, with his great green mustache and his ogre-like face. His dress was a gorgeous parti-colored jerkin and half-hose, trunks, ruff, slouch-boots of Cordova leather, and high befeathered steeple hat. His long staff, topped with a fool's head, cap and bells, rang loudly on the floor, as, preceded by his diminutive but pompous page, he led his train around and around the great hall, lustily singing the chorus:

"Like Prince and King he leads the ring;
Right merrily we go. Sing hey-trix, trim-go-trix,
Under the mistletoe!"

A menagerie let loose or the most dyspeptic of after-dinner dreams could not be more bewildering than was this motley train of the Lord of Misrule. Giants and dwarfs, dragons and griffins, hobby-horses and goblins, Robin Hood and the Grand Turk, bears and boars and fantastic animals that never had a name, boys and girls, men and women, in every imaginable costume and device—around and around the hall they went, still ringing out the chorus:

"Sing hey-trix, trim-go-trix,
Under the mistletoe!"

Then, standing in the center of his court, the

* A Latin term signifying "in the first place," or "to commence with," and used as the opening of legal or official directions.

Lord of Misrule bade his herald declare that from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night he was Lord Supreme; that, with his magic art, he transformed all there into children, and charged them, on their fealty, to act only as such. "I absolve them all from wisdom," he said; "I bid them be just wise enough to make fools of themselves, and do decree that none shall sit apart in pride and eke in self-sufficiency to laugh at others;" and then the fun commenced.

Off in stately Whitehall, in the palace of the boy King, her brother, the revels were grander and showier; but to the young Elizabeth, not yet skilled in all the stiffness of the royal court, the Yule-tide feast at Hatfield House brought pleasure enough; and so, seated at her holly-trimmed virginal,—that great-great-grandfather of the piano of to-day,—she, whose rare skill as a musician has come down to us, would—when wearied with her "prankes and japes"—"tap through" some fitting Christmas carol, or that older lay of the Yule-tide "Mumming".

"To shorten winter's sadness see where the folk with gladness,
Disguised, are all a-coming, right wantonly a-mumming,
Fa-la!

"Whilst youthful sports are lasting, to feasting turn our fasting;
With revels and with wassails make grief and care our vassals,
Fa-la!"

The Yule-log had been noisily dragged in "to the firing," and as the big sparks raced up the wide chimney, the boar's head and the tankard of sack, the great Christmas candle and the Christmas pie, were escorted around the room to the flourish of trumpets and with welcoming shouts; the Lord of Misrule, with a wave of his staff, was about to give the order for all to unmask, when suddenly there appeared in the circle a new character—a great green dragon, as fierce and ferocious as well could be, from his pasteboard jaws to his curling canvas tail. The green dragon of Wantley! Terrified urchins backed hastily away from his horrible jaws, and the Lord of Misrule gave a sudden and visible start. The dragon himself, scarce waiting for the surprise to subside, waved his paw for silence, and said, in a hollow, pasteboardy voice:

"Most noble Lord of Misrule, before your feast commences and the masks are doff'd, may we not, as that which should give good appetite to all,—with your lordship's permit and that of my lady's grace,—tell each some wonder-filling tale as suits the goodly time of Yule? Here be stout maskers can tell us strange tales of fairies and goblins, or, perchance, of the foreign folk with whom they have trafficked in Calicute and Affrica, Barbaria, Perew, and other diverse lands and countries over-sea. And after that they have ended, then will I essay a tale that shall cap them all, so past belief shall it appear."

The close of the dragon's speech, of course, made them all the more curious; and the lady Elizabeth did but speak for all when she said, "I pray you, good Sir Dragon, let us have your tale first. We have had enow of Barbaria and Perew. If that yours may be so wondrous, let us hear it even now, and then may we decide."

"As your lady's grace wishes," said the dragon. "But methinks when you have heard me through, you would that it had been the last or else not told at all."

"Your lordship of Misrule and my lady's grace must know," began the dragon, "that my story, though a short, is a startling one. Once on a time there lived a King, who, though but a boy, did, by God's grace, in talent, industry, perseverance, and knowledge, surpass both his own years and the belief of men. And because he was good and gentle alike and conditioned beyond the measure of his years, he was the greater prey to the wicked wiles of traitorous men. And one such, high in the King's court, thought to work him ill; and to carry out his ends did wantonly awaken seditious and rebellious intent even among the King's kith and kin, whom he traitorously sought to wed,—his royal and younger sister,—nay, start not, my lady's grace!" exclaimed the dragon quickly, as Elizabeth turned upon him a look of sudden and haughty surprise. "All is known! And this is the ending of my wonderous tale. My lord Seymour of Sudleye is this day taken for high treason and haled* to the Tower. They of your own household are held as accomplice to the Lord Admiral's wicked intent, and you, Lady Elizabeth Tudor, are by order of the council to be restrained in prison wards in this your manor of Hatfield until such time as the King's Majesty and the honorable council shall decide. This on your allegiance!"

The cry of terror that the dragon's words awoke died into silence as the lady Elizabeth rose to her feet, flushed with anger.

"Is this a fable or the posy of a ring, Sir Dragon?" she said, sharply. "Do you come to try or tempt me, or is this perchance but some part of my Lord of Misrule's Yule-tide mumming? 'Sblood, sir; only cravens sneak behind masks to strike and threaten. Have off your disguise, if you be true man; or, by my word as Princess of England, he shall bitterly rue the day who dares to befool the daughter of Henry Tudor!"

"As you will, then, my lady," said the dragon. "Do you doubt me now?" and, tearing off his pasteboard wrapping. he stood disclosed before them all as the grim Sir Robert Trywhitt, chief examiner of the Lord Protector's council. "Move

* Haled—dragged, forcibly conveyed.

not at your peril," he said, as a stir in the throng seemed to indicate the presence of some brave spirits who would have shielded their young Princess. "Master Feodary, bid your varlets stand to their arms."

And at a word from Master Avery Mitchell, late Lord of Misrule, there flashed from beneath the cloaks of certain tall figures on the circle's edge the halberds of the guard. The surprise was complete. The lady Elizabeth was a prisoner in her own manor-house, and the Yule-tide revels had reached a sudden and sorry ending.

And yet, once again, under this false accusation, did the hot spirit of the Tudors flame in the face and speech of the Princess Elizabeth.

"Sir Robert Trywhitt," cried the brave young girl, "these be but lying rumors that do go against my honor and my fealty. God knoweth they be shameful slanders, sir; for the which, besides the desire I have to see the King's Majesty, I pray you let me also be brought straight before the court, that I may disprove these perjured tongues."

But her appeal was not granted. For months she was kept close prisoner at Hatfield House, subjected daily to most rigid cross-examination by Sir Robert Trywhitt for the purpose of implicating her, if possible, in the Lord Admiral's plot. But all in vain; and at last even Sir Robert gave up the attempt, and wrote to the council that "the lady Elizabeth hath a good wit, and nothing is gotten of her but by great policy."

Lord Seymour of Sudleye was beheaded for treason, on Tower Hill, and others, implicated in his plots, were variously punished; but even "great policy" can not squeeze a lie out of the truth, and Elizabeth was finally declared free of the stain of treason.

Experience, which is a hard teacher, often brings to light the best that is in us. It was so in this case. For, as one writer says: "The long and harassing ordeal disclosed the splendid courage, the reticence, the rare discretion, which were to carry the Princess through many an awful peril in the years to come. Probably no event of her early girlhood went so far toward making a woman of Elizabeth as did this miserable affair."

Within ten years thereafter, the lady Elizabeth ascended the throne of England. Those ten years covered many strange events, many varying fortunes—the death of her brother, the boy King Edward, the sad tragedy of Lady Jane Grey, Wyatt's rebellion, the tanner's revolt, and all the long horror of the reign of "Bloody Mary." You may read of all this in history and may see how, through it all, the young Princess grew still more firm of will, more self-reliant, wise, and strong, developing all those peculiar qualities that helped to make her England's greatest Queen and one of the most wonderful women in history. But through all her long and most historic life,—a life of over seventy years, forty-five of which were passed as England's Queen,—scarce any incident made so lasting an impression upon her as when, in Hatfield House, the first shock of the false charge of treason fell upon the thoughtless girl of fifteen in the midst of the Christmas revels.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

By Edmund Alton.

Chapter III.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CONGRESS.

The members of the House of Representatives are chosen directly by the people, and no person can be a representative "who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen." Their total number is regulated by statute of Congress, but they must be distributed among the States in proportion to population. The Constitution, however, provides that the ratio shall not exceed one representative for every thirty thousand persons, but that "each State shall have at least one representative." In the First Congress, which assembled on the 4th of March, 1789, the thirteen original States were represented in the House by sixty-five members. This representation was fixed by the Constitution, until the taking of a census. The first census was that of 1790; and in 1792, Vermont and Kentucky having been meanwhile admitted into the Union, an apportionment act was passed, which increased the number of representatives to one hundred and five, or one for every thirty-three thousand persons. Since then, every ten years, a census has been taken,

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the population of the country ascertained, and other enumerations and apportionments have been made. The States, the people, and their representatives have increased in number, until now, under the tenth and latest census (that of 1880), 49,371,340 inhabitants, comprising the "representative population" of the country, scattered throughout thirty-eight States, are represented by three hundred and twenty-five members of the House,—a ratio of one representative to every one hundred and fifty-two thousand inhabitants.* New York, with a little over five million inhabitants, heads the list with thirty-four representatives; Pennsylvania, with over four million, has twenty-eight; and so it tapers toward a point where we find Colorado, Oregon, Delaware, and Nevada, with populations ranging in the order named from two hundred thousand to sixty-five thousand, and with one representative each.

HOW THE REPRESENTATIVES ARE ELECTED.

For the election of its thirty-four representatives, the legislature of New York has divided the area of the State into thirty-four parts, each "containing as nearly as practicable an equal number of inhabitants." These divisions are called Congressional districts, and the voters, or electors, of each district are entitled to choose one person to represent them in the House. A similar division is made by other States having populations which entitle them to two or more representatives. Where a representation of only one is given, as in the case of Nevada, the whole State is practically a district.

On a specified day, every alternate year, Congressional elections are held in each State,† and every person who, by the law of his State, is qualified as an elector "of the most numerous branch of the State legislature," is entitled to vote. This is done by going to one of the "polls," or voting-place, and depositing in a box, in charge of election officers, a slip of paper bearing the written or printed name of the candidate whom he wishes for representative. These slips are termed "ballots," and the box into which they are dropped the "ballot-box." The voting begins at a designated hour in the morning, and ceases at sunset or other stated time in the evening, when the polls are closed, the ballots are counted, and the man whose name appears on the greatest number of them cast in the Congressional district is declared elected as the representative in Congress of the people of that district.

The terms of the representatives begin at twelve o'clock on the 4th of March of every odd-numbered year (such as 1883 or 1885), and end at twelve o'clock on the 4th day of March of the second year following. This period of two years is termed a "Congress," and a Congress is divided into "sessions." There is one regular session every year, commencing on the first Monday of December, thus making two regular sessions in a Congress, known as the "long session" and the "short session"; and as the President of the United States "may," in the language of the Constitution, "on extraordinary occasions convene both Houses or either of them," there are frequently three sessions in a Congress. At the expiration of a Congress, the terms of all of the members of the House come to an end, and so the House of Representatives itself, as a body, remains out of existence until reorganized by the convening of the members of (to use a popular expression) the "next" or "new" House.

But it is not necessarily "new," so far as faces are concerned; for many of the members of the "old" or "last" House are generally re-elected. The desire for re-election and the power of the people to send other men to the House, have a tendency to keep the law-makers on their good behavior. The present Congress, which is the forty-eighth since the establishment of our present form of government, will end on the 4th of March next. The great voting done throughout the country during the past autumn months was for the election of representatives to the Forty-ninth Congress, as well as for a President and Vice-President of the United States.

At the opening of the first session of every Congress, the newly elected representatives assemble in their hall, and from their number immediately select their presiding officer, or Speaker.‡ In addition to the formidable power which belongs to that high station, the Speaker retains his ordinary privileges as a representative. A "Speakership contest," as the struggle between the rival candidates is termed, is often a very exciting and always an interesting political event. Upon his election, he takes an oath (administered by one of the members) by which he pledges himself to support the Constitution of the United States, and to faithfully discharge the duties of his office. Thereupon, hav-

* The eight organized Territories and their solitary delegates are not embraced in these figures. The total population of the United States (not including Alaska, the Indian Territory, "wild Indians," etc.) is 50,155,783, according to the last Census Report. The population of the eight Territories and the District of Columbia is 784,443.

† The Congressional elections are not, however, as they should be, uniform as to time throughout the United States. Ohio, for example, chose her representatives to the Forty-Ninth Congress in October last, while nearly all of the other States did their Congressional voting in November, in connection with that for President.

‡ The term "Speaker" is borrowed from the name given to the presiding officer of the House of Commons of Great Britain.

ing gone through the formality of thanking his associates for the honor conferred upon him, he administers to them a similar oath. The next step is for the representatives to appoint the clerical and other officers necessary to assist them in their proceedings, and then to choose their own seats in the Hall of Representatives. And, having attended to all these matters,—having selected a Speaker to preside over their deliberations and keep them quiet, having taken the oath of office, and having installed their corps of assistants into comfortable positions, and ensconced themselves in cane-seated chairs behind light-colored, plain-looking desks,— the members are full-fledged Congressmen, and the House of Representatives exists once more as a "body," and is ready to roll up its legislative sleeves and go to work.

HOW THE SENATORS ARE ELECTED.

The senators are elected in a different and much simpler manner. They are chosen by the *legislatures* of the respective States, instead of directly by the votes of the people. Each State is entitled to two senators, but no person can be a senator, unless he is thirty years of age, of nine years' citizenship, and an inhabitant of the State when elected. The number of senators is unalterable, except by the admission of new States. Multiply the number of States at any given time by two, and you have the number of senators at that time. There is a subtle distinction between a senator and a representative as shown in the distinct modes of election. The two senators from New York, for instance, represent that State as a political unit or entity—in other words, in her sovereign capacity *as a State*. (I know this is a puzzler, but I gave you fair warning!) The thirty-four representatives represent the *people* of New York as so many *individuals* in the entire republic. You will thus see that in the Senate, one State is as potent as another,—they are all "peers," or "equals"; while in the House, the power of a State is substantially in proportion to the number of its inhabitants.

The senators hold office for six years, and their elections are so arranged that the terms of one-third of the members expire with each Congress. It is possible for the House of Representatives to be composed entirely of new members, ignorant of the difference between a "call of the House" and a "motion to adjourn." Such a thing could not happen in regard to the Senate, as only one-third of its membership can be changed at a time. This, then, forms another distinction between the two Houses. The Senate is a *continuous* body. It never dies. It is, to all intents, immortal. The House, as I have explained, is short-lived. Its successor is, in the light of the Constitution, an altogether new creation, possessing an entirely different soul, but endowed with the authority exercised by the "late lamented"—the House immediately preceding it.

In Great Britain, the legislative body which corresponds to the Senate as the "Upper House" is the House of Lords; but most of the peers hold office for life and by right of birth or favor of the Crown. They are "hereditary legislators," and the people have nothing to say in the matter. The bright little son of a senator evidently thought the Senate was also an hereditary institution; for, when asked what he intended to be on reaching manhood, he mournfully answered: "Well, I 'd like to be a hack-driver, but I s'pose I 'll have to be a senator!"

The Vice-President, who presides over the Senate, and who, together with the President, is elected by the people of the United States, takes no part in its debates. He can only vote in the event of a tie; in that case he may determine the question by his "casting-vote."* He, like all the senators, "qualifies" for his office by taking the usual oath, and, with its officers, the Senate is thus serenely equipped.

Yet one other feature is essential to put the two bodies into thorough working order, and without it little progress in legislation would be made. In order that every measure upon which the action of Congress is or may be desired shall be properly examined, the senators and representatives are divided into numerous cliques, or groups, styled "Committees," from the fact that to them certain matters are "committed," or referred, by the respective bodies to which they belong. The committees of the House are appointed by the Speaker, one Congressman being sometimes a member of several committees. Those of the Senate are appointed by that body itself, and not by the Vice-President. In view of the important duties performed by these little councils, this right of the Speaker to form them will give you an idea of the influence which he exerts in public affairs. There are over forty regular or "standing" committees of the House, the largest numbering fifteen members, including the chairman; and about thirty committees of the Senate, the largest consisting of eleven senators, and the smallest, of three. There is thus a regular committee for nearly every class of legislative subjects likely to require the attention of either House; and special, or select, committees are constantly being

* See, on these various points, the Constitution, Article I., Sections 2, 3, etc.

established. Most important measures undergo the rigid examination of the appropriate committees before being considered by either branch of Congress in full session. When the members of a committee report against or in favor of a particular matter, the house to which they belong are inclined to agree to what they recommend, since they know that the committeemen have specially studied the merits and demerits of the question. The committees meet in elegantly furnished, frescoed rooms, built for their comfort and convenience, and provided with special clerks to record their doings. Their meetings are sometimes open to the public, but generally secret; and, as even a Congressman can not be in two places at the same time, and as he should not absent himself from the sessions of his house without "leave," committee-service is irksome as well as important.



ONE OF THE THORNS OF SENATORIAL LIFE.—A dissatisfied constituent: "Well, Senator, how you could 'a' talked about that measure the way you talked about it *before* election, an' then 'a' voted on that measure the way you did *after* election, is to me rather considerable of an enigmy!"

It is an error to suppose that the law-makers have nothing more to do than to attend the ordinary sessions of the Senate or House, and draw their pay. Some of them are models of industry,—going to the Capitol early in the morning, holding committee-meetings for an hour or two, darting off to an executive department for information, taking part in the debates of the respective houses, writing letters to constituents, and transacting infinite odds and ends of business until dusk. And when they go home in the evening, they are not always allowed to rest. They are bothered by dissatisfied constituents; they are besieged by strangers and friends, one wanting this done, another that, a third something else, until, wearied and exhausted, they sink into a restless sleep, and dream hideous visions of the coming day.

Yet there is another side to the picture. They each receive five thousand dollars a year and perquisites,* to say nothing of the honor of writing "M.C." and "U. S. S." after their names; they are "distinguished guests" wherever they go; they are invited to all levees and receptions, to all festivals and amusements; they are banqueted by the President and entertained by Cabinet Ministers; and they are welcome to every species of domestic and foreign hospitality, from a charity-ball to a german at the legation, where they may move solemnly through the figures of the stately minuet, or dance to the livelier music of a cotillion and Virginia reel.

* In addition to their stated salary, they are entitled to "traveling expenses," known as "mileage," because computed by the distance between their homes and the city of Washington; they receive a certain allowance of newspapers and stationery free, as also copies of all public documents published under their authority—from an elaborate medical history of several huge volumes to a "Congressional Directory"; they get seeds from the Agricultural Department and flowers from the Botanical Gardens; and they have other privileges and honors which I shall not detail at present. The Senators have recently voted themselves "private secretaries," much to the vexation of the members of the House, who would like to have such luxuries, also, but do not dare to take that liberty with the public funds.

Altogether, their careers are decidedly agreeable, and the average Congressman would gladly serve his country for life, and "nominate his bones" to fill the vacancy occasioned by his death.

Chapter IV.

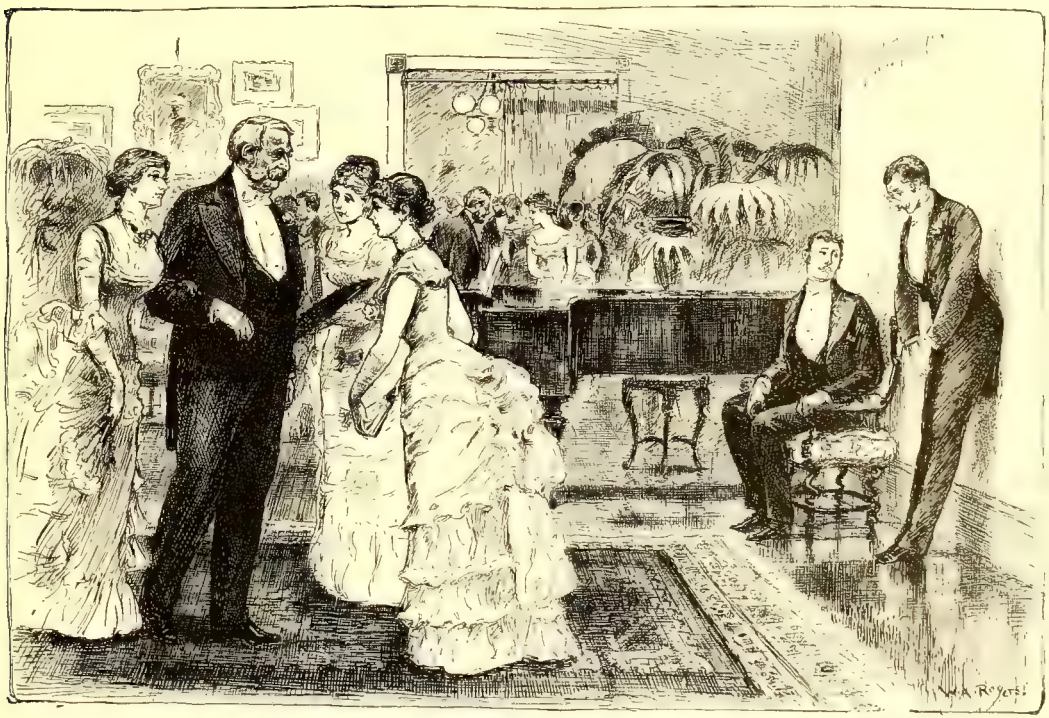
How the Laws are Made.

Congress, while the grandest tribunal on the American continent, if not on the globe, is not the sole legislative authority in this country. The States have local legislatures, which are vested with exclusive power as to certain subjects; Congress, on the other hand, has exclusive jurisdiction in regard to other affairs; and then there is a third class of matters, respecting which both State and National law-makers may legislate, with this qualification,—that should the State laws conflict with the National, the former must give way to the latter. The Constitution expressly declares what Congress may do; and, as it can do nothing not permitted by the Constitution, I refer you to that instrument for particulars as to its power. To raise money to defray the expenses of the general Government, to provide navies and armies useful in resenting insults or resisting danger at home or abroad, to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the States, to coin money, to establish post-offices and post-roads, to create courts for the enforcement of Federal statutes,—in brief, to make all laws necessary for the protection and maintenance of the integrity and honor of the Union, and the welfare of the people *as a nation*, — these are within the powers of Congress.

The varieties of business with which it has to deal reach from the sublime to the ridiculous,—from a declaration of war against a threatening foe, involving the sacrifice of priceless lives, to a law appropriating a few dollars out of the Treasury for the loss of a blanket in the Government service.

The proceedings of the Senate and House are methodical; otherwise, with so many Congressmen, it would be almost impossible to accomplish anything at all toward advancing the interests of the nation. To restrain their proceedings from an excess of talk, as well as to prevent undue haste in legislation, numerous rules are established by each house and rigidly enforced.

The daily routine of the Senate, as I observed it, was very simple. After prayers by the chaplain, the next thing was the reading of the journal of the previous day by one of the clerks. After that, the Vice-President would lay before the Senate messages



One of the Roses of Senatorial Life.—"He is invited to all receptions, and is 'a distinguished guest' wherever he goes."

from the President of the United States and other papers upon his table. Then he would announce petitions and memorials to be in order. Of course, the people of the United States having sent these men to Congress to make laws for them, have a right to tell them what laws they wish enacted, and the first amendment to the Constitution prohibits Congress from interfering with this right. All the memorials having been presented, reports of committees, bills, and other papers were submitted. For the presentation of these matters, the first hour of every day was set apart. After the "morning hour," the Senate generally devoted itself to the consideration of those measures which lead to the great debates of Congress, and result in the enactment of important laws. As you may wish to know something about the course of legislation, I shall try to enlighten you.

Let us take a dainty illustration. Suppose all of you young folk should suddenly acquire a keen appetite for honey; that you could, in fact, eat nothing else; and that you should prefer the honey produced abroad by foreign industry to that of the busy bees of our own land. Now, the gathering of the honey from the hives, putting it into cases, or extracting it from the comb, and bottling, together with its transportation over thousands of miles, are items which involve considerable expense. Then, too, the farmer, or producer, is entitled to some compensation in the way of interest on the money which he has invested in bees and other features of his business. The wholesale merchant, who buys it from the producer, the retail dealer, who buys it from the wholesale merchant, each adds to its cost a reasonable amount by way of profit. All these matters enhance its natural value,—or, in simpler words, make the honey worth more to you than it would actually be worth to you if you could obtain it directly from the workshop of the bees. In addition to these, however, there is another thing that seriously affects the price.

Money is required to run the ponderous machinery of government. The legislators, the President and other executive officers, the judges, the soldiers, sailors, and miscellaneous "servants of the people" do not work for mere love. They must be paid for their services in money. The noble volunteers who, to protect their country's flag, risked death upon the battle-field, and returned to their homes crippled, wrecked in health, disabled for work, deserve something better than empty hand-shakings on the part of the Union. The officers of government can not all do their work in the open air, nor can commerce navigate over rocks and reefs. Public buildings must be erected, harbors and rivers improved, light-houses built. These can not be had for nothing. Then there is the Indian. We stole his lands. He expects us to pay his board. We have agreed to do it.

These and other matters connected with the management of national affairs cost millions of dollars annually. How is the money to be raised? The Constitution points out to Congress the way—Taxes! Taxes! *

There are two kinds of taxes—direct and indirect. While a handsome yearly income is derived from sales of public lands and from other sources, the Government depends for its hundreds of millions upon indirect taxation. One species of indirect taxation is what is styled the "Internal Revenue," which taxes domestic evils, like the liquor trade, and yields the Government an immense sum.

But its favorite and most profitable "indirect" device is the "Tariff." Upon certain products and manufactures brought to our shores from other lands, it lays a "duty," or tax, and that duty must be paid to the proper Government officials (called "customs-officers" or "custom-house officers") before the things *can be sold in this country*. On every pound of figs brought to this country, the Government, through its "customs-officers," collects two cents. Slates and slate-pencils from abroad must pay thirty cents for every dollar of their worth. When you buy these things, remember you are paying much more than actual values. A part of the excess goes into the treasury of the United States as a "duty," or "indirect tax"; for, of course, the dealer who imports these articles includes this extra cost in the price charged the purchaser. You little folk have perhaps no idea how much you contribute every year to defray the expenses of our grand republic! Dolls and toys not made in this country must pay thirty-five cents on every dollar of their value; foreign beef and pork are taxed one cent per pound; vinegar, seven and a half cents per gallon; oats, ten cents a bushel; mackerel, one cent per pound. Bonnets, hats, and hoods, for men, women, and children; canes and walking-sticks; brooms, combs, jewelry, precious stones, musical instruments of all kinds, playing-cards, paintings, and statuary,—these are also roughly jostled by this uncouth law.

I should state, however, that *all* articles from abroad are not taxed. There is what is known as the "Free List," on which are placed certain imports exempt from duty, such as nux vomica, assafœtida, charcoal, divi-divi, dragon's blood, Bologna sausages, eggs, fossils, and other articles! But the great bulk of important staples used in every-day life does not come within this favored class. Chemical products; earthenware and glassware; metals; wood and woodenwares; sugar; tobacco; provisions; cotton and cotton goods; hemp, jute, and

* Constitution, Article I., Sec. 8, Cl. 1.

flax goods; wool and woolens; silk and silk goods; books, papers, etc.; and sundries,—thus reads the Tariff List.

This is what is called "Protection." That is, putting heavy duties on foreign articles and commodities raises the price of those foreign articles, and compels people to buy, instead, those made and produced by American industry.

The present tariff imposes upon foreign honey a duty of twenty cents a gallon. We will say that you consider this a dreadful tax on such a "necessary," and that you would, under the circumstances supposed, try to have it removed. Accordingly, you would prepare and sign a petition to Congress, setting forth the hardship of this extra expense imposed upon you as purchasers and "consumers" of the commodity and asking that the tax be abolished. Now, let us further suppose that I represent your district in Congress. (I say, "*suppose.*")

Very well. You would send that petition to me, as your representative, that I might present it to the House. Having been presented, it would be referred to a committee for examination. As the removal of the duty would reduce the revenue of the Government, the petition would be sent to the Committee on Ways and Means. This committee, which is a very important one and consists of thirteen of the ablest members of the House, would read your petition and examine into the matter. There would then be two obstacles to overcome.

In the first place, the committee, or a majority of the members, might not wish to reduce the receipts of the national treasury without strong reasons being shown, and might invite you to explain the urgency of your demand. In the second place, the removal of the duty would not only affect the revenue of the Government, but would destroy the monopoly and cut down the profits of American honey-producers or dealers, because the foreign farmers and merchants would thus be enabled to sell their honey at least twenty cents per gallon less than they can sell it under the present state of affairs. In other words, it would provoke "competition," and the price would probably fall far below that now charged at an ordinary grocery-store. The American dealers would, naturally enough, oppose your designs, and request a hearing before the committee. Each side might employ lawyers to speak in its behalf, or might appear and personally argue the matter, according as the committee might prefer. But there would hardly be room for preference between children clamoring for honey and lawyers clamoring for fees. In either event, the committee would run a great risk of being talked to death.

Let us assume, however, that they survive the ordeal and become convinced that the duty, while a protection against competition and small profits to a comparatively few old American "producers," is an injustice to the myriad of young American "consumers," and that the law should be repealed. They would then prepare a "bill," somewhat as follows:

"A Bill to put Honey on the Free List.

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That from and after the passage of this act, the importation of honey shall be exempt from customs duties; and all laws inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed."

One of the members of the committee would then report that bill to the House.* Ordinarily, that would be the last of it. But, in order to finish this illustration, let me imagine you to be hanging between life and death,—famishing for honey,—and yet unable to buy it at the price charged. Suppose, for this or other reasons, the committee should ask that a day be assigned for its consideration, and that the House should acquiesce.

Adopting the present tense, let us further assume that the day has arrived. The bill having been read a first and second time,† the fight begins in earnest, and the members of the House opposed to it and those in its favor argue and wrangle and shout "Free Trade" and "Protection" for a month, as they did on a certain tariff bill which they did not pass last year. I, of course, champion your interests with all my well-known eloquence,—now putting your opponents to sleep by a dose of statistics, now lashing them into activity with my sesquipedalian sentences of wrath. (By the way, do your dictionaries need re-binding?) Some of the enemies to the bill are willing to *reduce* the tax, but not to entirely *remove* it, and they suggest an amendment lowering the duty from *twenty* to *ten* cents a gallon. Other enemies wish the bill to "lie on the table" or be "indefinitely postponed." The House may organize itself into a "Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union," a proceeding usual in the consideration of public bills and business, as distinguished from a "Committee of the Whole House" for the consideration of private business.

* Petitions or bills may be presented or introduced in either House. There is but one exception to this rule. The Constitution prescribes that "all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives."

† Every bill must be read three times before being passed. These readings are trumpet-notes of warning. They notify the members of the measure before the House, in order that any of them who think it an improper measure, may resist its passage, and thus prevent underhand legislation. As a general thing, a bill is read "in full" only once, the other two readings being "by title," which means that the title *only* is read.

But let us hurry over all formalities and complicated motions, and suppose all the efforts of its enemies to be vain. The question is at length asked: "Shall the bill be engrossed and read a third time?" This "main," or "previous question" is ordered, and the bill is accordingly read a third time by its title, unless some member should wish it read in full.* Then comes the question, "Shall the bill pass?" Again it is open to debate, but not to amendment (or change.)† Then another "previous question" is ordered, and a vote taken on the passage of the bill. There are several ways of voting, but in this case we will suppose that the clerk calls the "yeas and nays" (although it will consume half an hour), in order that every member may record himself as either against or for the bill. We will suppose that a majority votes in its favor. The bill is now passed, the title is again read and stands, unless amended. Thereupon, a motion is made to "reconsider" the vote last taken; and it is also moved that the motion to reconsider be laid upon the table. This is a technical formality, which "clinches" the action of the body. The last motion is agreed to, and the bill is now beyond the reach of danger from the House. The clerk of the House then "certifies" the bill, notes on it the date of its passage, and takes it (together with my petition and the other papers in the case) to the Senate. In the Senate it is referred to the Committee on Finance, reported back, argued, and (we shall assume) passed. The secretary of the Senate carries it to the House and notifies that body of its passage by the Senate. It has now become an "Act of Congress," and is enrolled on parchment by the clerk of the House (it being a House bill), and examined by the Joint Committee on Enrolled Bills, who see that no errors have been made by the enrolling clerks, and who report to each House. Then it is signed by the Speaker and the President of the Senate, the clerk of the House certifies that it originated in that body, and a member of the joint committee takes it to the President of the United States, who, having ten days in which to reflect, finally thinks it a good Act and signs it. It is at last a law. The President notifies the House of his approval; the parchment is deposited among the public archives of the State Department; the law is duly published, under the direction of the Secretary of State, as a statute at large of the United States; foreign "producers," and merchants see it; competition at once begins, and I am now prepared to accept your kind invitation to a delicious honey-feast.

This is a rough and hurried sketch of the travels of a measure on its road to enactment as a law. I have not stopped to consider its chances of defeat. (1) The Senate Committee might have "pigeonholed" it or not reported it back to the Senate. Or (2) a majority of the Senate might have voted against its enactment, and thus have killed it outright. (3) They might have amended it, the House might have refused to concur in the amendments, joint conference committees of the two Houses might have been appointed to reconcile the Houses by some sort of compromise, either House might have refused to agree to any report of such committee and insisted upon its position, and the disagreement (or "dead-lock") might have sealed the fate of the bill. On the other hand, one of the Houses might have receded from its position, and the bill might have passed with or without amendment. Again, it would have been an Act. But (4) the President of the United States might have objected to it, and forbidden it, by his "veto," from becoming a law. In that event, he would have returned it to the House with his objections; and unless the House and Senate, each by a two-thirds vote‡ of the members present, should have again passed it "over the veto," the measure would have been defeated.

It is unnecessary to weary you by detailing the many difficulties an objectionable measure would encounter. I have endeavored, however, to show you that there are safeguards thrown around the proceedings of Congress for the purpose of preventing improper legislation from being rushed through without, at least, warning the people of it and giving them an opportunity to protect. An explanation of the rules established by both Houses to this end would fill a large volume. Some of them are abstruse and apparently incomprehensible, but you may rest assured that they all have a wise object in view—namely, to protect the people of the country from the enactment of bad laws. If, therefore, a harsh or unjust measure should at any time be enacted by Congress, you will understand the reason and know the moral to be drawn from it—that a majority of the law-makers have not done their duty, and that their places should be filled by better men.

(To be continued.)

* The engrossing, strictly, should be done by the clerk before further proceedings are had; but, to economize time, this theory is not carried out in Congressional practice.

† An exception to the rule, "It is never too late to mend."

‡ It requires only a majority of each House to pass a bill—one more than half the number of members present will suffice. To pass it "over the veto" requires a *two-thirds* vote, which vote, the Constitution declares, shall always be taken by the yeas and nays; "and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respectively."

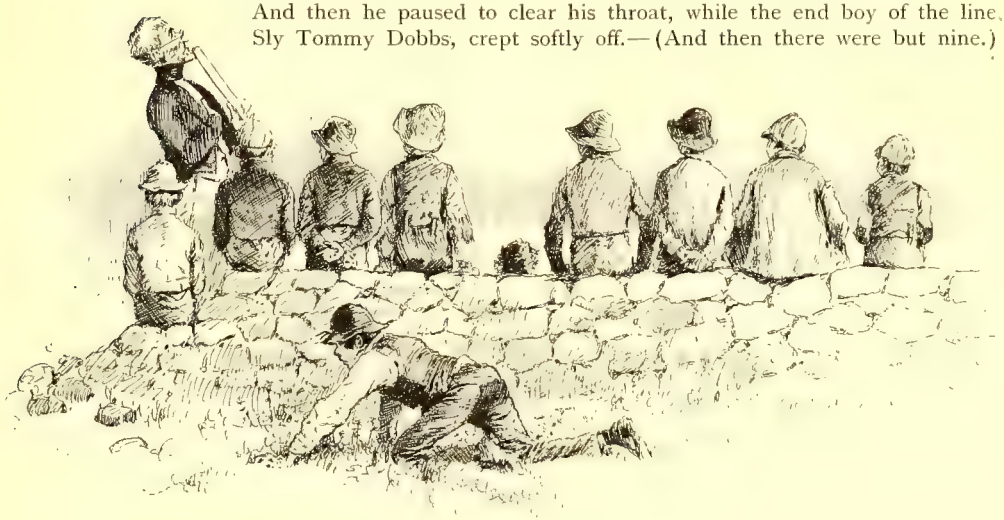
THE SCHOOL-MASTER AND THE TRUANTS.

By Charles R. Talbot.



Stern Master Munchem, rod in hand, stole out of school one day,
And suddenly appeared before some boys, who 'd run away,
All sitting on the meadow wall. "Aha!" he cried; and then
He stood and grimly counted them.— He found that there were ten.

He laid his hand upon his heart and looked up at the sky.
"My lads," sonorously he said, "of course you know that I"—
And then he paused to clear his throat, while the end boy of the line,
Sly Tommy Dobbs, crept softly off.— (And then there were but nine.)



"Of course," the master recommenced, "you know that I am here"—
He paused again and with his pen he scratched behind his ear.
Meanwhile, fat Peleg Perkins had concluded not to wait,
And followed Tommy Dobbs's lead.—(And then there were but eight.)



"Ahem!" pursued the master. "As I observed just now,
Of course you know I 'm here to teach the young idea how"—
And here he stopped to wipe his brow. Lank Obadiah Hicks
Chose this occasion to depart.—(And then there were but six.)



"Of course, as I was saying, you know I 'm here to teach"—
Here Master Munchem once again paused gravely in his speech,
And knit his brows abstractedly, still gazing toward the heaven.
So small Giles Jenkins scampered off.—(And then there were but seven.)



"In short, I 'm here to teach the young idea how to *shoot*."
Here he ceased gazing at the sky and looked down at his boot.
Then jolly Jonas Doolittle, he made one reckless dive
And took *him*self out of the line.—(And then there were but five.)



"*Therefore*," the master hastened on, "it is entirely plain"—
Here he took off his spectacles and put them on again;
While another of his hearers, gaping Maximilian More,
Dropped down and vanished out of sight.—(And then there were but four.)

"'T is clearly plain" (the speech went on) "that you must understand"—
And now the master drew his rod four times across his hand;
Whereat wise Solon Simmons ran and hid behind a tree,
Unwilling longer to remain.—(And then there were but three.)





"Must understand, in such a painful case as this, what must"—
He struck his pantaloons a blow that raised a cloud of dust,
In which another urchin quickly disappeared from view,
Sedate Benoni Butterworth.—(And then there were but two.)

"In such a painful case as this, what must and *shall* be done!"
The master looked up at the boys. Odds, zooks! The ten were one!
So he straightway fell on sleepy Toby Tinkham there and then,
And gave him such a lesson as might well suffice for ten.



SOME WONDERFUL ELEPHANTS.

By C. F. Holder.

Probably no animal excites so much wonder and astonishment as the elephant, the largest of living land animals. Its enormous size, its remarkable intelligence, and its great age — even in captivity sometimes reaching to one hundred and thirty years — seem to place it above other animals in popular estimation; and, as shown in the case of the now famous Jumbo, the larger the elephant is the more curiosity and interest does it arouse.

Jumbo, however, is a very small affair when compared with some of the elephants that roamed the earth in earlier times. Even the mammoth, that existed when our forefathers were living in caves and were clothed in skins, could have raised and tossed him high in air; yet the great mammoth itself was a pigmy compared with the huge animals that preceded it, and was, indeed, much smaller than many of the elephants of a still earlier period.

Though in modern days we look to Africa and Asia for the elephant, in those ancient times America had its droves that wandered over our present homes with other strange animals that have long since passed away. The great mastodon wandered over New York State in vast herds. Where Newburgh now stands, a fine specimen has been found, while similar remains have been unearthed at Mt. Holly, Vermont; and at New Britain, and Cheshire, in Connecticut. Another and smaller species of mastodon, known as the American elephant, ranged over those sections of the continent now bounded by Georgia, Texas, and Missouri on the south, Canada on the north, and Oregon and California on the west, and was probably hunted by the cave-dwellers of old with weapons as rude as those now used by the native African hunters.

In the extreme north, especially in Alaska, flourished the great hairy elephant, or mammoth. It will be seen, therefore, that at different periods America has been the home of three or perhaps more distinct species of elephants, that roamed about as do the buffaloes in the great West; and whereas there are now only two distinct kinds of elephants living in all the world, there were then at least fourteen.

The question will perhaps be asked, How do we know that these great creatures lived in America so many years ago? This can be very well answered by relating the adventures of some workmen at the Harmony Mills, Cohoes, N. Y. They were engaged in excavating a cellar, and after removing several thousand loads of soil, peat, trunks of trees, and other material, they came upon a great well in the rock, commonly called a pot-hole.

Continuing the excavation, they found trunks of trees that had been gnawed by beavers, though these animals are now never found in that locality; and finally, in the bottom of the great well, the astonished workmen discovered the jaw of an enormous animal, which Professor Hall pronounced to be that of a mastodon — an extinct American elephant. Digging still deeper, they found lying upon a bed of clay, broken slate, gravel, and water-worn pebbles, and covered with river ooze and vegetable matter, the principal parts of the mastodon's skeleton. According to Professor Hall, these prehistoric bones, dropped from the melting ice, had been deposited in the cavity by a glacier, ages ago, and so preserved as a page in the history of the time.

That other mastodons were carried to their graves on great glaciers, or were affected by them, is shown by a tooth of one in the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, that is marked with the glacial scrapings; while still another, found in Kentucky, now in Rutgers College, shows, also, the glacial lines.

The Cohoes mastodon is now in the State Museum at Albany. Numerous similar remains in other museums of the country show that this giant beast ranged the United States in vast herds, finally being driven out or exterminated, possibly by the mighty glaciers that swept down over the face of the country in that distant age known as the glacial period.

A famous pasture for these giants seems to have been what is now known as the Big Bone Lick, a morass in Kentucky, about twenty-three miles from Cincinnati. Here, imbedded in the blue clay of the ancient creek, have been found the complete skeletons and bones of over one hundred mastodons and twenty mammoths, and the remains of several other gigantic monsters of former days.

One of the most remarkable of the American elephants, specimens of which have also been found in Europe, was the *Dinotherium*, a huge creature standing on legs ten feet in height, and attaining a length of nearly twenty feet. The tusks, instead of extending out of the upper jaw, were in the lower jaw and grew downward,



THE DINOTHERIUM — THE HUGE ELEPHANT WITH TUSKS CURVED DOWNWARD.

giving the animal a very singular appearance. We know that the elephants of to-day use their tusks to lift and crush their enemies, but in the *Dinotherium*, the tusks actually point at the owner. What, then, was their use?

In answer to this, we find that the huge animal was a water-lover, and probably made its home on the banks of streams, living a life similar to that of the hippopotamus. With this knowledge, a use for these great recurving incisors is readily seen. They were used as pick-axes to tear away the earth and dig out the succulent vegetation that it fed upon; and at night, when partly floating, they might have been buried in the bank, forming veritable anchors for the living and bulky ships. When attacked by its—perhaps human—enemies, we can imagine the great creature struggling from the mire, lifting itself to dry land by striking its tusks into the ground and using them to hoist its ponderous body to the bank.

Remains of the *Dinotherium* are common in France and Germany, and a model of this great elephant has been purchased by the French Government.

In India, there formerly lived six different kinds of elephants. One, called by the naturalists *Elephas Gangesa*, had a very small head, but its tusks were of so enormous a size, that forty or fifty boys and girls could have been lifted and carried with the greatest ease upon them and the head. The length of both head and tusks was over fourteen feet. The tusks were not bent like those of the mammoth, but curved gently upward, ending in extremely sharp points, showing them to have been terrible weapons.

In Malta, at about the same period of time, there lived a Lilliputian elephant, that when full-grown was barely three feet in height. Its babies would surely have been a curious sight. Imagine an elephant that could be carried about in your overcoat pocket, and you can then form an idea of this baby elephant of those far-off days.

BABY DEB "P'AYS" FOR THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

By JOHN R. CORYELL.

CHRISTMAS is just as much Christmas at the Boon Island light-house as it is anywhere else in the world.

And why not?

To be sure, the nearest land is ten miles away; and when the winter storms come, the waves dash quite over the two acres of rocks out of which the sturdy light-house rises. There are no blazing rows of streets lined with toy-shops there; no gatherings of families; no Christmas-trees loaded down with presents; nothing to be seen from the light-house but the changing water and the unchangeable rocks. Water on three sides, and on the fourth side a bluff barrier of rocks, with the world hiding behind it ten miles away.

There are six children there, though, and a mother and a father; and if they can not make a Christmas, then nobody can.

Why, Baby Deb alone is material enough of which to make a Christmas, and a very rollicking, jolly sort of Christmas, too; but when to her you add Tom and Sue and Sally and Ike and Sam,—well, the grim old light-house fairly overflows with Christmas every twenty-fifth of December.

If it is a lonely, old, one-eyed light-house, has it not a chimney? And do not the children there have stockings—good long stockings? Indeed, they have. And does not Christmas Eve see them all temptingly hung, so invitingly limp and empty, under the mantel-shelf? And does not Christmas morning—very early, mind you!—see six graduated white-robed ghosts performing their mysterious ceremonies around six bulging stockings?

Ah, then, if you suppose that that cunning old gentleman, Santa Claus, does not know how to find a chimney, even when the cold waves are pelting it with frozen spray-drops ten miles from land, you little know what a remarkable gift he has in that way!

And the Christmas dinners they have there! The goose,—the brown, crisp, juicy, melting roast goose! What would that dinner be without that goose? What, indeed!

But once,—they turn pale at that light-house now when they think of it,—once, they came very near having no goose for Christmas.

It came about in this way: Papa—Ah, if you could only hear Baby Deb tell about it! It would be worth the journey. But you can not, of course, so never mind. Papa Stoughton—the light-house-keeper, you know—had lost all his money in a savings-bank that had failed early in that December.

A goose is really not a very expensive fowl;

but if one has not the money, of course one can not buy even a cheap thing. Papa Stoughton could not afford a goose. He said so,—said so before all the family.

Ike says that the silence that fell upon that family then was painful to hear. They looked at one another with eyes so wide open that it 's a mercy they ever could shut them again.

"No goose!" at last cried Tom, who was the oldest.

"No goose!" cried the others in chorus. All except Baby Deb, who was busy at the time gently admonishing Sculpin, her most troublesome child, only four years old, gave herself very little concern about the thoughts of others. Her own thoughts took all of her time.

Tom finally said "Ah!" under his breath, and mysteriously vanished into another room after beckoning to his brothers and sisters to follow him, which they did almost before they had fairly said "Ah!" Baby Deb was there, too; somewhat awe-struck at the mystery about her, but ready to lend the help of her wisdom, if necessary.

"We *must* have a goose," said Tom.

"Oh!" gasped his audience, moved by mingled amazement and admiration.



"THE WAVES HURLED THEMSELVES FURIOUSLY AT THE LONELY TOWER."

for being so dirty. Baby Deb said "No doose!" after all the others were quiet.

That made them all laugh. No doubt they thought that, after all, so long as Baby Deb was there, it would be Christmas anyhow, goose or no goose. So they were happy for a moment, until the thought came that roast goose was good on Christmas even with Baby Deb; and then they looked dismayed again.

However, when Papa Stoughton explained how it was, they saw it as plainly as he did, and so they made no complaint. Only Tom fell a-thinking, and when the others saw what he was doing, they did the same; the difference being that Tom was trying to think what could be done to get the goose anyhow, and they were trying to think what he was thinking about, so that they could think the same.

All except Baby Deb, of course; who, being

Tom looked at them with great firmness and dignity.

"Ever since I was born," he went on, "we have had a roast goose for Christmas."

Ever since he was born! It might have been a hundred years before, from Tom's tone and manner, and the audience was tremendously impressed.

"And," continued the orator, "we must have one now. We *will* have one now."

They almost stopped breathing.

"I have a plan." They shuddered and drew nearer. "We all must contribute!"

"Oh!" in chorus.

"Do you want goose, Sue?"

"Yes, indeed."

"You, Sal?"

"Yes."

"Ike?"

"Do I? Well!"

"Sam?"

"Yes, *sir*."

"Me, too," said Baby Deb, with great earnestness; for it was clear to her that it was a question of eating, and she did not wish to be left out.

"Of course, you too, you daisy dumpling," said Tom. "Now, then," he continued, when order was restored, "what shall we contribute? I 'll give my new sail-boat. That ought to bring fifty cents."

His new sail-boat! Why, he had only just made it, and had not even tried it yet. Oh! evidently this was a time of sacrifices. Who could hesitate now?

"I 'll give my shells," said Sue, heroically.

"My sea-mosses," sighed Sally.

"You may take my shark's teeth," said Ike.

"And my whale's tooth," said Sam.

The sacrifice was general; the light-house would yield up its treasures.

"All right," said Tom. "Now let 's tell Father."

And Father was told, and for some reason he pretended to look out of the window very suddenly; but he did not, he wiped his eyes. And Mamma Stoughton rubbed her spectacles and winked very hard and said:

"Bless their hearts!"

For you see these parents were very simple-hearted folk, and it seemed to them very affecting that the children should make such sacrifices to procure the goose for Christmas.

"And what does Baby Deb contribute?" said Papa Stoughton, by way of a little joke.

"I dess I 's not dot nuffin," was Baby Deb's reply when the matter was explained to her, "'cept 'oo tate Stulpin."

Oh, what a laugh there was then! For if ever there was a maimed and demoralized doll, it was Sculpin. But Baby Deb was hugged and kissed as if she had contributed a lump of gold instead of a little bundle of rags.

Papa Stoughton and Tom were to go out to the main-land the first clear day to buy the goose; but —alas!—a storm came on, and they were forced to wait for it to go down. It did not go down; it grew worse and worse. The wind shrieked and moaned and wrestled with the lonely tower, and the waves hurled themselves furiously at it, and washed over and over the island, and no boat could have lived a moment in such weather.

If a goose be only a goose, no matter; but if it be a Christmas dinner!—Ah, then!

Yes, they had good reason to feel dismal in the light-house. It was no wonder if five noses were fifty times a day flattened despairingly against the light-house windows. Yes, six noses, for even Baby Deb was finally affected; and, though she did not know the least thing about the weather, she, too, would press her little nose against the glass in a most alarming way, as if she thought that pressure was the one effective thing.

It took some time for Baby Deb to realize the importance of having a goose for Christmas; but when she had grasped the idea, she became an enthusiast on the subject. She explained the matter to her dolls, and was particularly explicit with Sculpin, with whom, indeed, she held very elaborate and almost painful conversations.

One thing became very certain. There was very little prospect of clear weather within a week, and it lacked only three days of Christmas. The others gloomily gave up hope, but not so did Baby Deb. The truth was, she had a plan; and you know when one has a plan, one has hope too.

Mamma Stoughton had only recently been having a series of talks with Baby Deb on the important question of prayer, and it had occurred to Baby Deb that the goose was a good subject for prayer. It was a very clear case to her. The goose was necessary. Why not ask for it, then?

The great difficulty was to find a secret place for her devotions; for the family very well filled the light-house, and Baby Deb had understood that prayers ought to be quietly and secretly made.

The place was found, however. Just in front of the light-house was a broad ledge of rock, generally washed by the waves; but at low tide, even in this bad weather, out of water. The other children had been forbidden to go there because it was dangerous, but no one had thought of cautioning Baby Deb. So there she went, and in her imperfect way begged hard for the goose.

Christmas Eve came and still there was no goose. Baby Deb was puzzled; the others were gloomy. Still Baby Deb would not give up. It would be low tide about seven o'clock. She knew that, for she had asked. She would make her last trial. She had hope yet; but as the others knew nothing of her plans, they had absolutely no hope. To them it was certain that there could be no Christmas goose.

Seven o'clock came, and Baby Deb crept softly from the room and down-stairs. She opened the great door just a little bit, and slipped out into the darkness. Really did *slip*, for it was very icy on the rocks, and she sat down very hard. However, she was very chubby and did not mind it. She crawled cautiously around to the big rock, the keen wind nipping her round cheeks and pelting her with the frozen drops of spray. She knelt down.

"Oh! please, dood Lord, send us a doose. We wants a doose awful. Wont you, please, dood Lord?"

Thud! fell something right alongside of her.

"Oh! What 's dat?" she exclaimed, putting

her hand out. "Why, it 's a doose!" she cried, with a scream of delight, as her hand came in contact with a soft, warm, feathery body.

She forgot to give a "thank you" for the goose; but she was thankful, though not so very much surprised. She really had expected it.

It was a heavy load for Baby Deb, but she was excited and did not notice it. She made her way into the light-house, and, step by step, patter, patter, she went upstairs and burst, all breathless, into the sitting-room, crying exultantly:

"It 's tummed, it 's tummed," as the great goose fell from her arms upon the floor.

Well! if you think they were not surprised, you know very little about the Stoughton folks. What they said, nobody knows. They all talked at once. But by and by, Papa Stoughton had a chance to be heard.

"Where did you get it, Baby Deb?" he asked.

"Why, I p'ayed Dod for it!" answered Deb.

"Paid Dodd?" exclaimed Papa Stoughton.

"Paid Dodd?" chorused the family.

"'Es," responded Baby Deb, convincingly. "Dod—Ze dood Lord. I p'ayed to him. He sended it to me, dess now."

More questions and more of Baby Deb's explanations revealed the whole story. Funny folk, those Stoughtons!—but they spent the next ten minutes in wiping their eyes and hugging and kissing and making up new pet-names for Baby Deb.

Papa Stoughton did say to Mamma Stoughton that night, as they were going to bed:

"A wild goose. It was blinded by the bright light, and broke its neck by flying against the glass. And, after all, who shall say that 'the good Lord' did not send it?"



At all events, not a word of explanation was said to Baby Deb, and no one contradicted her when she said at dinner next day:

"Dod's doose is dood."

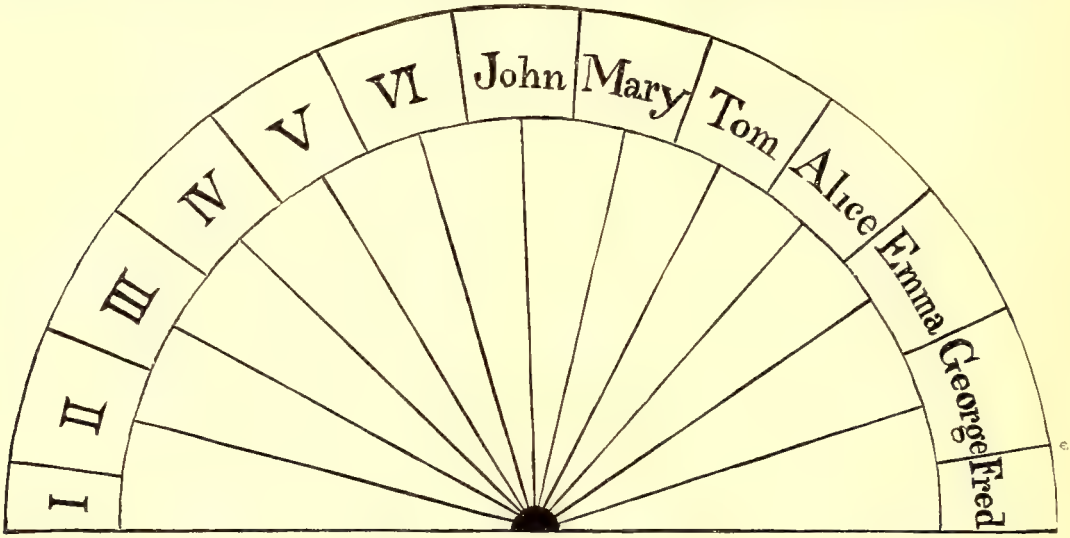
THE TELL-TALE.

By Allan Forman.

It is a well-known fact that our muscles are more or less influenced, unconsciously to ourselves, by the thoughts with which our minds are occupied. Sometimes this influence amounts to what would almost seem an unconscious control by our will over inanimate things. An amusing experiment, which proves this and has served to pleasantly occupy many a long winter evening, is the little design on next page. For lack of a better name, we have christened it the Tell-tale.

With the aid of a pair of compasses or a pencil and a bit of string, carefully draw two concentric half-circles,—that is, from the same center, and one about a half an inch within the other. The size of the design makes but little difference, but the result is more easily seen if the diagram is as large as convenient. Divide this double half-circle into a number of compartments, and in each place a letter of the alphabet, a numeral, or a name, as the fancy may dictate; the object being that there shall be no possible mistaking of one compartment for another. Rule straight lines from each compartment to the common center. Now take a small button—a shoe-button is as good as any—and fasten a bit of fine silk thread about eight inches long to it, making a knot in each end of the thread. Now let one of the party take the thread by the end, and hold it so far above the figure that the button shall hang about an inch and a half above the paper. Let him fix his mind

firmly upon one of the compartments, and then close his eyes. Very soon the button will develop a pendulum-like motion, and before long, generally in about three minutes, it will begin to move toward the compartment of which the holder is thinking. It really seems, at the first glance, that the button itself is influenced by the unconscious exertion of will on the part of the experimenter. But close investigation will reveal the fact that the hand moves with a slight tremulous motion, which, being transmitted through the fine thread, moves the button. Much amusement can be had by putting the names of people in the compartments, and then seeing of which one the experimenter is thinking.



Another experiment of kindred interest is to suspend a plain gold ring on a piece of silk thread in a common tumbler, holding the hand and arm straight, and thinking of a certain number. It is claimed that with the mind concentrated on such a number the string will begin to oscillate, and the ring will presently strike against the inner sides of the glass the number thought of.

While these experiments are interesting and afford much amusement, it must be admitted that they do not always work as they should. It must be remembered that whether we accept the theory of involuntary muscular action or attribute the results to "will-power," or "animal magnetism," or "electricity," we are experimenting with forces which the greatest scientists have never been able to explain satisfactorily.

NED'S CALENDAR.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

WHEN the winter works its charms,
Frost-flowers, just like ferns and palms,
On the window-panes appear;
Snow-men muster, far and near;
And the river, soon or late,
Freezes for us boys to skate.
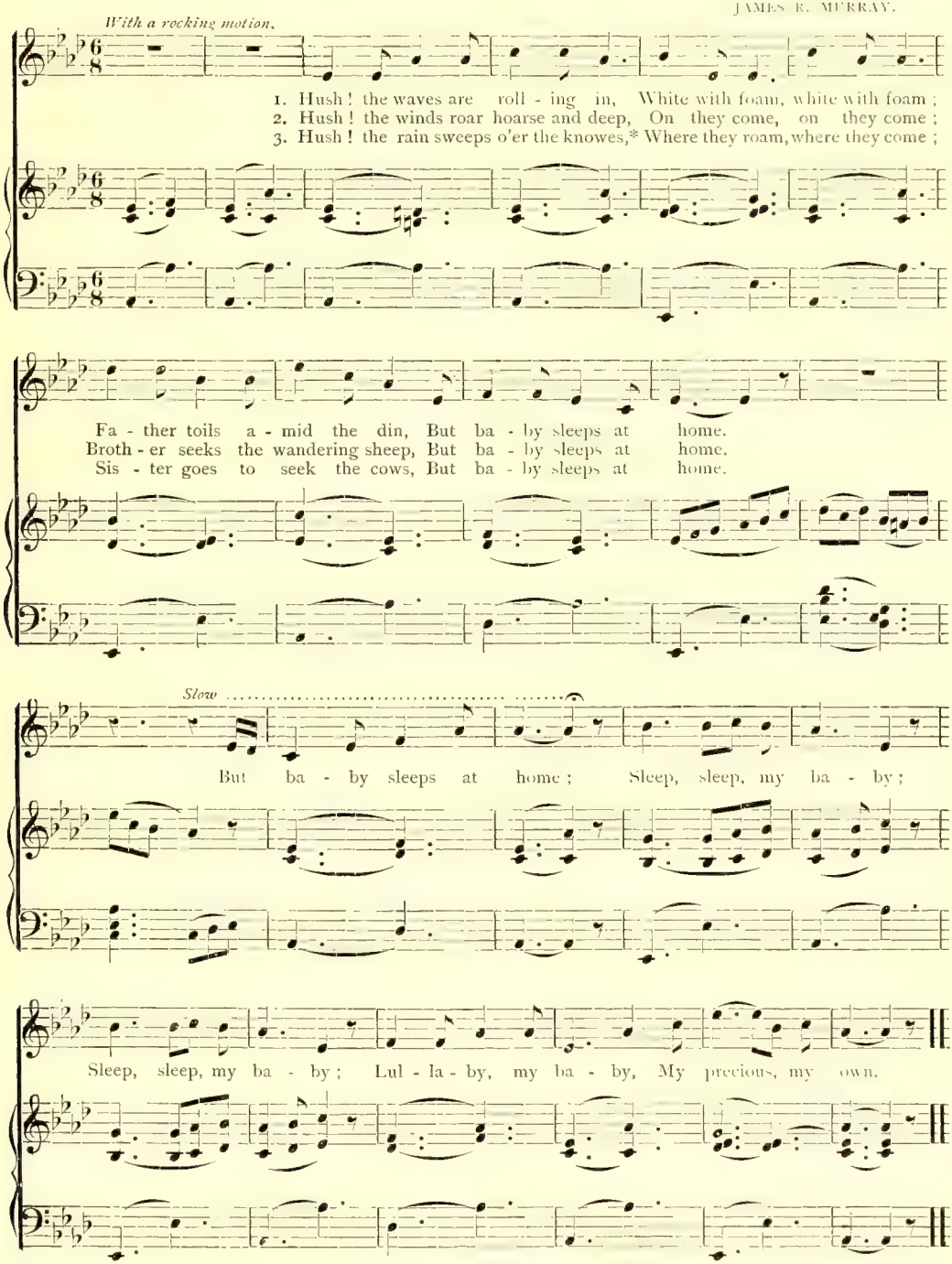
When the spring-time comes about,
Woolly buds make haste to pout;
Wind-flowers in the woods are blowing;
Birds have secrets worth the knowing;
And the wild brooks everywhere
With their laughter fill the air.

When the summer months arrive,
It is good to be alive!
There is little left to wish for;
And a sea of fish to fish for;
All the cherries, too, are prime
In the very nick of time!

In the autumn, hips grow red,
And the milkweed spins its thread;
Hidden nests all come to light;
Leaves and birds are taking flight;
And we hear Jack Frost astir,
Splitting every chestnut burr!

BABY SLEEPS AT HOME.—A LULLABY.

JAMES R. MURRAY.



* Hillocks (Scotch).

THE BROWNIES HELPING JACK FROST.



YOU all have seen in ST. NICHOLAS the Brownies building; the Brownies skating; the Brownies sliding; the Brownies taking a ride; the Brownies on a balloon voyage; the Brownies going to sea; — and now the Brownie man shows us the comical little fellows trying to help Jack Frost make pictures on the window-panes! These Brownies seem to be very hard at work, and very much in earnest; and yet the pictures on the windows do not get on very well. After all, Jack Frost can do his own work best. But Brownies are kind and full of fun, and so we always are glad to see them, no matter what they try to do. Look at each one of the little Brownies in this picture, and if one does not make you laugh, another will. Which Brownie, do you think, is the funniest of all?

Now, who can count all these Brownies?



OH, LOOK AT THIS GREAT BIG TIGER!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HAPPY New Year to you, dear friends, one and all! And now let us see what Rob. G. McN. has to tell us in this letter about

HOW GEESE ARE SENT A-FISHING.

DEAR JACK: I have just read in our weekly paper an account of how in some parts of Scotland a lazy fisherman will make his geese catch fish for him. And this is how he does it. He takes two or more strong geese and ties to each one, by the feet, a line with hook and bait, all complete. Then he goes to pond or river, as the case may be, and sets his geese on the water. "The birds, of course, swim out," says our writer, "while the fisherman lights his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish sees the bait and seizes it, giving the goose a good pull. The bird starts for shore at full tilt, frightened half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank, where it is unhooked. The line being rebaited, the feathered fisherman is again sent out to try its luck. A flock of geese can make quite a haul in the course of the day, the human fisherman having only to take off the game and bait the hooks, the pulling in and hooking being done by the birds." Now, I have my own opinion of this kind of a fisherman, and knowing what I do of the satisfaction of doing one's own work in the sporting line, I really think the geese that swim the water on these occasions have a fellow-goose sitting high and dry on the shore. Yours for honest fishing,

ROB. G. MCN.

ABOUT LADY-APPLES.

DEAR JACK: Wont you ask your birds to tell us something about those pretty little lady-apples which are used so much about the holiday times? It seems to be almost a different fruit from the ordinary apples, and it has such a very fine skin and such lovely red cheeks that I think it well deserves its name,— don't you?

BESSIE G.

My birds tell me that the lady-apple is a very delightful fruit and often quite easy for them to find, but that they consider it something of a fraud, as it looks like an enormous white and blush cherry and is not a cherry, after all. So the only thing for you to do is to peg away at your agricultural books and cyclopædias. Better still, let those report who have seen these lady-apples growing. The dear Little School-ma'am tells me that she has gathered them many a time, but this is all she will say; and as she has been nearly all over the world, it does not help us much. The Deacon tells me that they often are found in barrels, but we want to get only their previous history.

THE KING OF THE APPLE-TREES.

TALKING of apples, the oldest known apple-tree in the world is said to be over one hundred and seventy years of age. It is one hundred and sixty feet high, and is still bearing fine fruit. I am told that formerly five of its limbs bore fruit one year and the four other limbs bore the next season, thus "taking turns" in the most satisfactory and amiable manner; but that in the centennial year the nine limbs of this grand old tree all bore fruit at the same time, and that they have continued to do so ever since.

Now, where is this wonderful apple-tree? Who owns it? and exactly what kind of apple does it bear? Can any one tell me?

"IF"—A RIDDLE.

By W. B. C.

IF all the sea were water
And all the earth were land;
The ships would sail on the ocean
And wagons drive on the sand.

If fire were always heated
And ice always congealed;
We 'd burn up coal to warm us
And skate the icy field.

If vinegar were sour
And sugar tasted sweet,
The first would make our salad,
The last our tea complete.

If the stars could not be counted
And the sun were dazzling bright;
We would never know their number
And the sun would give us light.

If all the day were daylight
And all the night were dark;
Then men would work in day-time
And sleep until the lark.

If money purchased comforts
And gave its owners ease;
Then men would seek for riches
To spend them as they please.

If you have read these verses
And can their meaning see;
Your time has not been wasted
And you have guessed their key!

A BIRD WITHOUT WINGS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I thought you might like to hear of a living curiosity that a friend of mine has. It is a bird without any wings! He is quite perfect, with this exception, and seems very contented and happy, as he hops merrily about the room.

Your constant reader,

B. D.

THE BLACKBIRDS' VISIT.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about a funny incident which befell Mamma last spring. One stormy night, last May, Mamma was just preparing for bed when she heard a queer noise, as if some one was throwing dirt against the window. She opened the window to look out when in flew a large crow-blackbird; he flew around the room and landed on top of the book-case, and stayed there all night. He awakened Mamma very early in the morning with his efforts to get out. And out he went as soon as she raised the window. I am ten years old, and have written this entirely alone.

With love to the Little School-ma'am and yourself, I remain always, your loving reader,

WADE W. T.

A PRUDENT SPIDER.

DEAR JACK: I wish to tell you of a curious thing I saw the other day. As I was walking in the garden, I noticed a pail which had not been disturbed for several days. It stood upside down, and on it was a flower-pot with the open part resting on the bottom of the pail. A spider had taken possession of it, spinning a web from some light branches to the flower-pot in the shape of a vortex, the point of which was around the hole in the top of the flower-pot, so that when there were no insects in the web, the spider could go down (through the hole in the top) into the bottom of the flower-pot, and so be out of sight and where no harm could be done to it by stones or sticks. Don't you think that this was an approach to reason on the part of the spider—his providing for himself a place that he could retire to with safety? Yours respectfully,

ALECK C. P.

A MENDED BUTTERFLY.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

DEAR JACK: I write to tell you about a little butterfly. When I was in St. Augustine one winter, a little butterfly flew into the room and then dropped down. Mamma looked at it and found that the wing was torn almost in two parts She stuck a piece of the lightest kind of court-plaster on it and put it out of the window. It immediately began to fly away. I watched it until it became so small that I could not see it any more. I am twelve years old, and I take the ST. NICHOLAS and like it very much.

KITTIE D. TAYLOR.

THE ANT QUESTION.

HERE are some answers to the ant question in the November ST. NICHOLAS. I print Howard's letter first, because letters founded on personal observation please me best. Herbert's and Mary's letters, however, will be found interesting.

P. S.—M., Edwin Stanley T., and Sidney A. S. also send letters, giving substantially the same story.

CHELSEA, MASS., October 29.

DEAR JACK: In answer to G. M. B.'s query on ants, I can say that during this last summer I noticed a small ant carrying a dead one larger than itself. It carried it up a step a foot high and for about three feet on a walk, and then disappeared, still carrying its burden.

Ever yours, HOWARD P. N.

118 GELL ST., SHEFFIELD, ENG., November 2, 1884.

DEAR JACK: In answer to a query concerning ants, in your issue of this month, I send you the following interesting account of this solemn performance, which was witnessed by a gentleman, who thus describes it:

"Two of their companions came forward and took up a dead body; then two others followed without any burden. Next came a second couple with another dead ant, and so on until there were about forty pairs. These were followed by an irregular body of some two hundred or more. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped and laid down the dead one, which was taken up by the two unburdened ones behind. Thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. Here they dug holes with their jaws, into which their companions were laid and carefully covered. A funny part of the funeral was the attempt of six or seven to shirk the digging These were at once killed by the others. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it."

Hoping G. M. B. will see this, I remain, yours obediently,

HERBERT CRAPPER.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., November 8, 1884.

DEAR JACK: In the November ST. NICHOLAS I read the letter from G. M. B. about the ant carrying the dead one, and I have tried to find out as much about it as I could; and from what I read I gathered that the ants often feed upon animals, and that they rendered "important service in clearing away every vestige of the flesh of dead animals"; but it did not mention ants in particular. I also read in another place that ants "prey upon the flesh, especially the soft parts, of others"; and so I gathered from it all that, when an ant was carried away so, it was taken to some place to be eaten.

Your faithful reader, MARY (aged 13).

What do you say to this, my friends? Have any of you ever seen a cannibal ant, so to speak; and especially a cannibal ant in the very act of eating one of his fellow-beings?

A LIVE JEWEL.

DEAR JACK: Will you please ask some of your young naturalist friends to give the name of this beetle? I made the sketches from an insect brought from Mexico by a lady, who told me that it was not uncommon to see them "worn as a sort of live jewel," fastened by a pin and tiny gold chain to the wearer's dress, as represented in my drawing. VICTOR.



The Little School-ma'am tells me that she knew a young lady in New York City who had one of these queer "jewels." Though the maiden probably would have screamed at the sight of any other beetle, she wore this pet specimen fastened to her dress in just the manner described by Victor in his letter. The beetle was of a brownish color varied with spots upon its back and head. The young lady was very much surprised to find that it seemed to live without eating, and the Little School-ma'am says that, although some uncommonly good eyes were kept upon him, and the beetle moved about slowly, he lived for months without eating a *visible* thing! Did you ever hear of such a case? And how do you account for it?

I should say, however, that the young lady's beetle was not luminous, or light-giving, as some of the Mexican beetles are. Victor does not tell us whether his beetles were or were not luminous.

A SINGING MOUSE.

HAMMONDSPORT, December.

DEAR MR. JACK: I read in the November ST. NICHOLAS about a mouse that catches flies. We have in our house a singing mouse. Its song is something like gurgling water; and sometimes in the night he sings so loud as to keep us awake. He is very cunning. My mamma has a trap which sometimes we set to catch him, as it did not hurt him at all. He will run in the hole, and then he can not get out again until we open the door. The funny thing now is that when we set this trap we have no more singing till mamma takes it away, so we have given up catching him to sing for us. He does it better when he can choose his own time for a concert. I am eleven years old. BERTIE ROSE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE title of Mr. Cheney's poem on page 171 of this number is sufficiently explained for most young readers by the poem itself, and no boy or girl who is acquainted with the qualities of bass-wood will fail to recognize the meaning of the term "Bass-wood Chaps." The bass-wood tree is the linden, or "white-wood" tree, and it is even called "pumpkin-wood," as it is very soft and white, and lacks the strength of the hard woods, such as oak and hickory.

OUR apologies are due to two lady contributors for errors of oversight in connection with the poem, "Willow-Ware," which was published in our November number. The author's name should have appeared, in our Table of Contents, as Louise Trumbull Cogswell, instead of Louise P. Cogswell; and to the statement that the poem was illustrated by R. B. Birch, should have been added — *from designs by Jeanie Lea Southwick.*

THE "Stories of Art and Artists" given in this number form only the first half of Mrs. Clement's paper on "Spanish Painting," and the second part — a paper giving an account of "Murillo and his Works" — will appear in an early issue.

It should be stated, also, that the engraving of "The Maids of Honor," on page 176, represents only the lower portion of Velasquez's famous painting, as it was impossible to present an adequate copy of the entire painting within the compass of a single page of ST. NICHOLAS. But all the figures and the more important parts of the painting are included in the engraving. The omitted portion represented only the ceiling and the upper walls of the room wherein the great artist has pictured the Little Princess, her maids of honor, and himself.

ALL the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls who read last month Miss Edna Dean Proctor's brief biography of the Czarevitch of Russia will be interested in the following item, clipped from a newspaper, concerning the mother of Nicholas Alexandrovitch,— Maria Feodorovna, the present Empress of Russia. This item, however, appeared a few years ago, before she became the Empress, and while she was Czarevna, or Crown Princess:

"The Czarevna has four beautiful children — the eldest, Nicholas; the second, George, who bears a striking resemblance to the early pictures of Alexander II.; and two much younger ones, Xenia and Michael. She has accompanied her husband to all parts of European Russia, and has gained the affection of the people, particularly of the Poles. In the winter, at the Anitchkov Palace, she has an annual Christmas-tree; but it is not invariably the children of the nobles who are invited, but a number from the most squalid homes in St. Petersburg, recommended by some of the members of a society for the relief of distress, and these are always sent away with a good stock of warm clothing, as well as the customary presents."

THE LETTER-BOX.

LONDON.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you in for four years. I have a very jolly uncle, who sends you to me every month, at school. We all prefer you to any of the English magazines. I am twelve years old. We all want to hear some more about "The Dalzells of Daisydown." I am one of your *faithful* readers.

FLORENCE M.

Our little English friend will be glad to discover in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, "some more about 'The Dalzells of Daisydown,'" and we trust their adventures on an ice-yacht will prove as interesting as the doings of the young people when they were at Dalzell Hall.

ROCKFORD, WIL., DEL., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a great many years, but I have never written to you before, so I hope you will find a place in the Letter-box for this. I have a great many pets, the nicest one being a pony, of which I am very fond. I have a beautiful home on the Brandywine creek, about two miles out of Wilmington. For the last ten years some of our friends have had a picnic on the Fourth of July on the grounds around our house. Everybody provides something, and my papa has a large table put up on the lawn, on which they spread the dinner, and altogether we have great fun. I enjoy reading your stories very much. I think the "Spinning-wheel Stories" and "Historic Boys" are two of your nicest stories. Your faithful reader, LILLIE R. B.

PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long intended to write to you and tell you how much I enjoy your delightful pages, but I have never done so before. I think the "Spinning-wheel Stories" are very interesting. In fact, all of Miss Alcott's works are charming. "Uncle Russell's Floral Letter" was very pretty. He must be a nice uncle. I think I have never seen a letter to the ST. NICHOLAS from so far north. We have very cold winters here, but the summers are pleasant. I love to read the letters in the Letter-box, and wish I might have the pleasure of seeing all the boys and girls. I send my love to them and to you, too, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I do hope you 'll find room to print this letter. Yours very truly, CLOVER.

ST. THOMAS, DAK., October, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see so many boys and girls writing to you, and I have resolved to follow their example. I would say, what a great many have said before me: "ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest magazine I ever saw." Papa liked the story of "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill," and he used to be as anxious as I for your magazine to come. I have no brothers or sisters to enjoy reading it with me, but my papa and mamma like it very much. I liked your "Floral Letter," but you did not print the answer in the October number. I think I have the answer. This is the first time I have written to you, and I have taken you three years. I think I will close, as you have a great many correspondents, I am sure.

Your twelve-year old subscriber, HELEN S.

HERE is a pair of letters from two sisters living in Montevideo:

MONTEVIDEO, August, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have dolls like Kittie R——, but mine are all girls. My youngest is Lily; of course she is the most spoiled. She is four. Then comes Marjorie. She has just come from France. Then Violet, and then the oldest is Helen Edith. She plays the piano very well. I like the Stories for "Very Little Folk." I am not so fond of books as Maud; my pet books are "The Children of the New Forest" and "What Katie Did." I am a little Irish girl, but I don't remember Ireland nor England, because I have been in Montevideo so long. They all talk Spanish here. How nice it would be to hear every one talk English, as they do at home or in the States. I am your friend,

MARY IDA J.

MONTEVIDEO, August, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your book very much. I was very much interested in "The Hoosier School-boy" and "An Old-fashioned Thanksgiving." We live in winter at Montevideo; in summer we go to the sea-side, and have very good fun down there. I am six years old. We have a beautiful large azotea, which means a flat roof on the house, with a low wall surrounding it. We have pigeons up there, and there was a little ostrich, but he died; and we had ducks and chickens up there, too, and a great many bantams. The other houses here have roofs like that, but some little wee houses have slanting roofs. I suppose you have slanting roofs, like those in "Punch," and ST. NICHOLAS pictures. I did n't write this letter. Koten, my sister, did it for me, but I said the words.

I am your little friend, ELAINE MAUD J.

WE must return our thanks for pleasant letters received from the following young friends: Helen Russ, Mary Russ, Sarah Russ, George Yost. A. Johannsen, Arthur C. Eddy, Ernestine Haskell, Genevieve Cummins, Lily P. Cobb, Mamie Hatcher Ferguson, Freddie H., Victor W. Ferris, W. C. S., Helen L. C., Willie Dulany, S. K. M., Belle, Melville F, Coralie N. Kenfield, Percy Weir Arnold, Jessie R., Bessie Rhodes, Miss K. Victory, and D. M. W.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-FIFTH REPORT.

THE latest number on our register of members of the A. A. is 8099. The latest Chapter formed is number 730. Philadelphia has the honor of having formed a larger number of Chapters than any other city.

The letters of the alphabet have been exhausted, and we have begun again with "A'" and "B'." Chicago is not far behind, having a "W" branch, and New York has reached "Q." We record the following:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
716	Deep River, Conn. (A)	13	John L. Dearing.
717	Geneva, N. Y. (B)	10	Arthur I. Hammond.
718	Milwaukee, Wis. (D)	12	J. C. Drake, 274 24th Street.
719	Philadelphia, Pa. (A')	7	A. N. Seal, 1418 Bouvier Street.
720	Prairie Du Sac, Wis. (A)	15	N. H. Burdic.
721	Philadelphia, Pa. (B')	6	Ellwood Carpenter, 865 N. 16th Street.
722	St. Louis Mo. (E)	6	Ed. Strassburger, 1316 So. Ewing Avenue.
723	Hopkinton, Mass. (A)	5	Geo. W. Chandler.
724	Jewett City, Conn. (A)	35	Charles E. Prior.
725	Colorado Springs, Col. (B)	24	Orlin Hemenway.
726	Millington, N. J. (A)	22	Miss Emilie Schumacher.
727	Milwaukee, Wis. (E)	4	Miss Agnes Lydon, 125 Huron Street.
728	Binghamton, N. Y. (A)	5	Chas. F. Hotchkin.
729	Boston, Mass. (F)	4	Miss Alice D. Heustis, 20 McLean Street.
730	Council Bluffs, Iowa (A)	4	L. E. Empkie, 109 Main Street.

DISCONTINUED.

188	Newport, R. I. (A)	F. J. Cotton.
388	Galesburgh, Ill. (A)	C. F. Gettemy.
429	Dorchester, Mass.	Miss Miriam Badlam.
550	Galesburgh, Ill. (B)	C. F. Gettemy.

REORGANIZED.

8	Philadelphia (A)	4	H. Crawley, 307 Arch Street.

EXCHANGE LIST.

Caddis cases, for offers.—James C. Myers, Columbia, Pa.

California marine, land, and fresh-water shells, wanted in exchange for shells from other places. Correspondence desired with all interested in conchology.—Please send list to Thomas Morgan, Somerville, N. J. (Somerset Co.)

Rattlesnakes' rattles, minerals, and eggs, for minerals.—Charles T. Ennis, Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y.

Correspondence, with a view to exchange.—H. W. Fenno, Sec. Ch. 24, Mattapan, Mass.

Birds' Eggs and Minerals. Please write before sending specimens.—Miss May B. Ladel, Spencer, Mass.

Spathic Iron Ore, Serpentine, Petrosilex, and Starfish, for geode, trilobite, malachite, etc.—Miss Sadie True, Salisbury, Essex Co., Mass.

CHANGED ADDRESSES.

Please change my address from P. O. Box 1086, Norwich, Conn., to 65 Washington Street, Norwich, Conn. A. L. Aitken, Ch. 616.

Address of R. S. Cross, Sec. Ch. 601, is changed from West Point, Miss., to Purvis, Miss.

Secretary of Ch. 186, Geneva, New York, is now F. D. Reed.

NOTES.

146. *Largest Flower—(a).* In your report for October, I noticed the question, "What is the largest flower in the world?" There is a resident of this city who has in his garden a Victoria Regia, which is considered one of the largest flowers in the world Its leaves are five feet in diameter. Last Sunday it was open, and there were a great many who witnessed the beautiful sight. There is also an old-fashioned magnolia, which measures almost the same as the Victoria Regia.—Alice T. Palfrey, 230 4th Street, New Orleans, La.

146. *(b).* In answer to the question, "Which is the largest flower in the world?" I send a description of the *Rafflesia Arnoldi.* It is found in the island of Sumatra, growing upon the creeping roots of a plant known as the *Cissus lianas.* Its flowers first appear as a succession of rough knobs, rising along the low roots of the *cissus.* At first as small as a hazel-nut, these buds finally reach the size of a small head of cabbage. The brown blossom bursts out with overlapping petals. As the gigantic flower (from twenty-four to forty inches in diameter) expands, the thick, pulpy, flesh-colored petals diffuse a repulsive odor and quickly decay.— Hiram H. Bice, Utica, N. Y.

146. *Flies.*—How do flies alight on the ceiling? Do they turn themselves over in the air so as to bring their feet uppermost? or how?

147. *Snails.*— Papa and I possess a "snailery," as we call it. We have snails in all stages of growth, from the spawn with a small dot in the middle, to an old patriarch that we have as schoolmaster to keep the young snails out of mischief.

148. *Prairie-dogs.*— In answer to the question, "What is the food of prairie-dogs?" they live on grass roots. This kills the grass around their burrows, so that they are often compelled to move and dig others near fresh grass. The burrowing-owl takes possession of the abandoned holes. A pair of caged prairie-dogs were raised on cabbage-leaves and corn.—Frank H. Wilcox, Parker, Colorado.

149. *Squirrels Drinking.*— Our pet squirrels (a red and a gray) both drink water. I wonder how wild squirrels can get water in winter?—Estella E. Clark.

150. *Leaf-rollers.*— I spent a whole morning, and many more might well be spent, in examining these strange insects Some rolled the leaf, and ate all except the ribs and veins. Some drew the edges of the leaf together and ate them away. These formed trumpet-like houses of various shapes. Some ate out oval pieces from the leaf, and then crawled in and fastened the edges together. Others ate the leaf in long lines, forming curious patterns. All these specimens seem to have a liking (or a hatred) for the maple and the beech —F. V. Corregan.

151. *Swarms of Archippus.*— One day in September I saw swarms and swarms of great archippus butterflies flying toward the south. At first I thought they were birds. I watched them for an hour. Some of them flew so high that they were almost out of sight. Do butterflies migrate?— Arthur Espy, Clifton, Ohio.

152. *What bird is it?* — Seven and a quarter inches in length; wing, three and three-quarters; bill, three-quarter inch; tarsus, three-quarter inch. Sides of neck and breast, yellow; a black line on throat from bill to breast; upper part of head, yellowish olive; back and wings, dusky; under part, dirty white; upper part of tail and tail coverts, yellowish olive; under part of tail, yellow; bill, sharp and nearly straight.—Frank H. Wilcox, Parker, Colorado.

153. *Dragon-fly pupa.*—I kept the pupa of a dragon-fly in a glass of water, containing a little stick on which it might climb out. It lived on flies, which came down the stick to drink. It remained just below the surface of the water, on the side of the stick, and when a fly came within reach it suddenly drew it into the water and devoured it.—Alonzo H. Stewart, Washington, D. C.

154. *Katydid eggs.*—I watched some katydid eggs hatch. The eggs split, and the top opened like a cover.—G. Wilson Beatty.

155. *Plectrodera Scalator.*— One of our beetles (*Plectrodera Scalator, Fab.*), found by me in a log, is the first one found in the District of Columbia. It is a native of Texas.—A. H. S.

156. *Intelligence of Ants.*—I am no longer skeptical in regard to the intelligence of ants. In lifting a stone, a large ants' nest was exposed. I made an experiment. I laid a stick on some of the larvæ, so that they could be seen, but could not be pulled out. After trying in vain to pull them out, the ants went in a body to one end of the stick, and, by a combined movement in the same direction, pulled off the stick, and carried away the larvæ.—G. W. B.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.—FRIENDS.

653, Providence, C. We have increased from 3 members to 9. Our president has an enormous collection of minerals—about 1200 specimens. He has been collecting only a year and a half—F. S. Phillips, Sec.

575, Spencer, Mass. We are doing finely. There are 15 of us, and *all* are enthusiastically at work. Our essays and talks have been so successful that we are going to have debates. We all feel that we are having a profitable and enjoyable winter.—May B. Ladd, Sec.

679, De Pere, Wis. (E). Our Chapter has grown so that we now have 16 members, and all seem to take a great deal of interest. We have been studying snails pretty thoroughly, and have found about thirty kinds from Foxshire alone. Next summer we intend to make excursions to all parts of the country.—B. L. Parker, Sec

612, Urbana, Ohio (C). We have a growing and flourishing circle of little people, between the ages of six and fifteen, under the guidance of two faithful mothers. We have been studying the common things so essential to life and comfort, and of which we knew so little. Wood, coal, paper, salt, pepper, tea, coffee, spices, have a new interest since we learned of their origin and nature. We bid all our friends of the A. A. "God-speed" in the delightful work.—E. M. S. Houston, Sec.

256, Newton Upper Falls, Mass. In reporting for our Chapter, I have nothing but encouragement to give. We have increased in numbers, and our meetings in interest. Each member pursues his favorite branch of natural science

At each meeting, an original paper, called *Gatherings*, is read, for the most part describing something actually observed by our members. At every other meeting questions are distributed, and answered at the next meeting.

We have visited the Agassiz Museum, at Cambridge, and now the Newton Chapters are planning to hold a united meeting.—Mrs. A. A. Smith, Sec.

314, Lancaster, Pa. We have taken several steps upward. We have adopted the scrap-book system spoken of at the Convention.—E. R. Heitshu, Sec.

601, Purvis, Miss. We have found by experience that a note-book is invaluable.—R. S. Cross, Sec.

564, Santa Rosa, Cal. Four of our members spent six weeks in camp by the ocean, last summer, and collected many fine specimens—for example: star-fish, about 150 specimens; 50 sea-urchins; 25 sponges; shells, about 225; marine algæ, 500 specimens; insects, 550—total, 1600. Our Chapter is progressing, and we are now thinking of procuring a room.—Wilbur M. Swett, Sec.

136, Columbia, Pa. Our Chapter is in a better condition than ever before. After the vacation we reorganized, with the determination of making our society a success. We sent a committee before the school board to ask for a room. The request was granted. We collected a sum sufficient to purchase an $18 cabinet and chairs for the room. We have twenty-three active members, all of whom are very enthusiastic. Our collection is rapidly increasing. We have a regular programme for each meeting.—James C. Myers, Sec.

THE SNOW-CRYSTAL PRIZE.

In answer to several questioners:

1. It is not necessary to give the exact velocity of the wind. State whether there is a violent, strong, or moderate wind, or none.
2. Instruments may be used in making the drawings.
3. Each competitor may send as many more than the required number as he wishes.
4. None but members of the A. A. may compete.

As an experiment, the reports given above have been drawn from my pigeon-hole quite at random. Can any one doubt, after reading them, that our A. A. is growing rapidly in strength and enthusiasm?

It would be an assistance in preparing our monthly report, if the secretaries would write their natural history notes, and the report of the doings of their Chapters on separate pages, following in a general way the models here given.

President's address: HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains five letters. When rightly arranged,—not in the order here given,—the initials, reading downward, will spell the name of an American poet; and the third row of letters, reading upward, will spell the name of an English poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Consequently. 2. Makes smooth by pressing. 3. An insurgent. 4. A person—usually a mischievous one. 5. A cloth for wiping the hands. 6. One devoid of understanding. 7. Blunder. 8. To color slightly. BERTHA C.

CONCEALED LETTERS.

FOR YOUNGER PUZZLERS.



How MANY and what letters of the alphabet are concealed in the foregoing diagram? S. A. S.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a fruit, and leave to yawn. 2. Syncopate food, and leave formed by education. 3. Syncopate to weave, and leave a nail. 4. Syncopate to fetch, and leave a vessel with two masts. 5. Syncopate a piece of furniture, and leave a narration. 6. Syncopate discovered, and leave capital. 7. Syncopate oscillation, and leave to utter melodious sounds.

The syncopated letters will spell the name of something occasionally seen in summer. PATIENCE.

CHARADE.

IF from my *first* my *second* you take,
My *whole* you do attain;
If to my *first* my *second* you join,
My *whole* you have again. W. H. A.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy letters, and am a couplet from Pope's "Essay on Criticism."

My 44–25–66–26–38–42 is gloomy. My 47–15–21–6–24 is to walk in a pompous way. My 64–34–11–59–70 is a young person. My 8–68–27–63 is part of a stocking. My 41–14–12–39–48–17–67 is a bed or layer. My 49–20–21–33–13 are troublesome to gardeners. My 37–29–46–4–22–1–58–23 is to forbid. My 36–3–65–51–45 is a seat without a back. My 57–61–53–7–18–16–56 are rags. My 19–43–69–30–5–32 is one who gains favors by flattery. My 52–9–54 is a large body of water. My 50–35–62–60–55 is abounding with hills. My 10–40–28–2 is a small wind-instrument used chiefly to accompany a drum. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

PI.

Smope, kile rustpice, rea fo tefidfern torss,
Mose treteb ta a snadtice, stoher earn;
Mose velo het kard, mose hoosec het searclet tilgh,
Dan lydobl angelchle eth stmo cierping yee;
Mose sealep orf noce, mose liwl reevrof sleepa.
CAROLINE M. WHEELER.

EASY ANAGRAMS.

THE letters of each of the anagrams here given may be transposed to form the name of an important city.

1. Ipsar. 2. Donoln. 3. More. 4. Erbnil. 5. Damdir. 6. Noblis. 7. Yenkowr. 8. Amsdar. 9. Pilrolveo. 10. Vedren. 11. Tiasun. 12. Tatucalc. J. C. H.

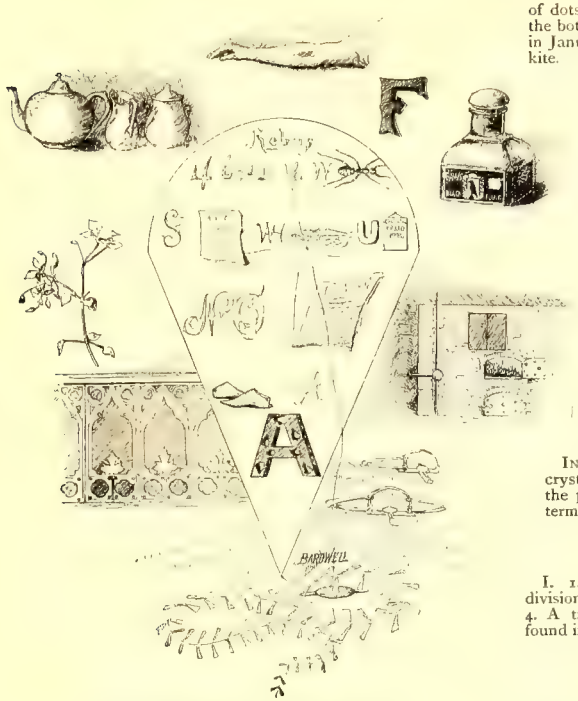
HALF SQUARE.

1. A CHURCH festival occurring in January. 2. A Sound in the east part of North Carolina. 3. To inclose within walls. 4. A feather. 5. To engage, 6. A single point on a card or die. 7. A word of negation. 8. A vowel. PENNYWIG.

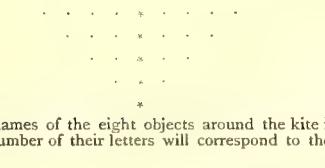
DOUBLE CROSS-WORDS.

THIS differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "In Nathan but not in Will," the second "In Walter but not in Bill," and so on until the two answers have been spelled. The first answer is a time for merry-making, and also the name of a play by Shakespeare; the second answer is a pleasant greeting.

In Nathan, not in Will;
In Walter, not in Bill;
In Stephen, not in Lon;
In Alphin, not in John;
In Fanny, not in Sue;
In Tina, not in Lou;
In Henry, not in Nick;
In Newton, not in Dick;
In Milly, not in Ann;
In Gertrude, not in Nan
In Martha, not in Poll;
In Chester, not in Sol. CYRIL DEANE.



ILLUSTRATED KITE PUZZLE.



PLACE the names of the eight objects around the kite in such a way that the number of their letters will correspond to the number of dots in the foregoing diagram. The central letters, reading from the bottom upward, will spell the name of a famous American born in January, many years ago. He is the author of the rebus on the kite.

HOUR-GLASS.

THE centrals, reading downward, name a certain kind of puzzles.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Problems. 2. Seasoning. 3. Era. 4. In cognizant. 5. The god of shepherds. 6 Attendants. 7. A gift.

FRED.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE.

FRAME: From 1 to 2, a name by which the frost-weed is sometimes called; from 3 to 4, a storm with falling snow; from 5 to 6, a shop where books are kept for sale; from 7 to 8, nameless.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. The name of a cold substance, crystals of which late in autumn shoot from the cracked bark of the plant named by the letters from 1 to 2. 2. To study. 3. To terminate.

J. P. B.

EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A color. 2. A regulation. 3. A girl's name. 4. A division of time. II. 1. To be conveyed. 2. A notion. 3. Beloved. 4. A title of nobility. III. 1. False. 2. Robust. 3. A plant found in warm countries. 4. To encounter.

"BLOSSOM" AND C. G. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

THE cross-words are of unequal length.

I. The primals and finals each name a philosopher who died recently: one an Englishman, one an American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To long for. 2. Fright. 3. A train of attendants. 4. An animal resembling a monkey, peculiar to Madagascar. 5. The edible roots of a creeping plant. 6. A place of restraint. 7. Release.

II. The primals will name the home of the philosopher named by the primals of the foregoing acrostic; the finals will name the home of the philosopher named by the finals of the previous acrostic.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fine, thin fabric. 2. A man of distinguished valor. 3. To surround. 4. Concise. 5. A dry starch prepared from the pith of certain palms. 6. A kind of duck. 7. One of the small planets whose orbit is situated between those of Mars and Jupiter.

DYCIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE. In hoc signo vinces (Under this standard thou shalt conquer). 1. Idol. 2. Nose. 3. Helm. 4. Owls. 5. sCow. 6. iSle. 7. mIce. 8. oGee. 9. boNe. 10. roOf. 11. hiVe. 12. coIl. 13. chiN. 14. chiC. 15. treE. 16. tarS.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Nativity, Yule-tide.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS. Christmas, Mistletoe. Cross-words: 1. beCalMed. 2. beHavIng. 3. caResSed. 4. prImaTes. 5. asSaiLed. 6. caTerErs. 7. coMpuTer. 8. drAgoOns. 9. AsSayErs.—CHARADE. Mistify.

BEHEADINGS. Alcott. Cross-words: 1. A-lack. 2. L-edge. 3. C-reed. 4. O-zone. 5. T-heir. 6. T-hump.

SYNCOPATIONS. Saint Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. mi-Scar-ry. 2. w-Arm-ing. 3. s-Imp-ly. 4. con-Not-e. 5. do-Tag-e. 6. ton-Nag-e. 7. m-Inn-ow. 8. s-Cream-ing. 9. w-Her-e. 10. m-Omen-t. 11. s-Lop-py. 12. p-Ant-ry. 13. re-Serve-d.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Bigoted. 2. Imaged. 3. Gaged. 4. Ogee. 5. Ted. 6. Ed. 7. D.

DIAMOND. 1. D. 2. Sir. 3. Meres. 4. Selects. 5. Direction. 6. Rectify. 7. Stiff. 8. Soy. 9. N.

DIAGONALS. Hellebore. Cross-words: 1. Holly. 2. sEver. 3. saLvo. 4. ambLe. 5. cablE. 6. DerBy. 7. flOod. 8. cRypt. 9. Exalt.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the December number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 6—Edward F. Milthorp, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Millie Ward—Harrison G.—Kathie Leets—Thomas C. Wilford—"Andrew Agueeheek"—S. N. R.—Maggie T. Turrill—Lucy M. Bradley—Fred Thwaits—Harry M. Wheelock.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Blanche D., 1—James D. Sparkman, jr., 1—A. and S. Livingston, 1—Gracie S. P., 1—Paul Reese, 9—Effie K. Talboys, 4—Will F. Lutz, 2—Bob Howard, 2—Hessie D. Boylston, 1—"Neptune." 6—Carrie H. Cooper, 4—A. L. Zeckendorf, 1—Willie Trautwine, 4—Harry G. Light, 6—Alex. Laidlaw, 1—Kittie Greenwood Darling, 5—Anna K. Bullard, 5—Albert J. Sullivan, 3—Nicodemus, 3—Vici, 1—F. W. Islip, 9—Hugh and Cis, 9—Ida and Edith, 6—E. Muriel Grundy, 7—"Rex and I," 1—Ida Maude Preston, 9—James Connor, 4—Willie Sheraton, 2—George Habenicht, 1—"Wanderers of the L. C," 1—Jennie Balch, 1—Jen and Edie, 1—"The D. P. of the L. G. G. S." 1—Alice C. Schoonmaker, 1.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.



UNCLE THEOPHILUS PHIPPS suddenly recollects "those four youngsters of Jack's," for whom he has done nothing for some Christmases past. Happy thought! He will send them each an appropriate present.



"THOSE FOUR YOUNGSTERS OF JACK'S" wish that Uncle Theophilus Phipps's memory was as good as his intentions; and little number five, whom Uncle T. P. has never heard of, thinks the world has all gone wrong.



BEGGAR BOYS AT PLAY.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY MURILLO.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER I.

ROBERT DURHAM BEGINS HIS STORY.

"WHERE are the children?"

"They can't be far away," replied my wife, looking up from her preparations for supper. "Bobsey was here a moment ago. As soon as my back is turned he 's out and away. I have n't seen Merton since he brought his books from school, and I suppose Winnie is upstairs in the Daggetts' apartment."

"I wish, my dear, you could keep the children at home more," I said, a little petulantly.

"I wish you would go and find them for me now, and to-morrow would take my place — for just one day," she replied.

"Well, well," I said, with a laugh that had no mirth in it; "only one of your wishes stands much chance of being carried out. I 'll find the children now, if I can without the aid of the police. Mousie, do you feel stronger to-night?"

These words were spoken to a pale-faced girl of fourteen, who appeared to be scarcely more than twelve, so diminutive was her frame.

"Yes, Papa," she replied, a faint smile flitting like a ray of light across her features. She always said she was better, but still she was never well; and her quiet ways and tones had led to the household name of "Mousie."

As I was descending the narrow stair-way, I was almost overthrown by a torrent of children pouring down from the flats above. In the dim light of a gas-burner I saw that Bobsey was one of the reckless atoms. He had not heard my voice in the uproar, and before I could reach him, he, with the others, had burst out at the street door and was dashing toward the nearest corner. It seemed that he had slipped away in order to take part in a race, and I found him "squaring off" at a bigger boy, who had tripped him up. Without a word I carried him home, followed by the jeers and laughter of the racers, the girls making their presence known, in the early December twilight, by the shrillness of their voices and by manners no gentler than those of the boys.

I put down the child — he was only seven years of age — in the middle of our general living-room, and looked at him. His little coat was split out in the back; one of his stockings, already well darned at the knees, was past remedy; his hands were black, and one was bleeding; his whole little body was throbbing from excitement, anger, and violent exercise. As I looked at him quietly, the defiant expression in his eyes began to give place to tears.

"There is no use in punishing him now," said my wife. "Please leave him to me and find the others."

"I was n't going to punish him," I said.

"What are you going to do? What makes you look at him so?" she asked.

"He 's a problem I can't solve — with the given conditions," I replied.

"Oh, Robert! you drive me half wild. If the house were on fire, you 'd stop to follow out some

train of thought about it. I 'm tired to death. Do bring the children home. When we 've put them to bed, you can figure on your problem, and I can sit down."

As I went up to the Daggetts' flat, I was dimly conscious of another problem. My wife was growing fretful and nervous. *Our* rooms would not have satisfied a Dutch housewife; but if "order is heaven's first law," a little of paradise was in them when compared with the Daggetts' apartments.

"Yes," I was told, in response to my inquiries; "Winnie is in the bedroom with Melissy."

The door was locked, and after some hesitation the girls opened it. As we were going down-stairs I caught a glimpse of a newspaper in my girl's pocket. She gave it to me reluctantly, and said "Melissy" had lent it to her. I told her to help her mother prepare supper while I went to find Merton. Opening the paper under a street-lamp, I found it to be a cheap, vile journal, full of the flashy pictures that so often offend the eye on news-stands. With a chill of fear, I thought: "Another problem." The Daggett children had been down with the scarlet fever a few months before. "But here 's a worse infection," I reflected. "Thank heaven, Winnie is only a child, and can't understand these pictures;" and I tore up the paper, and threw it into its proper place — the gutter.



MELISSA DAGGETT.

"Now," I muttered, "I 've only to find Merton in mischief to make the evening's experience complete."

In mischief I did find him, — a very harmful kind of mischief, it appeared to me. Merton was little over fifteen, and he and two or three other lads were smoking cigarettes which, to judge by their odor, must certainly have been made from the sweepings of the manufacturer's floor.

"Can't you find anything better than that to do after school?" I asked, severely, as I called Merton to my side.

"Well, sir," was the sullen reply, "I 'd like to know what there is for a boy to do in this street."

During the walk home, I tried to think of an answer to his implied question. What would I do if I were in Merton's place? I confess that I was puzzled. After sitting in school all day, he must do something that the policeman would permit. There certainly seemed very little range of action for a growing boy. Should I take him out of school and put him into a shop or an office? If I did this, his education would be sadly limited. Moreover, he was tall and slender for his age, and upon his face there was a pallor which I dislike to see in a boy. Long hours of business would be very hard upon him, even if he could endure the strain at all. The problem which had been pressing on me for months — almost years — grew urgent.

With clouded brows we sat down to our modest little supper. Winifred, my wife, was hot and flushed from too near acquaintance with the stove, and wearied by a long day of toil in a room that would be the better for a gale of wind. Bobsey, as we called my little namesake, was absorbed — now that he was relieved from the fear of punishment — by the wish to "punch" the boy who had tripped him up. Winnie was watching me furtively, wondering what had become of the paper, and what I thought of it. Merton was somewhat sullen, and a little ashamed of himself. I felt my "problem" was to give these children something to do that would not harm them, for do *something* they certainly would. They were rapidly attaining that age when the shelter of a narrow city flat would not answer; when the influence of a crowded house and of the street might be greater than any we could bring to bear upon them.

I looked about upon the little group for whom I was responsible. My will was still law to them. While my wife had positive little ways of her own, she would agree to any decided course that I resolved upon. The children were yet under entire control, so that I sat at the head of the table, commander-in-chief of the little band.

We called the narrow flat we lived in "home!" The idea! with the Daggetts above and the Ricketts on the floor beneath! It was not a home, and was scarcely a fit camping-ground for such a family squad as ours; yet we had staid on for years in this long, narrow line of rooms, reaching from a crowded street to a little back-yard full of noisy children by day, and noisier cats by night. I had often thought of moving, but had failed to find a better shelter that was within my very limited means. The neighborhood was respectable, so far as a densely populated region can be. It was not far removed from my place of business, and my work often kept me so late at the office that we could not live in a suburb. The rent was moderate for New York, and left me some money, after food and clothing were provided, for occasional little outings and pleasures, which I believe to be needed by both body and mind.

While the children were little — so long as they would "stay put" in the cradle or on the floor — we did not have much trouble. Fortunately, I had good health, and, as my wife said, was "handy with children." Therefore I could help her in the care of them at night, and she had kept much of her youthful bloom. Heaven had blessed us. We had met with no serious misfortunes, nor had any of our number been often prostrated by prolonged and dangerous illness. But during the last year my wife had been growing thin, and occasionally her voice had a sharpness which was new. Every month, Bobsey became more hard to manage. Our living-room was to him like a cage to a wild bird, and slip away he would, to his mother's alarm; for he was almost certain to get into mischief or trouble. The effort to perform her household tasks and watch over him was more wearing than it had been to rock him through long hours at night when he was a teething baby.

These details seem very homely, no doubt, yet such as these largely make up our lives. Comfort or discomfort, happiness or unhappiness, springs from them. There is no crop in the country so important as that of boys and girls. How could I manage my little home-garden in a flat?

I looked thoughtfully from one to another, as with children's appetites they became absorbed in one of the chief events of the day.

"Well," said my wife, querulously, "how are you getting on with your problem?"

"Take this extra bit of steak, and I 'll tell you after the children are asleep," I said.

"I can't eat another mouthful," she exclaimed, pushing back her almost untasted supper. "Broiling the steak was enough for me."

"You are quite tired out, dear," I said, very gently.

Her face softened immediately at my tone, and tears came into her eyes.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," she faltered. "I am so nervous some days that I feel as if I should fly to pieces. I do try to be patient, but I know I 'm growing cross."

"Oh, now, Mamma!" spoke up warm-hearted Merton. "The idea of your being cross!"

"She *is* cross," Bobsey cried; "she boxed my ears this very day."

"And you deserved it," was Merton's retort. "It 's a pity they are not boxed oftener."

"Yes, Robert, I did," continued my wife, sorrowfully. "Bobsey ran away four times, and vexed me beyond endurance,—that is, such endurance as I have left,— which does n't seem to be very much."

"I understand, dear," I said. "You are a part of my problem, and you must help me solve it."

Then I changed the subject decidedly, and soon brought sunshine to our clouded household. Children's minds are easily diverted; and my wife, whom a few sharp words would have greatly irritated, was soothed, and her curiosity awakened as to the subject of my thoughts.

And think deeply I did while she and Winnie cleared away the dishes and put Bobsey into his little crib. I felt that the time for a decided change had come, and that it should be made before the evils of our lot brought sharp and real trouble.

How should I care for my household? If I had been living on a far frontier among hostile Indians, I should have known better how to protect them. I could build a house of heavy logs and keep my rifle always near while at work. But it seemed to me that Melissa Daggett and her kin with their flashy papers, and the influence of the street for Merton and Bobsey, involved more danger to my little band than all the scalping Modocs that ever whooped. The children could not step outside the door without danger of meeting some one who would do them harm. It is the curse of crowded city life that there is so little of a natural and attractive sort for a child to do, and so much of evil close at hand.

My wife asked me humorously for the news. She saw that I was not reading my paper, and my frowning brow and firm lips proved that my problem was not of a trifling nature. She suspected nothing more, however, than that I was thinking of taking rooms in some better locality, and she was wondering how I could do it; for she knew that my income now left but a small surplus above expenses.

At last Winnie too was ready to go to bed, and I said to her, gravely:

"Here is money to pay Melissa for that paper; it was only fit for the gutter, and in the gutter I put it. I wish you to promise me never to look at such pictures again, or you can never hope to grow up to be a lady like Mamma."

The child flushed deeply, and went tearful and penitent to bed; and Mousie also retired with a wistful look upon her face, for she saw that something of grave importance occupied my mind.

No matter how tired my wife might be, she was never satisfied to sit down until the room had been put in order, a green cloth spread upon the supper-table, and the student-lamp placed in its center.

Merton brought his school-books, my wife took up her mending, and we three sat down within the circle of light.

"Don't do any more work to-night," I said, looking into my wife's face, and noting for a few moments that it was losing its rounded lines.

Her hands dropped wearily into her lap, and she began, gratefully:

"I 'm glad you speak so kindly to-night, Robert, for I am so nervous and out of sorts that I could n't have stood one bit of fault-finding,—I should have said things, and then have been sorry all day to-morrow. And I 'm sure each day brings enough without carrying anything over. Come, read the paper to me, or tell me what you have been thinking about so deeply, if you don't mind Merton's hearing you. I wish to forget myself, and my work, and everything that worries me, for a little while."

"I 'll read the paper first, and then, after Merton has learned his lessons, I will tell you my thoughts,—my purpose, I may almost say. Merton shall know about it soon, for he is becoming old enough to understand the 'why' of things. I hope, my boy, that your teacher lays a great deal of stress on the *why* in all your studies?"

"Oh, yes, after a fashion," said the boy.

"Well, so far as I am your teacher, Merton," I said, "I wish you always to think why you should do a thing or why you should n't, and to try not to be satisfied with any reason but a good one."

Then I gleaned from the paper such items as I thought would interest my wife. At last we were alone, with no sound in the room but the low roar of the city, a roar so deep as to make one think that the tides of life were breaking into waves. I was doing some figuring in a note-book when my wife asked:

"Robert, what is your problem to-night, and what part have I in it?"

"So important a part that I could n't solve it without you," I replied, smiling at her.

"Oh, come now!" she said, laughing slightly for the first time in the evening; "you always begin to flatter a little when you want to carry a point."

"Well, then, you are on your guard against my wiles. But believe me, Winifred, the problem on my mind is not like one of my ordinary brown studies,—in those I often try to get back to the wherefore of things, which people usually accept and do not bother about. The question I am now considering comes right home to us, and we must meet it. I have felt for some time that we could not put off action much longer, and to-night I am convinced of it."

Then I told her how I had found three of the children engaged that evening, concluding:

"The circumstances of their lot are more to blame than they themselves. And why should I find fault with you because you are nervous? You could no more help being nervous and a little impatient than you could prevent the heat of the lamp from burning you, should you place your finger over it. I know the cause of it all. As for Mousie, she is growing paler and thinner every day. You know what my income is; we could not change things much for the better by taking other rooms in another part of the city, and we might find that we had changed for the worse. I propose that we go to the country and get our living out of the soil."

"Why, Robert! what do you know about farming or gardening?"

"Not very much, but I am not yet too old to learn; and there would be something for the children to do at once, pure air for them to breathe, and space for them to grow healthfully in body, mind, and soul. You know I have but little money laid by, and that I am not one of those smart men who can push their way. I don't know much besides book-keeping, and my employers think I am not remarkably quick at that. I can't seem to acquire the lightning speed with which things are done nowadays; and while I try to make up for speed by long hours and honesty, I don't believe I could ever earn much more than I am getting now, and you know it does n't leave a wide margin for sickness or misfortune of any kind. After all, what does my salary give us but food and clothing and shelter, such as they are, with a little to spare in some years? It sends a cold chill to my heart to think what would become of you and the children if I should be sick or anything should happen to me. Still, it is the present welfare of the children that weighs most on my mind, Winifred. They are no longer little things that you can keep in these rooms and watch over; there is danger for them just outside that door. It would n't be so if beyond the door lay a garden and fields and woods. You, my overtaxed wife, would n't worry about them the moment they were out of sight; and my work, instead of being away from them all day, could be with them. All could do something, even down to pale Mousie and little Bobsey. Outdoor life and pure air, instead of that breathed over and over, would bring quiet to your nerves and the roses back to your cheeks. The children would grow sturdy and strong; much of their work would be like play to them; they would n't be always in contact with other children that we know nothing about. I am aware that the country is n't Eden, as we have imagined it,—for I lived there as a boy,—but it seems like Eden compared to this place with its surroundings; and I feel as if I were being driven back to it by circumstances I can't control."

There is no need of dwelling further on the reasons for and against the step we proposed. We thought a great deal, talked it over several times,

and finally my wife agreed that the change would be wise and best for all. Then the children were taken into our confidence, and they became more delighted every day as the prospect grew clearer to them.

"We 'll all be good soon, wont we?" said my youngest, who had a rather vivid sense of his own shortcomings, and kept those of the others in mind, as well.

"Why so, Bobsey?" I asked.

"'Cause Mamma says God put the first people in a garden and they were very good, better 'n any

So it was settled that we would leave our narrow suit of rooms, the Daggetts and Ricketts, and go to the country. To me naturally fell the task of finding the land flowing with milk and honey to which we should journey in the spring. Meantime, we were already emigrants at heart, full of the bustle and excitement of mental preparation.

I prided myself somewhat on my knowledge of human nature, which, in regard to children, conformed to comparatively simple laws. I knew that the change would involve plenty of hard work, self-denial, and careful managing, which nothing



"THE QUESTION WHERE WE SHOULD GO WAS THE CAUSE OF MUCH STUDYING OF MAPS."

folks afterward. God ought to know the best place for people."

Thus Bobsey gave a kind of divine sanction to our project. Of course, we had not taken so important a step without asking the great Father of all to guide us; for we felt that in the mystery of life, we, too, were but little children who knew not what should be on the morrow or how best to provide for it with any certainty. To our sanguine minds there was in Bobsey's words a hint of something more than permission to go up out of Egypt.

could redeem from prose; but I aimed to add to our exodus so far as possible the elements of adventure and mystery so dear to the hearts of children. The question where we should go was the cause of much discussion, the studying of maps, and the learning of not a little geography.

Merton's counsel was that we should seek a region abounding in Indians, bears, and "such big game." His advice made clear the nature of some of his recent reading. He proved, however, that he was not wanting in sense by his readi-

ness to give up these attractive features in the choice of locality.

Mousie's soft black eyes always lighted up at the prospect of a flower garden that should be as big as our sitting-room. Even in our city apartments, poisoned by gas and devoid of sunlight, she usually managed to keep a little house plant in bloom, and the thought of placing seeds in the open ground, where, as she said, "the roots could go down to China if they wanted to," brought the first color I had seen in her face for many a day.

Winnie was our strongest child, and also the one who gave me the most anxiety. Impulsive, warm-hearted, restless, she always made me think of an overfull fountain. Her alert black eyes were as eager to see as was her inquisitive mind to pry into everything. For a girl she was sturdily built, and one of the severest punishments we could inflict was to place her in a chair and tell her not to move for an hour. We were beginning to learn that we could no more keep her in our sitting-room than we could restrain a mountain brook that foams into a rocky basin only to foam out again.

Melissa Daggett was of a very different type,—I could never see her without the word "sly" coming into my mind,—and her small mysteries awakened Winnie's curiosity. Now that the latter was promised chickens, ducks, and rambles in the woods, Melissa and her secrets became insignificant, and a ready promise to keep aloof from her was given.

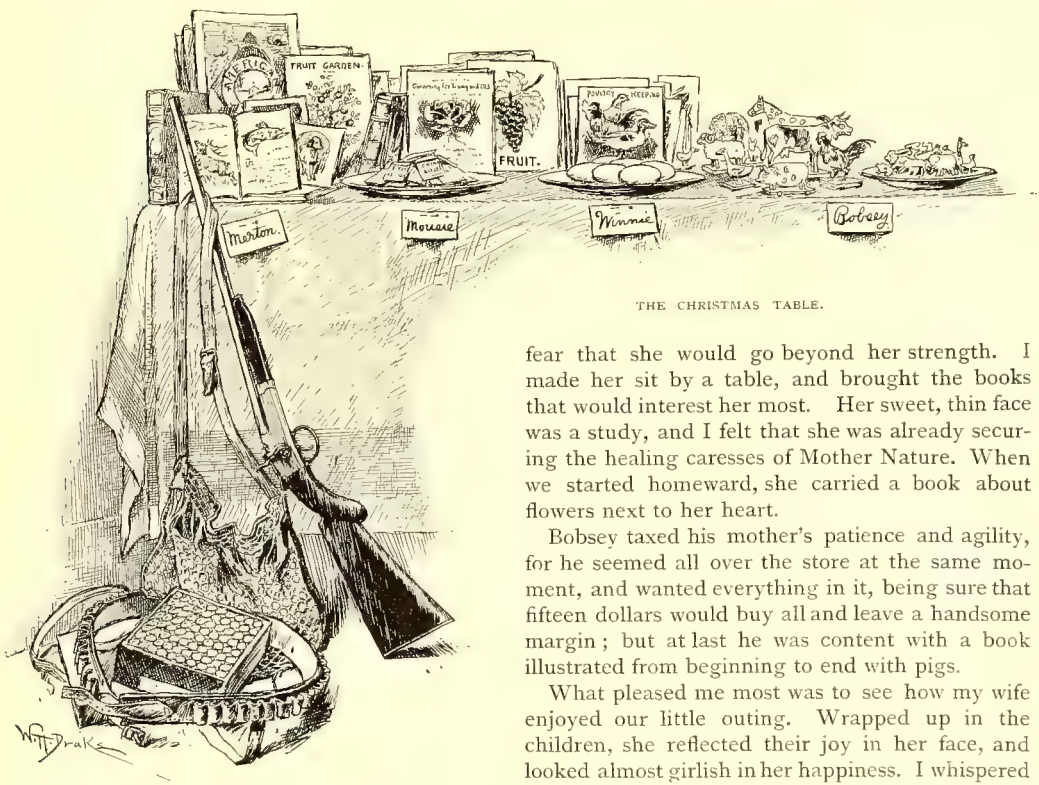


THE VISIT TO THE AGRICULTURAL STORE.

As for Bobsey, he should have a pig which he could name, and call his own; and for which he might pull weeds and pick up apples. We soon found that he was communing with that phantom pig in his dreams.

By the time Christmas week began, we all had agreed to do without candy, toys, and knick-knacks, and to buy books that would tell us how to live in the country. One happy evening we had an early supper and all went to a well-known agricultural store and publishing-house on Broadway, each child almost awed by the fact that I had fifteen dollars in my pocket which should be spent that very night in the purchase of books and papers. To the children the shop seemed like a place where tickets

direct to Eden were obtained, while the colored pictures of fruits and vegetables could only portray the products of Eden, so different were they in size and beauty from the specimens appearing in our market-stalls. Stuffed birds and animals were also on the shelves, and no epicure ever enjoyed the gamy flavor as did we. But when we came to examine the books, their plates exhibiting almost every phase of country work and production, we felt that a long vista leading toward our unknown home was opening before us, illumined by alluring pictures. To Winnie was given a book on poultry, and the cuts representing the various birds were even more to her taste than cuts from the fowls themselves at a Christmas dinner. The Nimrod instincts of the race were awakened in Merton, and I soon found that he had set his heart on a book that gave an account of game, fish, birds, and mammals,— a natural and wholesome longing. I myself had felt it keenly when a boy. Such country sport would bring sturdiness to his limbs and the right kind of color into his face.



THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

"All right, Merton," I said; "you shall have the book and a breech-loading shot-gun also. As for fishing-tackle, you can manage with a pole cut from the woods until you have earned money enough yourself to buy what you need."

The boy was almost overwhelmed. He came to me and took my hand in both his own.

"Papa," he faltered, and his eyes were moist; "did you say a gun?"

"Yes, a breech-loading shot-gun, on one condition,— that you 'll not smoke till after you are twenty-one. A growing boy can't smoke in safety."

He gave my hand a quick, strong pressure, and was immediately at the farther end of the store, blowing his nose suspiciously. I smiled contentedly and thought: "I want no better promise. A gun will cure him of cigarettes better than a tract would."

Mousie was quiet, as usual; but there was again a faint color in her cheeks, a soft luster in her eyes. I kept near my invalid child most of the time, for fear that she would go beyond her strength. I made her sit by a table, and brought the books that would interest her most. Her sweet, thin face was a study, and I felt that she was already securing the healing caresses of Mother Nature. When we started homeward, she carried a book about flowers next to her heart.

Bobsey taxed his mother's patience and agility, for he seemed all over the store at the same moment, and wanted everything in it, being sure that fifteen dollars would buy all and leave a handsome margin; but at last he was content with a book illustrated from beginning to end with pigs.

What pleased me most was to see how my wife enjoyed our little outing. Wrapped up in the children, she reflected their joy in her face, and looked almost girlish in her happiness. I whispered in her ear: "Your present shall be the home itself, for I shall have the deed made out in your name, and then you can turn me out-of-doors as often as you please."

"Which will be every pleasant day after breakfast," she said, laughing. "You know you are very safe in giving things to me."

"Yes, Winifred," I replied, pressing her hand

on the sly; "I have been finding that out ever since I gave myself to you."

I bought Henderson's *Gardening for Profit* and some other practical books. I also subscribed for a journal devoted to rural interests and giving simple directions for the work of each month. At last we returned. Never did a jollier little procession than ours march up Broadway. People were going to the opera and evening companies, and carriages rolled by filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen; but my wife remarked: "None of those people are as happy as we are, trudging in this roundabout way to our country home."

Her words suggested our course of action during the months which must intervene before it would be safe or wise for us to leave the city. Our thoughts, words, and actions were all a roundabout means to our cherished end, and yet the most direct way that we could take under the circumstances. Field and garden were covered with snow, the ground was granite-like from frost, and Winter's cold breath chilled our impatience to be gone, but so far as possible we lived in a country atmosphere, and amused ourselves by trying to conform to country ways in a city flat. Even Winnie declared she heard the cocks crowing at dawn, while Bobsey had a different kind of grunt or squeal for every pig in his book.

On Christmas morning we all brought out our purchases and arranged them on a table. Merton was almost wild when he found a bright single-barreled gun, with accouterments, standing in the corner. Even Mousie exclaimed with delight when she found some bright-colored papers of flower-seeds on her plate. To Winnie were given half a dozen china eggs, with which to lure the prospective "biddies" to lay in nests easily reached, and she tried to cackle over them in absurd imitation. Little Bobsey had to have some toys and candy, but they all presented to his eyes the natural inmates of the barn-yard. In the number of domestic animals he swallowed that day he equaled the little boy, in Hawthorne's story of the "House of the Seven Gables," who devoured a gingerbread caravan of camels and elephants purchased at Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon's shop. Our Christmas dinner consisted almost wholly of such vegetables as we proposed to raise the coming summer. Never before were such connoisseurs of carrots, beets, onions, parsnips, and so on, through almost the entire list of such winter stock as was to be obtained at our nearest green-grocery. We celebrated the day by nearly a dozen dishes which the children aided my wife in preparing. Then I had Merton figure out the cost of each, and we were surprised at the cheapness of much of country fare, even when retailed in very small quantities.

This brought up another phase of the problem. In many respects I was like the children, having almost as much to learn as they,—with the advantage, however, of being able to correct impressions by experience. In other words, I had more judgment; and, while I should certainly make mistakes, not many of them would be absurd or often repeated. I was aware that most of the homely kitchen vegetables cost comparatively little, even though (having no good place for storage in our flat) we had found it better to buy what we needed from day to day. It was therefore certain that, at wholesale in the country, they would often be exceedingly cheap. This fact would work both ways. Little money would purchase much food of certain kinds, and if we produced these articles of food, they would bring us little money.

I will pass briefly over the period that elapsed before it was time for us to depart, assured that the little people who are following this simple history are as eager to get away from the dusty city flat to the sunlight, breezy fields, brooks, and woods as were the children in my story. It is enough to say that, during all my waking hours not devoted to business, I read, thought, and studied on the problem of supporting my family in the country. I haunted Washington Market in the gray dawn, and learned from much inquiry what products found a ready and certain sale at some price, and what appeared to yield the best profits to the grower. There was much conflict of opinion, but I noted down and averaged the statements made to me. Many of the marketmen had hobbies, and told me how to make a fortune out of one or two articles; more gave careless, random, or ignorant answers; but here and there was a plain, honest, sensible fellow who showed me from his books what plain, honest, sensible producers in the country were doing. In a few weeks I dismissed finally the tendency to one blunder. A novice hears or reads of an acre of cabbages or strawberries producing so much. Then he figures, "If one acre yields so much, two acres will give twice as much," and so on. Inquiry and the experience of others showed me the utter folly of all this; and I came to the conclusion that I could give my family shelter, plain food, pure air, wholesome work and play in plenty, and that I could not for some time provide much else with certainty. I tried to stick closely to common sense,—and the humble circumstances of the vast majority living from the soil proved that there was in these pursuits no easy or speedy road to fortune. Therefore, we must part reluctantly with every penny, and let a dollar go for only the essentials to the modest success now accepted as all we could naturally expect.

We had explored the settled States, and even the Territories, in fancy; we had talked over nearly every industry, from cotton and sugar-cane planting to a sheep-ranch. I encouraged all this, for it was so much education out of school-hours; yet all, even Merton, eventually agreed with me that we'd better not go far away, but seek a place near schools, markets, and churches, and well inside of civilization.

"See here, youngsters, you forget the most important crop of all that I must cultivate," I said one evening.

"What is that?" they cried in chorus.

"A crop of boys and girls. You may think that my mind is chiefly on corn and potatoes. Not at all. It is chiefly on you; and for your sakes Mamma and I decided for the country."

At last, in reply to my inquiries and my answers to advertisements, I received the following letter:

"MAIZEVILLE, N. Y., March 1st, 1884.

"ROBERT DURHAM, Esq.

"*Dear Sir:* I have a place that will suit you, I think. It can be bought for a sum inside the figure you name. Come and see it. I sha'n't crack it up, but want you to judge for yourself.

"JOHN JONES."

I had been to see two or three places that had been "cracked up" so highly that my wife thought it would be better to close a bargain at once before some one else secured the prize,—and I had come back disgusted in each instance.

"The soul of wit"—which is brevity—was in John Jones's letter. There was also a downright directness which hit the mark, and I wrote that I would go to Maizeville in the course of the following week.



(To be continued.)



NO LONGER A BABY.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN;

OR, WHAT FOLLOWED READING "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

By Charles E. Carryl.

Chapter IX.

RIBSY.

THE road was very dreary and dusty, and wound in and out in the most tiresome way until it seemed to have no end to it, and Davy ran on and on, half-expecting at any moment to feel the Roc's great beak pecking at his back. Fortunately his legs carried him along so remarkably well that he felt he could run for a week; and indeed he might have done so if he had not, at a sharp turn in the road, come suddenly upon a horse and cab. The horse was fast asleep when Davy dashed against him, but he woke up with a start, and, after whistling like a locomotive once or twice in a very alarming manner, went to sleep again. He was a very frowsy-looking horse with great lumps at his knees and a long, crooked neck like a camel's; but what attracted Davy's attention particularly was the word "RIBSY" painted in whitewash on his side in large letters. He was looking at this and wondering if it were the horse's name, when the door of the cab flew open and a man fell out, and

after rolling over in the dust, sat up in the middle of the road and began yawning. He was even a more ridiculous-looking object than the horse, being dressed in a clown's suit, with a morning gown over it by way of a top-coat, and a field-marshal's cocked hat. In fact, if he had not had a whip in his hand no one would ever have taken him for a cabman. After yawning heartily, he looked up at Davy and said drowsily: "Where?"

"To B. G.," said Davy, hastily referring to the Hole-keeper's letter.

"All right," said the cabman, yawning again. "Climb in, and don't put your feet on the cushions."

Now, this was a ridiculous thing for him to say, for when Davy stepped inside he found the only seats were some three-legged stools huddled together in the back part of the cab, all the rest of the space being taken up by a large bath-tub that ran across the front end of it. Davy turned on one of the faucets, but nothing came out except some dust and a few small bits of gravel, and he shut it off again, and sitting down on one of the little stools, waited patiently for the cab to start.

Just then the cabman put his head in at the window, and winking at him confidentially, said: "Can you tell me why this horse is like an umbrella?"

"No," said Davy.

"Because he 's used *up*," said the cabman.

"I don't think that 's a very good conundrum," said Davy.

"So do I," said the cabman. "But it 's the best one I can make with this horse. Did you say N. B.?" he asked.

"No; I said B. G.," said Davy.

"All right," said the cabman again, and disappeared from the window. Presently there was a loud trampling overhead, and Davy, putting his head out at the window, saw that the cabman had climbed up on top of the cab and was throwing stones at the horse, which was still sleeping peacefully.

"Oh! don't do that," said Davy, anxiously. "I 'd rather get out and walk."

"Well, I wish you would," said the cabman, in a tone of great relief. "This is a very valuable stand, and I don't care to lose my place on it;" and Davy accordingly jumped out of the cab and walked away.

Presently there was a clattering of hoofs behind him, and Ribsy came galloping along the road with nothing on him but his collar. He was holding his big head high in the air, like a giraffe, and gazing proudly about him as he ran. He stopped short when he saw the little boy, and giving a triumphant whistle, said cheerfully: "How are you again?"

It seemed rather strange to be spoken to by a cab-horse, but Davy answered that he was feeling quite well.

"So am I," said Ribsy. "The fact is, that when it comes to beating a horse about the head with a three-legged stool, if that horse is going to leave at all, it 's time he was off."

"I should think it was," said Davy, earnestly.

"You 'll observe, of course, that I 've kept on my shoes and my collar," said Ribsy. "It is n't genteel to go barefoot, and nothing makes a fellow look so untidy as going about without a collar. The truth is"—he continued, sitting down in the road on his hind legs, "the truth is, I 'm not an ordinary horse by any means. I have a history, and I 've arranged it in a popular form in six canters—I mean cantos," he added, hastily correcting himself.

"I 'd like to hear it, if you please," said Davy, politely.

"Well, I 'm a little hoarse——" began Ribsy.



"THE CABMAN HAD CLIMBED UP ON TOP OF THE CAB AND WAS THROWING STONES AT THE HORSE"

"I think you 're a very big horse," said Davy, in great surprise.

"I 'm referring to my voice," said Ribsy, haughtily. "Be good enough not to interrupt me again;" and giving two or three preliminary whistles to clear his throat, he began:

"*It's very confining, this living in stables,*
And passing one's time among wagons and carts;
I much prefer dining at gentlemen's tables,
And living on turkeys and cranberry tarts."

"That 's rather a high-toned idea," said Ribsy, proudly.

"Oh! yes, indeed," said Davy, laughing; and Ribsy continued:

"*As spry as a kid and as trim as a spider*
Was I in the days of the Turnip-top Hunt,
When I used to get rid of the weight of my rider
And canter contentedly in at the front."

"By the way, that trick led to my being sold to a circus," said Ribsy. "I suppose you 've never been a circus-horse?"

"Never," said Davy.

"Then you don't know anything about it," said Ribsy. "Here we go again!"

"*It made me a wreck, with no hope of improvement,*
Too feeble to race with an invalid crab;
I 'm wry in the neck, with a rickety movement
Peculiarly suited for drawing a cab."

"I may as well say *here*," broke in Ribsy again, "that the price old Patsey Bolivar, the cabman, paid for me was simply ridiculous."

"*I find with surprise that I 'm constantly sneezing;*
I 'm stiff in the legs, and I 'm often for sale;
And the blue-bottle flies, with their tiresome teasing,
Are quite out of reach of my weary old tail."

"I see them!" cried Davy eagerly.

"Thank you," said Ribsy, haughtily. "As the next verse is the last, you need n't trouble yourself to make any further observations.

"*I think my remarks will determine the question*
Of why I am bony and thin as a rail;
I 'm off for some larks to improve my digestion,
And point the stern moral conveyed by my tail."

Here Ribsy got upon his legs again, and after a refreshing fillip with his heels, cantered off along the road, whistling as he went. Two large blue-bottle flies were on his back, and his tail was flying around with an angry whisk like a pin-wheel; but as he disappeared in the distance, the flies were still sitting calmly on the ridge of his spine, apparently enjoying the scenery.

Davy was about to start out again on his journey, when he heard a voice shouting "Hi! Hi!" and looking back, he saw the poor cabman coming along the road on a brisk trot, dragging his cab after him. He had on Ribsy's harness, and seemed to be in a state of tremendous excitement.

As he came up with Davy, the door of the cab flew open again, and the three-legged stools came tumbling out, followed by a dense cloud of dust.

"Get in! Get in!" shouted the cabman, excitedly. "Never mind the dust, I 've turned it on to make believe we 're going tremendously fast."

Davy hastily scrambled in, and the cabman started off again. The dust was pouring out of both faucets, and a heavy shower of gravel was rattling into the bath-tub; and, to make matters worse, the cabman was now going along at such an astonishing speed that the cab rocked violently from side to side, like a boat in a stormy sea. Davy made a frantic attempt to shut off the dust, but it seemed to come faster and faster, until he was almost choked. At this moment the cab came suddenly to a stop, and Davy, rushing to the window, found himself staring into a farm-yard, where a red cow stood gazing up at him.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK'S FARM.

IT was quite an ordinary-looking farm-yard and quite an ordinary-looking cow, but she stared so earnestly up at Davy that he felt positively certain she had something to say to him. "Every creature I meet *does* have something to say," he thought, "and I should really like to hear a cow —" and just at this moment the cab-door suddenly flew open and he pitched head-foremost out upon a pile of hay in the farm-yard and rolled from it off upon the ground. As he sat up, feeling exceedingly foolish, he looked anxiously at the cow, expecting to see her laughing at his misfortune, but she stood gazing at him with a very serious ex-

pression of countenance, solemnly chewing, and slowly swishing her tail from side to side. As Davy really did n't know how to begin a conversation with a cow, he waited for her to speak first, and there was consequently a long pause. Presently the Cow said, in a melancholy, lowing tone of voice:

"Are you a market-gardener?"

"No," said Davy. "Why?"

"Because," said the Cow, mournfully, "there 's a feather-bed growing in the vegetable garden, and I thought you might explain how it came there."

"That 's very curious," said Davy.

"Curious, but comfortable for the pig," said the Cow. "He 's taken to sleeping there, lately. He calls it his quill pen."

"That 's a capital name for it," said Davy, laughing. "What else is there in the garden?"

"Nothing but the bean-stalk," said the Cow. "You 've heard of 'Jack and the Bean-stalk,' have n't you?"

"Oh! yes, indeed!" said Davy, beginning to be very much interested. "I should like to see the bean-stalk."

"You can't *see* the beans talk," said the Cow, gravely. "You might *hear* them talk — that is, if they had anything to say, and you listened long enough. By the way, that 's the house that Jack built. Pretty, is n't it?"

Davy turned and looked up at the house. It certainly was a very pretty house, built of bright red brick with little gables, and dormer-windows in the roof, and with a trim little porch quite overgrown with climbing roses. But it had a very comical appearance, for all that, as the cab-door was standing wide open in the walk just a little above the porch. Suddenly an idea struck him, and he exclaimed:

"Then you must be the cow with a crumpled horn!"

"It 's not crumpled," said the Cow with great dignity. "There 's a slight crimp in it, to be sure, but nothing that can properly be called a crump.



MOTHER HUBBARD SINGS A SONG.

Then the story was all wrong about my tossing the dog. It was the cat that ate the malt. He was a Maltese cat, and his name was Flipmegilder."

"Did you toss *him?*" inquired Davy.

"Certainly not," said the Cow, indignantly. "Who ever heard of a cow tossing a cat? The fact is, I 've never had a fair chance to toss *anything*. As for the dog, Mother Hubbard never permitted any liberties to be taken with *him*."

"I 'd dearly love to see Mother Hubbard," said Davy, eagerly.

"Well, you can," said the Cow, indifferently. "She is n't much to see. If you 'll look in at the kitchen window, you 'll probably find her performing on the piano and singing a song. She 's always at it."

Davy stole softly to the kitchen window and peeped in, and, as the Cow had said, Mother Hubbard was there, sitting at the piano and evidently just preparing to sing. The piano was very remarkable, and Davy could not remember ever having seen one like it before. The top of it was arranged with shelves on which stood all the kitchen crockery, and in the under part of it, at one end, was an oven with glass doors, through which he could see several pies baking.

Mother Hubbard was dressed, just as he expected, in a very ornamental flowered gown with high-heeled shoes and buckles, and wore a tall pointed hat over her night-cap. She was so like the pictures Davy had seen of her that he thought he would have recognized her anywhere. She sang in a high key with a very quavering voice, and this was the song:

"I had an educated pug,
His name was Tommy Jones;
He lived upon the parlor rug
Exclusively on bones.

"I went to a secluded room
To get one from a shelf;
It was n't there, and I presume
He 'd gone and helped himself.

"He had an entertaining trick
Of feigning he was dead;
Then, with a re-assuring kick,
Would stand upon his head.



"I could not take the proper change
And go to buy him shoes,
But what he 'd sit upon the range
And read the latest news.

"And when I ventured out one day
To order him a coat,
I found him, in his artless way,
Careering on a goat.



"I could not go to look at hats
But that, with childish glee,
He 'd ask in all the neighbors' cats
To join him at his tea!"

While Mother Hubbard was singing this song, little handfuls of gravel were constantly thrown at her through one of the kitchen windows, and by the time the song was finished, her lap was quite full of it.

"I 'd just like to know who is throwing that gravel," said Davy, indignantly.

"It 's Gobobbles," said the Cow, calmly. "You 'll find him around at the front of the house. By the way, have you any chewing-gum about you?"

"No," said Davy, greatly surprised at the question.

"So I supposed," said the Cow. "It 's precisely what I should expect of a person who would fall out of a cab."

"But I could n't help *that*," said Davy.

"Of course you could n't," said the Cow, yawning indolently. "It 's precisely what I should expect of a person who had n't any chewing-gum." And with this the Cow walked gravely away, just as Mother Hubbard made her appearance at the window.

"Boy," said Mother Hubbard, beaming mildly upon Davy through her spectacles, "you should n't throw gravel."

"I have n't thrown any," said Davy.

"Fie!" said Mother Hubbard, shaking her head; "always speak the truth."

"I am speaking the truth," said Davy, indignantly. "It was Gobobbles."

"So I supposed," said Mother Hubbard, gently shaking her head again. "It would have been far better if he had been cooked last Christmas instead of being left over. Stuffing him and then letting him go has made a very proud creature of him. You should never be proud."

"I 'm not proud," replied Davy, provoked at being mixed up with Gobobbles in this way.

"You may define the word *proud*, and give a few examples," continued Mother Hubbard, and Davy was just noticing with astonishment that she was beginning to look exactly like old Miss Peggs, his school-teacher, when a thumping sound was heard, and the next moment Gobobbles came tearing around the corner of the house, and Mother Hubbard threw up her hands with a little shriek and disappeared from the window.

Gobobbles proved to be a large and very bold-mannered turkey, with all his feathers taken off except a frowsy tuft about his neck. He was pounding his chest with his wings in a very disagreeable manner, and altogether his appearance was so formidable that Davy was half inclined to take to his heels at once; but Gobobbles stopped short upon seeing him, and, discontinuing his pounding, stared at him suspiciously for a moment, and then said:

"I can't abide boys!"

"Why not?" said Davy.

"Oh, they 're so hungry!" said Gobobbles, passionately. "They 're so everlastingly hungry. Now, don't deny that you 're fond of turkey."

"Well, I *do* like turkey," said Davy, seeing no way out of the difficulty.

"Of course you do!" said Gobobbles, tossing his head. "Now, you might as well know," he continued, resuming his thumping with increased energy, "that I 'm as hollow as a drum and as tough as a hat-box. Just mention that fact to any one you meet, will you? I suppose Christmas is coming, of course."

"Of course it is!" replied Davy.

"It 's *always* coming!" said Gobobbles, angrily; and with this he strutted away, pounding himself like a bass-drum.

CHAPTER XI.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

"THIS is a very sloppy road," said Davy to himself, as he walked along in the direction taken by the turkey; and it was, indeed, a *very* sloppy road. The dust had quite disappeared, and the sloppiness soon changed to such a degree of wetness that Davy presently found himself in water up to his ankles. He turned to go back, and saw, to his alarm, that the land in every direction seemed to be miles away, and the depth of the water increased so rapidly that, before he could make up his mind what to do, it had risen to his shoulders, and he was carried off his feet and found himself apparently drifting out to sea. The water, however, was warm and pleasant, and he discovered that instead of sinking he was floated gently along, slowly turning in the water like a float on a fishing-line. This was very agreeable, but he was, nevertheless, greatly relieved when a boat came in sight sailing toward him. As it came near, it proved to be the clock with a sail hoisted and the Goblin sitting complacently in the stern.

"How d' ye do, Gobsy?" said Davy.

"Prime!" said the Goblin, enthusiastically.

"Well, stop the clock," said Davy; "I want to get aboard."

"I have n't any board," said the Goblin, in great surprise.

"I mean I want to get into the clock," said Davy, laughing. "I don't think you 're much of a sailor."

"I 'm not," said the Goblin, as Davy climbed in. "I 've been sailing one way for ever so long, because I don't know how to turn around. But there 's a landing-place just ahead."

Davy looked over his shoulder and found that they were rapidly approaching a little wooden pier standing about a foot out of the water. Beyond it stretched a broad expanse of sandy beach.

"What place is it?" said Davy.

"It 's called Hickory Dickory Dock," said the Goblin. "All the eight-day clocks stop here," and at this moment the clock struck against the timbers with a violent thump, and Davy was thrown out, heels over head, upon the dock. He scrambled upon his feet again as quickly as possible, and saw to his dismay that the clock had been turned completely around by the shock and was rapidly drifting out to sea again. The Goblin looked back despairingly, and Davy just caught the words, "I don't know how to turn around!" when the clock was carried out of hearing distance and soon disappeared on the horizon.

The beach was covered in every direction with little hills of sand, like hay-cocks, with scraggy bunches of sea-weed sticking out of the tops of them; and Davy was wondering how they came to be there, when he caught sight of a man walking along the edge of the water and now and then

stopping and gazing earnestly out to sea. As the man drew nearer, Davy saw that he was dressed in a suit of brown leather and wore a high-peaked hat, and that a little procession, consisting of a dog, a cat, and a goat, was following patiently at his heels, while a parrot was perched upon his shoulder. They all wore large standing linen collars and black cravats, which gave them a very serious appearance.

Davy was morally certain that the man was Robinson Crusoe. He carried an enormous gun, which he loaded from time to time, and then, aiming carefully at the sea, fired. There was nothing very alarming about this, for the gun, when fired, only gave a faint squeak, and the bullet, which was about the size of a small orange, dropped out quietly upon the sand. Robinson, for it was really he, always seemed to be greatly astonished at this result, peering long and anxiously out to sea, after every shot. His animal companions, however, seemed to be greatly alarmed whenever he pre-

to Robinson and handed him the Hole-keeper's letter. Robinson looked at him suspiciously as he took it, and the animals eyed him with evident distrust.

Robinson had some difficulty in opening the letter, which was sopping wet, and took a long time to read it, Davy meanwhile waiting patiently. Sometimes Robinson would scowl horribly as if puzzled, and then again he would chuckle to himself as if vastly amused with the contents; but as he turned the letter over in reading it, Davy could not help seeing that it was simply a blank sheet of paper with no writing whatever upon it except the address. This, however, was so like the Hole-keeper's way of doing things that Davy was not much surprised when Robinson remarked: "He has left out the greatest lot of comical things!" and stooping down, buried the letter in the sand. Then picking up his gun, he said: "You may walk about in the grove as long as you please, provided you don't pick anything."



"ROBINSON REMARKED: 'HE HAS LEFT OUT THE GREATEST LOT OF COMICAL THINGS!'"

pared to fire; and scampering off, hid behind the little hills of sand until the gun was discharged, when they would return, and after solemnly watching their master reload his piece, follow him along the beach as before. This was all so ridiculous that Davy had great difficulty in keeping a serious expression on his face as he walked up

"What grove?" said Davy, very much surprised.

"This one," said Robinson, proudly pointing out the tufts of sea-weed. "They're beach-trees, you know; I planted 'em myself. I had to have some place to go shooting in, of course."

"Can you shoot with *that* gun?" said Davy.



"IF THE ROADS ARE WET AND MUDDY, WE STAY AT HOME AND STUDY."

"Shoot? Why, it 's a splendid gun!" said Robinson, gazing at it proudly. "I made it myself—out of a spy-glass."

"It does n't seem to go off," said Davy, doubtfully.

"That 's the beauty of it!" exclaimed Robinson, with great enthusiasm. "Some guns go off, and you never see 'em again."

"But I mean that it does n't make any noise," persisted Davy.

"Of course it does n't," said Robinson. "That 's because I load it with tooth-powder."

"But I don't see what you can shoot with it," said Davy, feeling that he was somehow getting the worst of the argument.

Robinson stood gazing thoughtfully at him for a moment, while the big bullet rolled out of the gun with a rumbling sound and fell into the sea. "I see what you want," he said, at length. "You 're after my personal history. Just take a seat in the family circle and I 'll give it to you."

Davy looked around and saw that the dog, the goat, and the cat were seated respectfully in a semicircle, with the parrot, which had dismounted, sitting beside the goat. He seated himself on the sand at the other end of the line, and Robinson began as follows:

"The night was thick and hazy
When the 'Piccadilly Daisy'
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned 'em,
For they never, never found 'em,
And I know they did n't come ashore with me.

"Oh! 't was very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore;
But I 've made a little tavern
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

"I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
As I 'm quite a clever hand at making stews;
But I had that fellow Friday,
Just to keep the tavern tidy
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

"I have a little garden
That I 'm cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;
For I live on toasted lizards,
Prickly pears and parrot gizzards,
And I 'm really very fond of beetle pie.

"The clothes I had were furry,
And it made me fret and worry
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,
'Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

"I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
With the few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot
As refreshment for the parrot,
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

"Then we gather as we travel
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone;
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

"If the roads are wet and muddy,
We remain at home and study,—
For the goat is very clever at a sum,—
And the dog, instead of fighting,
Studies ornamental writing,
While the cat is taking lessons on the drum.

"We retire at eleven,
And we rise again at seven,
And I wish to call attention as I close
To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars
And particular in turning out their toes."

Here Robinson called out in a loud voice, "First class in arithmetic!" but the animals sat perfectly motionless, sedately staring at him.

"Oh! by the way," said Robinson, confidentially to Davy, "this *is* the first class in arithmetic. That 's the reason they did n't move, you see. Now, then!" he continued sharply, addressing the class, "how many halves are there in a whole?"

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the Cat said gravely, "What kind of a hole?"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Robinson, impatiently.

"Oh! has n't it though!" exclaimed the Dog, scornfully. "I should think a big hole could have more halves in it than a little one."

"Well, *rather*," put in the Parrot, contemptuously.

Here the Goat, who apparently had been carefully thinking the matter over, said in a low, quavering voice: "Must all the halves be of the same size?"

"Certainly not," said Robinson, promptly; then nudging Davy with his elbow, he whispered, "He 's bringing his mind to bear on it. He 's prodigious when he gets started!"

"Who taught him arithmetic?" said Davy, who was beginning to think Robinson did n't know much about it himself.

"Well, the fact is," said Robinson, confidentially, "he picked it up from an old adder that he met in the woods."

Here the Goat, who evidently was not yet quite started, inquired, "Must all the halves be of the same shape?"

"Not at all," said Robinson, cheerfully. "Have 'em any shape you like."

"Then I give it up," said the Goat.

"Well!" exclaimed Davy, quite out of patience. "You are certainly the stupidest lot of creatures I ever saw."

At this, the animals stared mournfully at him for a moment, and then rose up and walked gravely away.

"Now you 've spoiled the exercises," said Robinson, peevishly. "I 'm sorry I gave 'em such a staggerer to begin with."

"Pooh!" said Davy, contemptuously. "If they could n't do that sum, they could n't do anything."

Robinson gazed at him admiringly for a moment, and then, looking cautiously about him to make sure that the procession was out of hearing, said coaxingly:

"What 's the right answer? Tell us, like a good fellow."

"Two, of course," said Davy.

"Is that all?" exclaimed Robinson, in a tone of great astonishment.

"Certainly," said Davy, who began to feel very proud of his learning. "Don't you know that when they divide a whole into four parts they call them fourths, and when they divide it into two parts they call them halves?"

"Why don't they call them tooths?" said Robinson, obstinately. "The fact is, they ought to call 'em teeth. That 's what puzzled the Goat. Next time I 'll say, 'How many teeth in a whole?'"

"Then the Cat will ask if it 's a rat-hole," said Davy, laughing at the idea.

"You positively convulse me, you 're so very humorous," said Robinson, without a vestige of a smile. "You 're almost as droll as Friday was. He used to call the Goat 'Pat'; because he said he was a little butter. I told him that was altogether too funny for a lonely place like this, and he went away and joined the minstrels."

Here Robinson suddenly turned pale, and hastily reaching out for his gun, sprang to his feet.

Davy looked out to sea and saw that the clock, with the Goblin standing in the stern, had come in sight again, and was heading directly for the shore with tremendous speed. The poor Goblin, who had turned sea-green in color, was frantically waving his hands to and fro, as if motioning for the beach to get out of the way; and Davy

watched his approach with the greatest anxiety. Meanwhile, the animals had mounted on four sand-hills, and were solemnly looking on, while Robinson, who seemed to have run out of tooth-powder, was hurriedly loading his gun with sand. The next moment the clock struck the beach with great force, and turning completely over on the sand, buried the Goblin beneath it. Robinson was just making a convulsive effort to fire off his gun when the clock began striking loudly, and he and the animals fled in all directions in the wildest dismay.

(To be continued.)



He came one blustering, snowy day
In February weather;
He carried on his dimpled arm
A portmanteau of leather.

He tapped against my window-pane;
He said: "You sly old fellow,
Come, tell me of that little maid
With curly head and yellow,

"The music of whose broken speech
A happy home rejoices;
Whose prattle has a sweeter sound
Than other people's voices."

I looked amazed, the saucy boy
Looked back at me with laughter.
He said: "My name is Cupid,—
And your Valentine I 'm after!"

TYRANT TACY.

By Nora Perry.

A LITTLE yellow village-wagon was being pulled slowly over the cobble-stones near the bathing-houses at Newport by a fat and lazy black pony, urged on to its work by a young girl between fifteen and sixteen years of age.

"Come, hurry!" shouted a boy from the smooth, hard sand beyond. "Give him a whack with the whip-handle."

The girl in the wagon put down her head very much as her pony was doing, but not from the same motive. Tacy Blundel was not lazy at any moment — at this particular moment she was in any but a lazy mood — the little down-dropping of the chin signifying, instead, a sudden uprising of temper. A very small thing for a girl to become angry about, to be sure; but Tacy was constantly losing her temper over just such small things. With a sullen look on her face, and her chin crushing the ruffle of lace at her throat, Tacy drove her pony over the stones, with not an added jot of celerity, and without using her whip, much less the handle of it. Robert, or Bobby Blundel, as every one called him, had a mutinous expression on his jolly red face as she came up, but he did n't say anything except to give a rather short demand to "heave out the things"—the "things" in question signifying his bathing-clothes. As he received the bundle, he reached forward to help the young girl who was sitting beside Tacy to alight. But the young girl smiled and shook her head.

"What! you are not going to bathe?" he asked.

"No, not to-day," said the girl.

"Why not?" said Bobby. "You 've changed your mind rather suddenly, it seems to me."

The girl smiled and blushed uneasily. She was evidently embarrassed. Bobby glanced at his sister Tacy, inquiringly. Tacy knew what that glance meant, but did not respond to it; instead, her sullen expression deepened, and giving her pony a little flick with the point of the whip-lash, she drove off, leaving her brother standing on the beach-sand, where, in a moment, he was joined by the two other Blundel brothers — Jimmy and Charley.

"What 's up?" inquired the two in a breath.

"Oh, Judy is n't going in, this morning," grumbled Bobby.

"Why not?" inquired the two others.

"*I* don't know; ask tyrant Tacy. Tacy is n't going, so she 's managed that Judy sha'n't," replied Bobby. "She's wheedled her somehow."

"Bother! *I* wont stand it. Tacy!" and Jimmy Blundel shouted his sister's name lustily, and started to run after the yellow wagon. Bobby seized his brother's arm, and cried:

"No, no, don't. We shall get a good scolding at home if we provoke Tacy."

But Jimmy Blundel, too indignant to care for anything, but his one fixed idea, wrenched himself away, and tore after the little wagon, which was moving leisurely just then. Coming up to the wagon suddenly, he grabbed the fat pony's head before Tacy knew what had happened. She had dismissed her sullen looks, and was talking very pleasantly with her girl guest.

"I say," cried Jimmy, as he caught the pony's head, "why must Judy give up bathing because *you* 've given it up, Tacy? Judy 's going home next week, and she came here especially on account of the bathing; her father wanted her to bathe every day."

"She can go if she wants to," answered Tacy, all the old sullen looks coming back.

"Oh, no! I don't care — I just as lief not," hurriedly answered Judy, anxious to avert the storm.

"She *does* care," retorted Jimmy, regarding only his sister as he spoke. Then swiftly turning about and putting out his hand, he pounced upon Judy's bathing-suit at the bottom of the wagon. "There! that proves it!" he cried. "Come Judy, we all are waiting for you."

"No, no; I really can't. I don't — Oh, go away, Jimmy!"

Her distress was so genuine that Jimmy ceased his urging, but he turned like a tiger on his sister.

"It 's all your doing; you 're a perfect tyrant. I *will* say so, and you may have a dozen tantrums for all I care!" and flinging the bathing-suit back into the wagon, Jimmy let go the pony's head and started off.

"Well, you 'll catch it," said Bobby, to whom he presently related his exploit.

"I don't care," doggedly replied Jimmy. "Tacy *is* a tyrant. When everything suits her to a T, she can be as pleasant as anybody; but the minute anybody criticises or opposes her, she gets her own way by falling back on that heart-disease of hers. I wish *I* had heart-disease! Jingo! I 'd go off in a tantrum and get a bicycle quicker than a wink!"

Bobby smiled, then sobered a little, and said

generously: "Tacy is n't a bit mean and selfish in other ways. She 'll give you anything she has. She gave me that jolly knife of hers with the pearl handle last week."

"Well, if she 'd keep her temper, she might keep everything else," said the unpacified Jimmy.

"Tacy 's been spoiled," put in Charley. "I heard Uncle Dick tell Mother so the other day, and Mother asked him what could be done when the doctor said, after she was so sick, that they must be careful and not let her get excited."

While the boys were thus discussing her, Tacy was driving along on the smooth, hard sand with her friend Judy. She was trying to act as if nothing were the matter, and talk to Judy pleasantly and politely of other things; but it was difficult work, for she knew, and she knew that Judy knew, that something very much was the matter. Deep down in her heart Tacy was perfectly aware that she had done a selfish thing in keeping Judy from bathing. It had happened that none of the family nor any of her cousins, who were generally glad to drive with her, were able to go that morning, and Tacy never could bear to go alone. The boys were off early, fishing; and she had engaged to meet them at the beach with their bathing-clothes. Suddenly it occurred to her, why should n't Judy for once drive with her, and not take a bath that day? The idea, once in her mind, took firm hold. She was proud of Judy,— Miss Julia Elwood, as society would know her some day,— for Judy was a great favorite and much sought after everywhere, and Judy was, moreover, a loving and sweet little body, with whom Tacy could always get on nicely. And this meant so much — so much even that Tacy herself did n't know. As her uncle Dick had said, Tacy had been spoiled by her invalidism — by knowing, as she could not help knowing from what she had heard so long, that she must always be considered and given way to for fear some excitement would injure her. That great illness of Tacy's had occurred when she was seven years old. She was a bright, promising child then, with a lovely fair complexion and golden hair. The illness had resulted from an accident. Some neighbors' children had enticed her over the lawn to play at fire-works one summer day. Her ignorant little hands had seized upon a toy cannon, and in one blinding flash there suddenly came an explosion that took away all those golden curls and ruined that lovely white and pink skin. The shock and suffering threw the child into a fever. It was thought a great mercy that her eye-sight was spared, and for a long time her mother was so thankful for this that she did not give much thought to anything else. But as the days and the months and the years went by, it was found that Tacy would never again have her pretty, smooth complexion, and that her hair would never again grow with that soft, silken abundance. Her face was not seamed with scars, but there was a roughened, thicker look to the skin, and she was uniformly pale except when, at some emotion, an unbecoming reddish flush would spread all over cheeks and brow and nose. Before Tacy entered her fifteenth year, she was fully conscious of her looks,— that is, that there was something to mark her as odd and unlike other people, to make her unalterably plain. She was sensitive to beauty in others, and sensitive to the lack of it in herself. As time went on, from day to day she grew more and more sensitive, and this made her moody and shy and often irritable. She began at last to exaggerate her defects, and to be suspicious of criticism if people gave her more than a passing observation. All this produced a condition of mind that rendered her a very exacting and difficult person to live with. With some very generous and noble qualities, which, if cultivated or allowed full and free action, would have made her welcome and beloved by every one, the wild weeds of self-indulgence were fast overcoming her, and rendering her disagreeable and unwelcome.

In short, Tacy was a tyrant, as Jimmy had said, and it all had grown out of that long-ago accident which had placed her in the position of an invalid to whom all must defer, year after year. "Tacy must have this," and "Tacy must have that," and "Tacy must not be crossed or worried or troubled whatever happened," had been reiterated so many times that at last Tacy herself had formed the habit of expecting everything and everybody to give way to her. She meant to be good; she meant to be kind. She gave freely of her pocket-money, and bestowed her possessions generously when opportunity offered; but she never thought of giving up *herself*, her will, and her way. She criticised right and left with an unsparing tongue; but if some one happened to make a suggestion of criticism upon her, she resented it with instantaneous wrath. But she had become so used to the words, "poor Tacy," that she constantly thought that she was a little martyr to her misfortunes, and more sinned against than sinning, upon every occasion. Driving home that morning, after her encounter with her brother Jimmy, she was pricked by conscience deep down in her heart for keeping Judy from her bath; but she constantly excused herself at the same time by blaming her brothers for their selfishness.

There was extra company to luncheon that day, and the boys took an early dinner, and were away fishing until night, so that by the time Tacy met them again, which was at breakfast the next morn-

ing, something of the first freshness of the unpleasantness had worn off. Tacy, too, had been put in great good humor by the fact that she was to have her mother's special friend, lovely Mrs. Arkwright, to drive with her that morning, Judy and the boys going together in the omnibus, or drag. Tacy was a great admirer of Mrs. Arkwright, and well she might have been, for Mrs. Arkwright was full of the most gracious kindness and tact. And Mrs. Arkwright liked Tacy, though she knew Tacy through and through, as Tacy had no idea that she did. Every one in trouble found a friend in Mrs. Arkwright, and Tacy, as they drove on through the lovely Newport lanes and by-ways, began to pour out hers, and it was not long before her good friend had a very clear idea how affairs stood just then.

"Oh, it is such a pity!" thought Mrs. Arkwright. "No one has ever told Tacy — no one has had the courage or the tact to know how to tell her just how it is. If some one could tell her, — could open her eyes, — I 'm sure it would n't do her any injury, but a great deal of good. Nothing can be so injurious as these constant quarrels and this morbid state of feeling that she has; and Tacy has really noble qualities, — so loving a heart!"

And thinking thus, Mrs. Arkwright looked around tenderly, pitifully, smilingly at Tacy, who was in the midst of her grievances. Tacy saw the look, and responded with a smile of her own, and presently broke out impulsively: "Oh, Mrs. Arkwright, you are so kind and good and sympathetic, I feel sure that you would always love me, whatever I might do!"

And then Mrs. Arkwright thought: "I wonder if *I* might not tell her some day. If the right time comes, I will."

The time came sooner than she anticipated. It came on the occasion of the lawn party that Tacy gave in honor of her friend Judy. Everything had gone on very smoothly in all the preparations, and Tacy was in high spirits, with not a flaw or ripple to disturb her serenity. But just before her guests began to arrive, as she was standing with Judy and her brothers by the great window that opened on the front lawn, she reached out her hand and pulled down a beautiful big bunch of scarlet kalmia which grew near. Judy had a knot of scarlet kalmias on her shoulder; why should n't *she?*

"Oh, don't, don't!" suddenly cried out Charley, who was the little artist of the family.

"Don't what?" asked Tacy, turning her eyes to him, as she thrust a long pin through the bit of grass that held the kalmias, and thus attached them to her shoulder, just at the left of her chin.

"Why, don't put on that scarlet," explained Charley. "It looks horrid!"

"But Judy has it, and you thought it lovely on Judy a moment ago."

"Well, I think so now; but you 're not Judy. Judy has dark hair and eyes, and it somehow matches Judy; but it fades you all out, and makes your skin look yellow and bricky. Here, I 'll get you something for a shoulder-knot," and the boy put out his hand to pluck some of the pale late roses that grew close to the kalmia.

In a moment, Tacy had flung down the kalmias, and in the next moment had cried:

"I don't want the roses; I wont have them!"

"But, Tacy, wait a minute," began Charley; "your hair and skin——"

"I can't help my hair and skin," sobbed Tacy.

"I was n't saying that you could," Charley hastened to say. "I did n't mean——"

"You meant to be rude; I do think my brothers are just the rudest boys in the world," she cried, turning to Judy. "They are always finding fault with me for what I can't help — always picking flaws and criticising me. I can not help my bad skin, nor my hair — I — I wish — I could. I wish — I could look like you, Judy, and then——"

"Oh, Tacy, Tacy, don't, don't cry! Charley only meant that you were blonde and I brunette. Oh, you must n't cry, you must n't, Tacy; for see, somebody is coming up the drive," said Judy.

But it was too late; the tempest of sobs already had the upper hand. Charley's words had touched the sorest and most sensitive spot in her nature, and Tacy could only fly frantically to her room to hide from her approaching guests her falling tears and struggling sobs.

Judy started to follow, but a gentle touch detained her, and a low voice whispered:

"I 'll go, Judy."

It was Mrs. Arkwright, who had come into the back drawing-room a few minutes before and heard everything. She had come to matronize the party in place of Mrs. Blundel, who was ill with neuralgia. Going slowly up the stairs, Mrs. Arkwright waited a few minutes outside Tacy's door, — waited until the tempest of sobs had subsided a little, — then softly turning the knob, she went in. Tacy thought it was Judy and did n't move.

"Tacy," called Mrs. Arkwright's sweet voice.

Tacy sprang up from the bed, where she was lying face downward.

"Oh, Mrs. Arkwright, were you there, did you hear?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Arkwright calmly.

"Did you hear what Charley said about my skin?" asked Tacy.

"I heard it all, dear," said her friend.

"Oh, Mrs. Arkwright, you don't know what I suffer. It comes out everywhere — this misfortune

of mine. Strangers look at me and feel at once that I am ugly; but to think that my own brother —" and Tacy sobbed convulsively.

"Tacy, wait a moment. You think I love you, don't you?" asked Mrs. Arkwright.

"Oh, yes, yes; I hope you do, Mrs. Arkwright," Tacy answered, earnestly.

"I love you very dearly, Tacy," Mrs. Arkwright went on. "I lost a little girl once who would have been just your age if she had lived, and you look like her, Tacy."

"I?" asked Tacy, in surprise.

"Yes; she had blue eyes like yours, and there sometimes comes into your eyes an expression so like my Mary's that I want to take you in my arms and keep you for my very own," she continued.

Tacy forgot for the moment her own grievance in this wonderful fact that was being told her.

"I love you so much, Tacy, that I am going to talk to you, to tell you something just as I should my Mary if she were here and placed as you are."

Tacy laid her hand over her friend's without speaking.

"I not only love you, Tacy, but I admire very much certain qualities that you have."

"Oh, Mrs. Arkwright."

"You like to be loved, Tacy?"

"Better than anything, and nobody does love me, but Mamma and Papa and you; I am so — so hideous. It is pretty people who are loved by everybody."

"Not by any means. They attract at first, but they don't hold merely by beauty. The most popular persons whom I know, those who are best liked, are quite plain."

"But not disfigured — not like me."

"Tacy, dear, you think too much of yourself."

"I — I?"

"Yes. The way to be liked, to be loved, is to like — to love others, and wish to make *them* happy, not yourself. Tacy, if you would try to forget yourself, your disfigurement, as you call it, which you very greatly exaggerate, and not constantly make other people uncomfortable by taking offense at every slight thing that 's said, — things that are never meant, — if you would put all this aside, and give up *your* way and *your* plans, and act as, — well, just as if you *were* the prettiest person in the world, — pleased, confident, and cheerful, — you would find yourself in a short time with more friends than any mere rosy beauty; for you have so much brightness, so much — what shall I call it? — magnetism, to attract and draw people. Why, Tacy, the other night at the concert at the Casino, you were listening with all your soul in your face; and Mrs. Bernard said to me, 'What a fine, interesting face Miss Blundel has!' Tacy, you never look plain — hideous, as *you* call it — except when you are angry."

All the time that she was talking, Mrs. Arkwright had Tacy's hand in hers, and Tacy's head held against her breast. As she ended, she pressed her closer still, and said, softly:

"My Tacy is not going to be angry with me — with one who loves her so well that she wishes her to be thoroughly appreciated by other people, and happy, as she certainly can be."

Tacy drew a long, deep breath, and then lifted her head. There was a new look on her face — a look of wonder and timidity combined. As she met Mrs. Arkwright's eyes, she blushed, then said, with a noble candor that proved the existence of the generous qualities Mrs. Arkwright had discerned: "Nobody ever found fault with me like this before — nobody ever found fault with me at all, except the boys, and that was generally when they were angry. Oh, I have been like a silly baby! And now — you must be right, for you love me — and — I will try; I will try."

Mrs. Arkwright bent down and kissed her. "I knew that you could bear the truth, dear Tacy, and that is a great quality — few people can bear the truth when it is unflattering. Now come, let us go down."

Neither the boys nor Judy knew just when Tacy returned, for they were busy talking to the guests who had arrived; but they were one and all not a little surprised when they suddenly saw Tacy pleasantly chatting to a group of girls, with not a trace of her recent tempest of tears. Throughout the rest of the day it was the same, — Tacy was trying to conquer herself. It was no easy task. Now and then some one's will conflicted with hers. Once, it was Jimmy's, who had arranged a game of tennis, when *she* had planned to go rowing from the pier at the foot of the garden, for the Blundels' house was near the bay. At first, she began to speak in her old imperious fashion, then she recalled "Make *them* happy, not yourself; give up *your* way." She had promised to try; and in a moment she had gained a firm hold of herself, as it were, and was saying:

"Oh, if you had planned a tennis-game, it 's all right. We will go rowing by and by, if you like."

Jimmy dropped his tennis-racket, and stared up in amazement at his sister. His action — his look — more than anything, conveyed to her some idea of what a tyrant she had been — of the fear in which they held her. So it went on; if she accepted any plan, or fell in with any opinion without resistance and objection, the boys and even Judy showed such visible amazement that it was embarrassing. It was not easy to meet all this, but it nevertheless opened her eyes.

That night, after all the guests were gone, Tacy went down to their own private pier at the foot of the garden, to think things over. Sitting there, in the shadow, quite unseen, she watched the boats in the harbor, and wondered if she had not, on the whole, been happier for her new efforts. Soon familiar voices struck upon her ear, and she saw a boat drifting toward their landing. The voices were those of Bobby and Jimmy. She was just about to speak to them as they rowed toward the stair-way, when she heard Jimmy say:

"If Tacy would be like that always, she 'd be the nicest girl I know. I like her better than Judy, when she 's in good humor, because she has so much 'go' in her."

Tacy held her breath with amazement. Better than Judy — pretty Judy!

"But was n't she angry though with Charley," he went on. "And Charley never meant what she thought he did. She 's got it in her head she 's a fright, and she 's always thinking about it, and thinking other people are thinking about it. Almost conceited that is, I should say."

"Tacy looks well enough when she 's pleasant. She looked very pretty to-day," put in Bobby.

"Yes, Tacy is lovely when she 's in good humor. But when she 's angry,— Oh, my!" and Jimmy stopped short, with an emphasis that spoke more than words.

Perhaps it needed just this comment to put the final proof before Tacy, and to show her that she was on the right track at last. Not all at once did she succeed in keeping on this right track; there were moments and hours when she faltered and slipped, but little by little her better judgment and her sense of justice got the upper hand, and little by little the boys forgot to be on the defensive, forgot the bitter title of "Tyrant Tacy," and her old ways in her new ways.

A few months ago there was another lawn party at the Blundels'. It was a much gayer and larger party than the one I have just spoken of, for Tacy was now eighteen. Tall, slender, and graceful, she stood, the center of an animated group, as Mrs. Arkwright came down the wide path toward her. Mrs. Arkwright had just returned from Europe, where she had been for a year, and she saw a great change in Tacy.

What was it? She had not grown to be a beauty by any means; she had the same pallid, uncertain-colored skin, but there was a different aspect about her altogether — a look of life and health and brightness. Mrs. Blundel joined Mrs. Arkwright as she paced slowly along.

"You are thinking how well Tacy is looking, Mrs. Arkwright, I know. She began to mend two years ago. You remember how irritable the poor child used to be? I always said that it was her state of health, and you see I was right. She is very different now."

Tacy at this moment caught Mrs. Arkwright's glance. The next moment she had Mrs. Arkwright's hands in hers, and a moment later, she had turned from the animated group about her and was walking down the lawn with her friend.

"How well you look, Tacy!"

Tacy laughed.

"That was what Mamma was saying to you, Mrs. Arkwright; I knew by her glance. Dear Mamma! I feel like a fraud, Mrs. Arkwright."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Mamma thinks my better behavior is all the result of a sudden improvement in my health, when"— and Tacy laughed again, half sadly — "it is my better behavior that has improved my health. Oh, when I think of the hot rages I used to have over trifles! You opened my eyes, Mrs. Arkwright, and when I began to see myself as I really was, I hated myself, and when I began to mend those hot rages, my health mended."

"I have n't a doubt of it, Tacy; and you look so bright and happy now!"

The two walked down the garden together, and presently came upon Jimmy, now a tall lad of fifteen. He was at the awkward, "hobble-de-hoy" age, and shrank from parties. He was trying to escape from this one at that very moment, and Tacy knew it. But she said nothing about it; she only slipped her hand over his arm, and asked him about the new tennis-rackets.

"Jimmy has a genius for making improvements," she explained, "and he has made a great improvement on the ordinary racket."

Jimmy then felt called upon to explain also, and the next minute, they had come upon the tennis-ground, and almost before Jimmy knew it, he was sending the balls flying, and very soon after, he was playing a vigorous game with some young people, forgetting his hobble-de-hoy-hood and his dislike of parties. But as Tacy walked away, he looked over his shoulder, and called to her:

"Can't you stay, Tacy, and take a hand?"

"Not now, but I will by and by, Jimmy," she said pleasantly. And as Tacy walked away, Mrs. Arkwright noticed that it was like this with every one; Tacy was wanted to take a hand in everything that was going on.

When, at the end of the day, a very young, shy girl said to Mrs. Arkwright, "Tacy makes people so comfortable!" she had touched the secret spring of Tacy's popularity.

She made people comfortable, because she had learned a gracious tact through forgetting herself.

ENGLISH KINGS IN A NUTSHELL.

By Gail Hamilton.

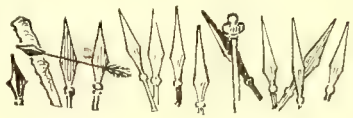
TO "h,"
FOR WHOSE PLEASANCE THESE RHYMES WERE WRITTEN,
AND THROUGH HER GOOD WILL
TO
ALL THE LITTLE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET WHO ARE BATTLING WITH THEIR
ENGLISH KINGS IN OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS
I DEDICATE,
WITHOUT PERMISSION, THESE AIDS TO MEMORY.

Part I.



With a Saxon King's word, and a Norman Duke's sword,
Came

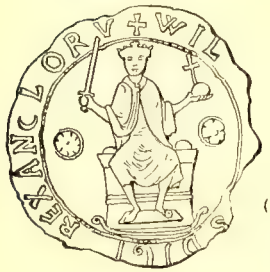
William the Conqueror,



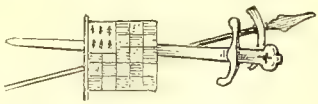
leading his horde,



(1066) In ten-sixty-six, twice crowned, to make sure,
To his son,



William Rufus,



his throne should inure —
A soldier, a statesman, a ruffian, whom fate
In the New Forest slew by the hand of his mate;
(1087) Brought to England a child, crowned in ten-eighty-seven,
(If Heaven save the mark!) arrow-sent into Heaven!
Next

Henry,





Henry I.

his brother,— husband, father, and son
Of Matilda, three women whose names were
but one;
Called Beauclerc for his lore, yet at logical feud,
When not in alliance, with Anselm the Good.
He witnessed young Oxford fare forth to renown,
(1100) With the century's close receiving his crown—
But having no son, of his William bereft
By the waves, to his daughter his kingdom he left,
(1135) In the year thirty-five, as he fondly believed;
But with all his fine learning, the King was deceived,
For sister Adela's son,

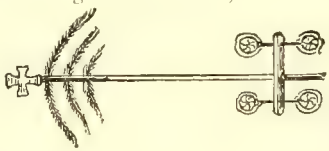


Queen Matilda.



Stephen.

Stephen,

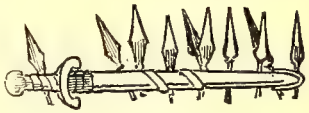


refused
To account himself other than very ill-used;
And as England elected him, daughter Matilda
Found nothing but title-deeds whereon to build a
(1154 Firm throne for her race, through nineteen troubled years,
When Stephen, the winning but weak, calmed her fears



Arms of Stephen.

By departing this life; and her own boy was reckoned
The sole King of England, as





Henry II.

Henry the Second,

Of legal repute, with nothing to fleck it
But the ill-advised murder of Thomas à Becket.
His youngest son bad, and his oldest departed,
(1189) In the year eighty-nine he sank down, broken-hearted,
And

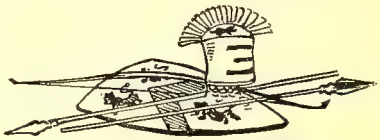


Queen Eleanor.



Richard I.

Richard,



(1189) his third son, rough, bluff absentee,
Came home twice to be crowned, then roamed off over sea;
Crusader and captive, betrothed to young Alice—
But bold Berengaria shared his sea-palace—
Not only the Heart, but the head of a Lion—
He found, like his father, no home-throne to die on,
Whose death to his base brother

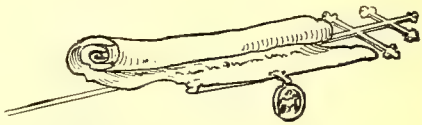


Queen Berengaria.



John.

John



power did bring,
(1199) Being thus, in ten years, third Plantagenet King;
Him his own barons forced, all our freedom to cede,
When he signed Magna Charta at green Runnymede;
(1216) But his fighting was stopped in twelve-hundred-sixteen,
And his small



Henry III.

Henry Third



appeared on the scene.
Fierce quarrels with Leicester, his brother-in-law,
And prison and blood, his first forty years saw;
(1272) Then victorious peace until seventy-two,
When



Edward I.

Edward,

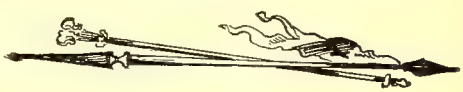


his son, came with all the ado
Of the warfares of Wallace, and Balliol, and Bruce,
With now and then, triumph, and now and then, truce,
(1307) Till the seventh year dawned of the centuries' teens,—
And his son



Edward II.

Edward Second,



on Isabel leans,—
A monarch most weak, but the curse of his life
Through his twenty years' reign was his Jezebel wife.


Edward III.

Then his son,



Edward Third,


Queen Philippa.


Black Prince.

(1327) and Philippa the fair,
For fifty years fought at Crecy and Poitiers,
And o'er Balliol and Bruce,—nor before then nor since,
(1377) Braver warrior was seen than their son, the Black Prince;
Whose son,


Richard II.



Richard Second,


John of Gaunt.


Wat Tyler.

a minor, the rout
Of Wat Tyler put down, but himself was put out
(1399) By his own cousin Hal, in thirteen ninety-nine,—
John of Gaunt's son, King


Henry IV.

Henry the Fourth

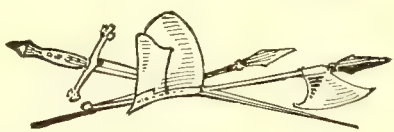


of the line.
Fourteen years the old wars he fought in his turn,
And first gave the law that made heretics burn;
He built up the church, not for God, but himself,
And the Commons made strong, not for right, but for pelt.
Yet he pensioned old Chaucer, be sure to remember,
And died like a saint in Jerusalem Chamber.
His son,


Chaucer.


Henry V.

Henry Fifth,



won at wild Agincourt—
Brave soldier, pure statesman, what would you have more?
His son,


Henry VI.

Henry Sixth



(1422) (in fourteen twenty-two
An eight-months-old babe) took his wife from Anjou,
Marguerite, but lost France through Orleans' brave maid;
Fought rebellion at home, was defied by Jack Cade;
Now prisoner, now king, through the wars of the Roses—
A pure, gentle scholar, in cloud his life closes;
Last legal Lancastrian. Then to the throne
King


Marguerite.


Edward IV.

Edward the Fourth



bore the White Rose alone;
Son of Richard of York from third Edward descended,
But in twelve years he died and his kingly line ended

By the murder of



Edward V.

Edward the Fifth

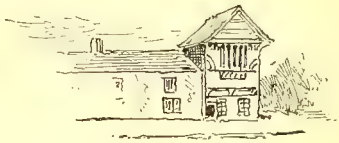


in the Tower,
With his poor little brother in one midnight hour—
That



Richard III.

Richard the Third,



(1483) in fourteen eighty-three,
Their uncle, assassin, base monarch might be;
Though in two years at Bosworth, his red sun went down,
And



Henry VII.

Henry the Seventh

(1485) assumed England's crown;
A Welshman, a Tudor, an offshoot of Lancaster,
He flung off Bellona as far as man *can* cast her!
Piled up gold, wed the daughter of Edward the Fourth,
With his young Margaret bound King James of the North;
With his



Henry VIII.

Henry the Eighth,

White and Red Roses blended,
And thus to your joy my long ditty is ended.

PART II.

Not so fast! I am ordered again to the fore,
And when kings must be rhymed, there are kings in galore!
(1509) In fifteen and nine Henry Eighth brought the hope
Of peace, and wrenched England away from the Pope.
But fickle and savage and selfish, though able,
He slew his best friends, who ate salt at his table;
Killed two of six wives—if you think he was good,
With his loves and his murders—why, you have Mr. Froude!
His son,



Edward VI.

Edward Sixth,

(1547) in fifteen forty-seven,
For six shining years rose, a star in our heaven;
Then glowered bloody

Mary

(1553) —ill-nurtured, ill-mated
Learned, stupid, sincere, and right heartily hated,
(1558) Till the year fifty-eight,—when uprose in her glory


Elizabeth.

Elizabeth,

Queen of all art, song, and story.
Proud maiden, great monarch — ah! never a crown,
On the brow of a man, shone with brighter renown!
Strong-willed in the fire and the faults of her blood,
Old England yet knows her as Queen Bess the Good.


James I.

James First,

(1603) her successor, in sixteen and three,
Proved a Tudor diluted in Stuart to be,—
The rickety son of the Queen of the Scots,—
He escaped from Guy Fawkes and his gunpowder plots.
Forced our Pilgrims and Puritans homeless to flee,
From his bigoted tyranny, over the sea;
But when he expired, in sixteen twenty-five,
There were Puritans still left — at home and alive —
His son,


Mary Stuart.


Guy Fawkes.


Charles I.

Charles the First,

(1625) to the scaffold to bring;
Who lied like a Stuart, but died like a king,
In the year forty-nine, when forth with his sword
Came


Oliver Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell,

(1649) "the Scourge of the Lord."
Yet his country knows well that no king has bedecked her
With loftier bays than her sturdy Protector,—
Held her high for nine years; then the power he had won
Gave in death to the weak hand of


Richard Cromwell.

Richard,

his son,
(1658) Who cared not for honors, or army, or throne;
(1660) So, in sixteen and sixty, came back to his own,


Charles II.

Charles Second,

with welcome most loyal and glad,-
Kindly, careless, and witty, false, clever, and bad,
For twenty-five years, then died with urbanity;
And


James II.

James Second,

his brother, devoid of humanity.
Dull, dogged, and cruel, sent Jeffries to slaughter,—
Himself soon sent right about over the water.

(1688) Remember the year of sixteen eighty-eight,
When his good daughter,



Mary. William III.

Mary, and William

the Great
Of Orange, both Stuarts, born cousins, began
Fourteen years of freedom, which simple



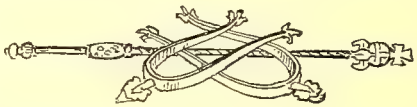
Anne.

Queen Anne

(1702)
Carried honestly on to a full
dozen years;
Until brave



George the First,





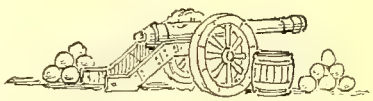
George I.

(1714) the Elector, appears
Not much of a king, but enough, it was granted,
To keep out the Stuarts — the only thing wanted.
Though the Stuart in Hanover blood was alone
The force that bore him to the proud island throne.
(1727) Thus from twenty-and-seven to seventeen-sixty,
His son,



George II.

George the Second,

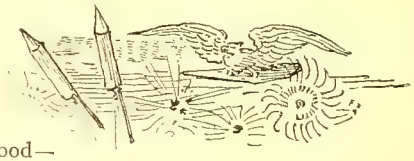


on the throne firmly fixed he;
Whose brave, stolid rule would have been far more sinister
If he had not been led by a wise wife and minister.
His grandson,



George III.

George Third,

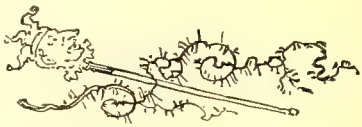


(1760) the next sixty years stood
In royal estate, stubborn, honest, and good—
We *should* be ungrateful to pass coldly by
The dear King who gave us our Fourth of July!
Of his son,



George IV.

George the Fourth,



(1820) the less said the better:
For his reign of ten years is old England no debtor;
Nor can



William IV.

William the Fourth



(1830) be thought over-much given
To King-craft, though King until thirty-and-
seven.


Victoria.

Then welcome

Victoria!

heir of each grace
And each virtue that marked all the Kings of her race;
Not alone in the East is she greatest and best,—
We own the sweet sway of Victoria West!
By her womanly worth, without contest or cost,
She has won back the Empire her grandfather lost.
Her white hand was peace when our trouble was sore;
By that sign, she is Queen of our hearts evermore.
The liegance of love sea nor sword shall dissever.—
God's blessing be on her forever and ever!

LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD AND THE FEBRUARY WOLF.



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to my grandmother's, sir," she said.
"Then I must eat you, my pretty maid."
"Certainly,—dear little boy!" she said.

HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

KIT'S heart almost jumped over the bars before him, in his exultation; but he managed to tumble along with it, and in a moment he was at the horse's head.

Dandy was not hitched, his bridle having been taken off with the saddle, and thrown over the boards separating that pen from the next. Kit examined the forelock and found it not braided, but crinkled, as the young farmer had described. He backed him around to the light and saw the mottles under his sides. He lifted his feet, one after another, and saw that he was shoeless before and shod behind.

Then he gave a chuckling, gleeful laugh, thrilled through and through with the delight of his discovery. It was no feverish dream; he had the stolen horse at last!

He dropped the topmost bar, and tumbling out again, saw Mr. Cassius Branlow hastening toward him.

"I 've found him! I 've found him!" said Kit, triumphantly, feeling amply repaid for all his pains and forgetting once more his hunger and fatigue.

"You don't say!" said Cassius. "Well, that 's better luck than I expected. I had just discovered these wagons and was coming over to have a look myself. Is that the saddle?"

"That 's the saddle, and that 's the bridle. I 've found everything but the thief. I 'd give something now," said the exultant Christopher, "to set eyes on him!"

"What would you do?" Mr. Branlow inquired.

"I 'd find the policeman I spoke to, and have the scoundrel arrested. I 'd pay him for giving me all this trouble!"

"Yes, that would be fun, though you might be giving yourself a deal more trouble. I know how these things work; and I advise you, now you 've found the horse, to secure it, and not mind much about the thief, who will be too shrewd to get caught. That is," added the friendly Cassius, "unless you care more for revenge than you do for your own convenience."

"I 'd like to punish him!" said Kit, with sparkling eyes.

"In that case, we can leave the horse and go off one side and watch when he comes to take it," suggested Mr. Branlow. "We might lie in ambush under these sheds; but the trouble is, he is probably watching us, and will keep out of the way."

"I wish it were n't quite so late," said Kit. "I 'd like to take Dandy home to-night."

"To do that, you 'll have to start at once; and I advise you not to lose time by stopping to punish anybody."

"He may have sold the horse," said Kit, growing thoughtful. "I think I 'd better see the policeman I spoke to, anyhow. He was more interested in the racing than he was in my story; but he told me to look for the horse, and if I found him, to come back and let him know."

"Of course, you will act as you please," Mr. Branlow replied, discouragingly. "But I advise you to do nothing of the sort. Tell him you 've found a stolen horse; and what will he say? He will say, 'Prove property, and take him.' But how can you prove property?"

"Why, I know Dandy, and Dandy knows me! You know me, too, Cash Branlow!"

"But the policeman does n't know you, nor me. I can swear I have known you three or four years, and believe you to be an honest boy. But how will he know I 'm not a rogue myself? At such times the best men are likely to be suspected," argued Mr. Branlow.

"There 's something in that," Kit admitted.

"Then if the thief comes forward, matters may become more mixed. Suppose he 's an honest-appearing fellow, as many of these rascals are; swears up and down the horse belongs to him, and you are the rogue, trying to get it away? What 'll be the result? You 'll both be arrested, probably, and kept nobody knows how many days in the lock-up till your uncle and two or three witnesses can be sent for and the thing is at last straightened out."

"I had n't thought of all this," Kit replied.

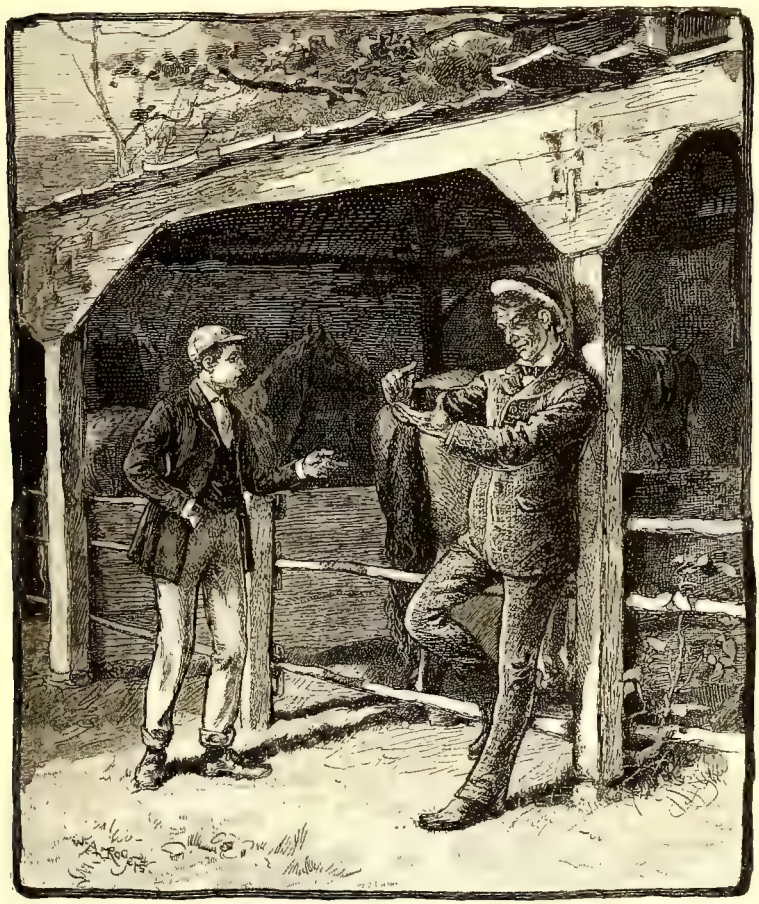
"As a friend, let me think for you, and show you how to take advantage of the situation. Possession is nine points of the law. Here you are. Here 's your horse. There 's the saddle. Clap saddle on horse, pitch self on saddle, and off! Any complications regarding the thief, or any supposed new owner he may have been sold to, can best be settled after you have the horse safe in your uncle's stable at home."

"I see," said Kit, bewildered by this rapidly uttered advice.

"They are just calling another heat, over on

the trotting-ground," Mr. Cash Branlow continued. "Everybody is crowding to see it. The coast is clear. You 've just time to run over to the pie-shop and get a bite for your journey. I 'll have everything ready by the time you come back. Or will you start on an empty stomach?"

Kit felt that his stomach was almost too empty for that, and considered this counsel good.



KIT GIVES BRANLOW A DESCRIPTION OF THE THIEF.

"Dandy was fed at noon; and now, if *I* am fed," said he, "we can make the home-stretch in a hurry!"

"Now you talk sensibly," replied Cassius. "It was lucky you came across me just as you did! Do you need any money?"—putting a hand into his pocket.

"No, thank you; I have some. Only look out for Dandy while I am gone; and for the thief, if he comes around," said Kit.

"How shall I know him?" asked Cassius.

"Have n't I told you?" said Kit. "I picked up a complete description of him in making inquiries on the road."

"Indeed!" said Cassius, gayly. "That 's lucky. Give us the points."

"Young fellow, not much over twenty," began Christopher.

"Good!" exclaimed Branlow, getting his fingers ready, and touching the tip of his left forefinger with the tip of his right. "Young fellow, not over twenty —"

"Sallow complexion," Kit went on. "Smooth face. Suit of dark, checked cloth. Narrow brimmed straw hat. Medium height."

"All right," said Branlow, having recited each item after Christopher, and tallied it duly on its particular digit. "Medium height," adding the thumb of his right hand to his little mnemonic system. "I have him! I should know him in the biggest crowd by such a description as that."

"Would you?" said Kit, wondering at this confidence. "I 've been afraid I might pass him; so many men dress and look about alike."

"That 's true. But it is n't probable any two men have all these six points," said Branlow, holding up his four fingers and two thumbs. "Now make tracks, fill your pockets, and be back here by the time I have put on the saddle and bridle. I 'll stand guard."

It was a great satisfaction to Christopher to feel that he had a friend to aid and advise him in this difficulty. For all the trouble was not over, by any means, when he had found the horse; the next thing, he now saw, was to get safely away with it.

"How kind he was to offer me money!" he said to himself, as he hastened away toward the bakery which Branlow had pointed out. "I would n't have believed that I should ever be so glad to see

Cash Branlow. He must have changed a great deal since he worked in the shop."

That was not exactly years and years ago, as Mr. Branlow had said, in his extravagant way, but barely eighteen months. He had been a restless, untrustworthy fellow then. He was an apt mechanic, but inclined to slight his work; and he could never stick to it long at a time. When tired of staying in one place, and doing one thing, he would suddenly pack his little kit of tools, and set off on his travels, picking up a precarious living as an itinerant tinker.

He was about twenty-six years old, though he appeared somewhat younger; and in the past four years he had come back twice to Mr. Downymede's shop, working for him a few months at a time in the intervals of his wanderings. Kit had a faint impression that he had been sent off the last time for some discreditable conduct, but he could not remember what it was.

"Mother never liked him," the boy thought; "but she will be glad to know he has done me this good turn."

Still, even with Cassius Branlow to stand guard over Dandy, Kit was unwilling to be out of sight of the horse many seconds; he looked back as he ran, and in a very short time might have been seen returning, his pockets bulging with oyster crackers, and a half-eaten wedge of pie in his hand.

Cassius advanced a few steps to meet him, beckoning impatiently.

"Stow the rest of that inside your coat," he said, alluding to the pie; "and tumble into that saddle as quickly as ever you can."

His hurried manner of speaking filled Kit with a kind of trepidation, though he could n't see what fresh cause there was for alarm.

"The trotters are coming around in the last heat," Branlow muttered excitedly. "The races will be over in a minute. Then there 'll be a rush! We must be out of this, you know, before the crowd comes."

"Have you saddled and bridled him?" said Kit, stopping at the bars which his friend had let down for him, and peering into the shed.

"He is all ready," said Branlow, following him in. "Foot in stirrup — there!" giving him a boost. "Don't hit your head! the roof is abominably low. How are the stirrups? I took 'em up a few holes by guess."

"They are all right," mumbled Kit, with the last of the pie-crumbs still obstructing his speech, while his pockets dropped oyster crackers with every motion he made. "Where do you live now, — if I should want to know?"

He had that day resolved and re-resolved that he would "think of things" in future; and he afterward prided himself on having, in a moment of haste, considered a point which might prove important.

"Right here in the village; at work in the stove-store. Don't stop to thank me!" said Cash, with the utmost urgency, helping to get the reins into Kit's hands; for Kit was not much of a horseman, and the lowness of the shed-roof compelled him to bend forward awkwardly on the horse's neck.

"See who comes to take him; spot the thief if you can, and let us know!" mumbled Kit, with his mouth in the horse's mane.

"I 'll spot him if he comes around," replied Branlow. "I have him on my fingers: dark complexion, checked shirt, and the rest."

"*Sallow* complexion, dark, checked *suit*," Kit corrected him, as he rode out from under the shed.

"To be sure," cried Cassius. "I understand. Good-bye, and good luck to you!"

And having led the animal well over the bars, Branlow gave it a parting slap. It started away at a trot.

"Good-bye!" Kit called back across his shoulder.

And he was off.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE racing was over. The cheers for the victors swelled in the damp evening air, and died away. A thin mist, rising from the river and the shores, was mingling with the nimbus of dust above the trotting-course, and the black mass of humanity there against the twilight sky was breaking up into scattering throngs, when a boy, wearing a base-ball cap, mounted on a dark horse, rode out briskly from the fair-ground, passed beneath the huge symbol of an ox-yoke over the gate-way, amid a few dodging pedestrians, and disappeared down the dim street.

Kit knew there must be a nearer way home than the roundabout one by which he had come, and he found by inquiring that he had taken it on leaving the village. He watered his horse at a way-side trough, and was pleased to find him so spirited after his day's jaunt.

"But, of course," he thought, "it has n't been so hard on Dandy as it has on me. He has fed and rested, and now he knows he is going home."

The short twilight of the fall equinox was deepening into night; and the moon would not be up for an hour. But with the plain road before him, Kit did not care for the gloomy prospect. His food refreshed him; he munched his crackers as he rode. The air was deliciously cool, and he found rest in the saddle after having been so long on his aching feet.

The horse needed little urging. His hard trotting shook Kit up badly; but his canter was not

so objectionable; and when tired of both canter and trot, Kit found him capable of a fast walk.

"You do well, Dandy, after your day's run with a thief!" he said cheeringly. "I did n't know there was so much go in you. I wish I could have found the rascal; and it seems as if I might have found him."

He was not at all satisfied with his failure in that particular; and now, with twinges of conscience, he reflected that Dandy might already have been sold to an innocent purchaser.

"It was almost like stealing my own horse!" he thought, with a troublesome sense of something wrong in the transaction. "I 'm afraid I ought not to have been so ready to take Cash Branlow's advice. With him to help me, nobody could have taken Dandy away again. Though I might have been bothered a good deal, as he said; perhaps hindered a day or two, till Uncle Gray could be sent for."

Still he was haunted by an uneasy feeling that he had not pursued the most courageous and upright course, together with very disagreeable memories of things he had heard said of Mr. Cash Branlow in East Adam village.

"But he seems changed; he certainly was kind to me," Kit comforted himself with thinking. "Why should he have taken such pains to help me away with Dandy, if he had n't thought it was for the best? Anyhow, I have the horse! And Cash can attend to any one who comes to claim it, just as well as if I were there."

Meanwhile, the autumnal night had closed around him, damp and chill, with far-stretching shadows infolding farms and woods, and silence disturbed only by the thud of his horse's hoofs, and occasionally an insect's melancholy note. No light save that of the stars shining hazily overhead, and here and there a gleam in some wayside window as he passed.

But now the soft radiance of the rising moon began to brighten the east. It grew to a dome of fire, and rolled up, a vast burning ball, on the horizon, with an increasing light, which mingled silverly with the mist that mantled the earth. Then the shadows passed from Kit's mind, and he thought only of the triumph of taking Dandy home.

Unaccustomed to the saddle, he was tired enough of it before long. He made the horse trot, canter, and walk; he tried all possible positions, except riding backward, to ease his jolted body and sore limbs. He missed the way two or three times, and once went some distance out of it before he met a man who set him right.

At last he began to recognize familiar scenes, and knew the streets of his native village, which however, in the moonlight, appeared strange and romantic to him, as he rode through. He remembered the anxious haste with which he traversed them on foot in the morning, which now seemed many days ago, and with a glad heart he patted his horse's neck.

The belfry clock was striking eleven as he approached his mother's house, and saw a lamp burning in the front window.

"She is sitting up for me!" he thought, with a thrill which sent quick tears into his dimming eyes. "My! but she 'll be pleased!"

He rode up to the little gate. Before he could dismount, the maternal ears, intently listening within, caught the sound of halting hoof-beats, and a window was thrown open.

"Is that you, Christopher?" said the widow, putting out her head.

"Yes 'm!" cried Kit, eagerly. "I 've found the horse!"

"I 'm thankful!" she exclaimed, devoutly, a great burden of anxiety lifted from her mind by that good news. "I did n't believe it possible! I have been concerned about you all day, and have blamed myself for letting you go away with so little money. How did you succeed? Your uncle has been here, and he said it was a wild-goose chase."

"So it was," cried the exultant Kit. "But I have caught the goose."

"Can't you come in and have some supper?" his mother asked.

"No, I 'm not very hungry. I must hurry along and let Uncle Gray know. I 'll see you, and tell you everything to-morrow," he added.

"You 've had a hard time, I know!" said the sympathetic mother.

"Yes, but I have my pay; the nut 's all the sweeter for the cracking," answered Kit, with a laugh. "I 'm very glad I saw you. Now go to bed and sleep."

"Yes, I will. Bless you, my son! Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

And Kit rode away in the moonlight. The sound of the hoof-strokes could be heard long after horse and rider had disappeared up the half-moonlit, shadowy street; and it was not until they had died in the distance that the window was closed, and the widow turned away from fondly gazing and listening, murmuring, "Bless the dear boy!" with a sigh of grateful relief.

The lights were out in his uncle's house when he came in sight of it; nobody was sitting up for him there.

Yet good Uncle and Aunt Gray were not asleep. He was too conscientious a man to feel quite at ease about the boy he had parted with angrily in the morning, let alone the loss of the horse; and she

had flung out more than once her very positive opinions on that painful subject.

He had come home late from a harassing day's quest of both boy and horse; and, in his nervous state, he thought it too bad that instead of the sympathy he craved, she should bestow upon him so much superfluous good advice of the retrospective sort.

"There 's no use tellin' me over and over ag'in what I 'd better have done," he replied to one of her arguments, groaning and turning on his pillow. "Why can't ye tell me what to do now? You are so wise about things past and done for, I wish you could show half as much wisdom regardin' the present and futur'. Tell me how to find the hoss, for one thing."

"One would think your life was bound up in a hoss!" Aunt Gray replied. "I don't see as it 's any very terrible calamity if we never see Dandy Jim again. You 've money enough to replace him without feeling it."

"I don't care about the hoss!" said Uncle Gray, impatiently.

"I wish you had been of that opinion in the morning," his wife answered quietly. "One would have thought you cared something about it by the way you took on. It seemed to me you cared more for it than you did for Christopher. The idee of your fairly sending the boy off your premises, and ordering him never to set foot on 'em again without the hoss!"

"There it is ag'in! I had no notion he would take me at my word," said Uncle Gray.

"Anybody who heard you would have thought a boy of spirit would take you at your word," Aunt Gray replied, with calm persistence. "And Christopher is a boy of spirit; you 'll admit that."

"Yes, he 's good enough in his way!" Uncle Gray grumblingly admitted, "if 't was n't for his one fault."

"That 's nothing to be wondered at in a boy of his age. All boys are heedless. It is n't because he 's *my* nephew that I stand up for him," Aunt Gray continued; "I believe I should have just as much patience with him if he were yours; and I sometimes think you would have had a little more."

"That 's as unjust a charge as you ever made in your life, which is saying a good deal!" exclaimed Uncle Gray, resentfully. "I 'm sure I could n't have borne with him more if he 'd been my own son."

"I am glad you will have that thought to comfort you," she replied, in her cold, peculiar tone, which she could use with the most cutting effect; "though I can't help wondering a little if you would really have stood by and seen a boy of your own go off, as Christopher did this morning, and not have called him back, even if you *had* been in a passion."

Another groan from Uncle Gray.

"I was in a passion; I 'll own that. I was out of all manner of patience with the boy. But I supposed he would just go off, mebbe an hour or two, lookin' for the hoss, and then come back, or at least go home to his mother. He 's probably there, abed and asleep, by this time,—as we ought to be here, 'stead of frettin' the blessed night away over what can't be helped."

"He was n't back there at eight o'clock, so Abram said. And now, if you can sleep, not knowing what has become of him, or whether you 'll ever see him again, all I can say is, I 'm glad you have so easy a conscience."

There was a silence of a few minutes, broken by Uncle Gray's restless sighing and turning; when suddenly Aunt Gray said,—"Hark!"

"What did you think, or imagine, you heard?" said Uncle Gray.

"A horse! And 't was n't imagination at all; I hear him now! *It 's Christopher!*" And Aunt Gray started up.

"Can't be!" said Uncle Gray, hoping she would contradict him. "No such good news as that!"

"It is! The horse has stopped at the barn. He 'll find everything locked up."

She was up in a moment, lighting a lamp; then, her garments thrown loosely on, she hastened to undo the back door.

Some one was there before her. She slipped back the bolt and looked out. A boy, in a base-ball cap, stood in the moonlight, with one foot on the step. It took her a moment to recognize him (she had never before seen him in that cap); then she exclaimed:

"Christopher! you have come!"

"Yes, Aunt," said Kit. "And I want the key of the stable."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Kit, after his day's tramp and his long night ride, dismounted in his uncle's yard, he could with difficulty stand upon his feet. He felt as if the body they bore belonged to some one else, and that it weighed a ton. He was so stiff and lame that when he had lifted one leg up over the door-step, he could hardly lift the other.

It was then and there he was met by Aunt Gray, whose second question was uttered with joyful eagerness as she peered out at him from the kitchen-door:—

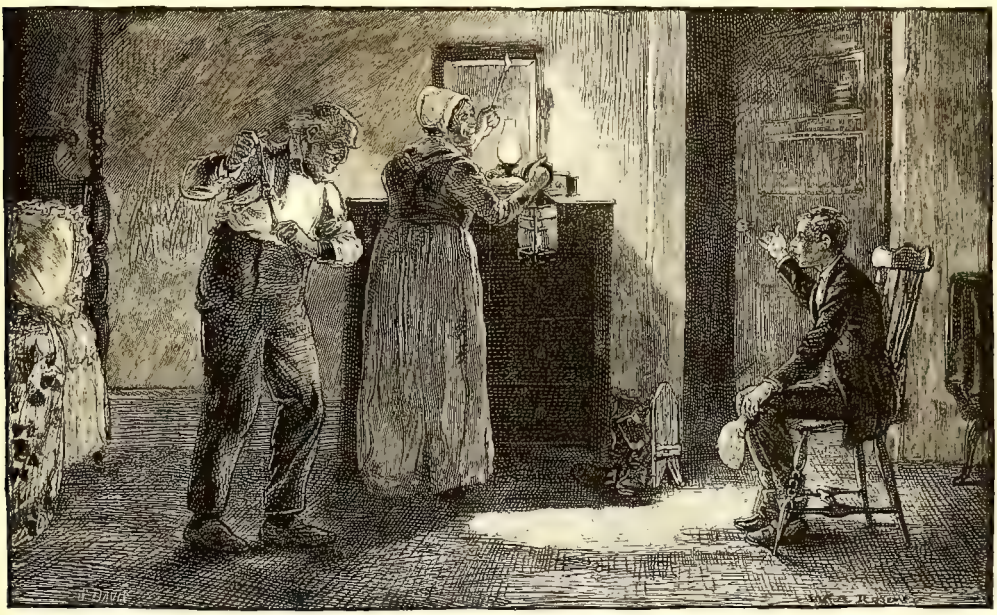
"You have brought back Dandy?"

"I have brought back Dandy," Kit replied, with quiet exultation.

She was asking more questions, fumbling for the key on the door-post,— when a loud voice was heard, proceeding from the bedroom. It was Uncle Gray calling out excitedly to know if the comer were indeed Kit, and if he had really found Dandy.

"He wont believe it till he sees you and hears your story," said Aunt Gray. "So you may as well come in and give an account of yourself."

"I 'll slip Dandy into the stable; then I 'll come in and tell how it all happened," said Kit.



"I WAS N'T GOING TO COME BACK WITHOUT THE HORSE," SAID KIT.

Elated by his aunt's surprise and joy over the success of his expedition, he took the key she gave him, and went limping vigorously to the stable, the door of which he threw open, leaving the reins on the horse's neck and waiting for it to walk in.

"Come, Dandy, are you, too, rusty in the hinges? Or don't you know your own stable when you come to it at this time o' night? Well, you 're a stupid Dandy, I should say! Are you asleep?"

And taking the horse by the bridle, he led it into the dark stall. The mare in the stall beyond gave a whinny of welcome, but had no whinny in response from Dandy Jim.

Kit left the animal to stand with saddle and bridle on, while he went in to speak with his uncle and get a lantern.

"Wal, f'r instance; you 've done it, Christopher!" said Uncle Gray, slipping his suspenders up on his shoulders as Kit entered the room, where the lamp was burning on the bureau. "How *did* you manage it?"

"I got on the trail, and stuck to it; and when I lost it, I looked till I found it again," said Kit; "for I was n't going to come back without the horse!"

"You must n't take what I said too much to heart," replied his uncle. "I spoke too hasty, and I did n't really mean what I said. Though the truth is, you had tried me dreadfully with your heedlessness; and when I found you 'd left the stable-door unlocked, and Dandy was gone in consequence, that was the feather that broke the camel's back."

"I don't blame you a bit," said Kit with earnest frankness.

"Well, I 'm rej'iced to hear you say that. And it 's all right now you 've brought Dandy back. But where in the world— how *did* you find him?" asked his uncle.

"At the cattle-show, over in Peaceville. I traced him there, and found him in a shed. There was nobody with him at the time, and I just took him and rode him home," answered Kit.

"Wal, you were smart, I must say!" ejaculated Uncle Gray. "And you did n't manage to get hold of the thief?"

"No; he was in the crowd watching the races, I suppose. I should have been glad enough to catch

him if I had had time, and could have been sure of doing it. But it was growing dark, and I thought Dandy was of the first importance."

"That 's right, that 's right," said Uncle Gray, approvingly. "You 've been smart, for once. Think of the fellow's surprise, comin' back, to find the hoss he had taken had been taken from him! A boy so, I don't know as you could 'a' done any better."

"All I was afraid of was that he had already sold Dandy to some one else," said Kit, glad to free his mind of the only doubts he felt regarding the transaction.

"I see," said Uncle Gray; "but you could n't well help that. The hoss is mine, and you had a right to take it, no matter whose hands it had fallen into. You 've brought it back, and that 's the main thing."

The worthy man chuckled with pleasure, so well satisfied with the said "main thing" that he could not think of criticising any part of Kit's conduct.

"I don't know that I should have got away so well, if it had n't been for Cassius Branlow," said Kit.

"That fellow!" said Uncle Gray. "Have you seen him?"

Kit explained briefly.

"Wal, f'r instance! I 'm glad to know of his doing anybody a good turn. He owed it to you, for your pa's sake, if he did to anybody. Your pa befriended him, and tried to make something of him, long after most folks had given him up as a bad job. I don't know but he gave ye good advice, under the circumstances; but I hope he 'll find out who went to claim the hoss, and let us know. Brought Dandy home in good condition, have ye?"

"I think so," said Kit. "You need n't put on your boots; I can attend to him. He 's been watered. He wont need anything but hay to-night, will he?"

"Mebbe not. I 'll go out and see how he looks, after he 's cooled off a little; and see to lockin' up the barn ag'in," added Uncle Gray.

Meanwhile, Aunt Gray had lighted the lantern for her nephew, and left it waiting on a chair while she placed a little supper for him on the kitchen table.

"I 'll go out and give Dandy some hay, and bed him down, before I eat anything," said Kit, "and see if I can't shut up the barn myself, for once, without leaving the key in the door."

He could afford to speak cheerfully now of his blunder of the previous night.

"There 's no need of Uncle's going out at all," he added, stepping with the lantern into the moonlit space between house and barn.

The stable-door was in shadow; but the lantern lighted it up, and threw its glimmer into the stalls beyond. In the farther one, the mare, putting her nose around the edge of the partition over the manger, to sniff at her neighbor, just then gave a vicious squeal.

"What 's the matter with the vixen?" said Kit. "She 's the only creature on the premises that is n't glad to see you back again, old Dandy Jim!"

He hung his lantern on a hook designed for it, where it would partly light both barn and stalls. Then he went up into the loft and threw down some hay into Dandy's rack. Finally he came around, and slapped the sedate nag in a friendly way before removing the bit.

"I 'm pretty well, thank you; how are you, old boy?" he said, slipping the bridle off and the halter on, to the momentary annoyance of the animal, already nipping at the hay. "Seems to me you appear to feel strange!" he added, as he unbuckled the girth.

He took off the saddle and hung it in its place, and scattered straw for Dandy's bed. Then he brought the lantern and held it where he could look the horse carefully over and see what it was that did not appear just right about it.

Suddenly the solid globe seemed sinking away from beneath the feet of Master Christopher. He started back, then bent forward again with a cry, consternation freezing his soul. "O my life! O my life!" he moaned in a tremor of wild terror and dismay, which would have made even an enemy pity him.

Still a faint, ghastly hope struggled against his fear. It must be the long day's jaunt which had somehow wrought an astounding change in the horse. Kit looked more closely at its sides, where no mottles were to be seen; but that might be owing to the imperfect light. He pulled down the head, and held with shaking hand the lantern to the forelock, which had not the least appearance of ever having been braided; but it was just possible the night dews had straightened the crinkled locks.

Lastly he lifted one foot after another, and found them shod before and behind!

With horrible sickness of heart he leaned back against the side of the stable and tried to gather his wits together,— tried to remember how the mistake had happened, and think what was now to be done.

But to his scattered wits there was only one thing clear:

The horse he had brought home was not Dandy Jim!

(To be continued.)



THE LITTLE KNIGHT.

(A Valentine.)

By Margaret Johnson.

THE knight of olden time, they say,
  Went bravely out to battle,
And stood serene amid the strife,
  The din and roar and rattle,
Because he carried on his arm
  A ribbon or a glove,
And fought and won, or fought and fell,
  All for his lady-love.

We boys may be like knights, they say,
  Although our lives are quiet,
And though we may not ride to war,
  With martial clank and riot,
Yet we may still be brave and true,
  And fight against the wrong,
And, like the gallant knights of old,
  Help other lives along.

So, Cousin Alice, you, I see,
  Wear ribbons with your dresses;
Please, will you spare one pretty bow
  From off your braided tresses,
Just to remind me, day by day,
  I must be good and true,
A valiant knight to serve the right,
  Because — I 'm fond of you?

Then, Cousin Alice, let me wear
  Your pretty colors gayly,
And they shall make me kind and true,
  And brave and gentle, daily;
For, like the knights of olden time,
  I promise, "honor bright,"
If you 're my little Valentine,
  To be your faithful Knight.

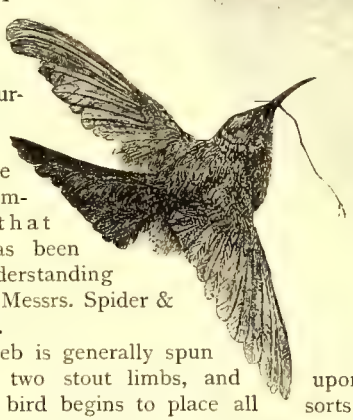
A QUEER PARTNERSHIP.

By C. F. Holder.



As most of my young readers are doubtless well aware, there is a continual warfare between the insects and the birds, the latter finding in the former their natural food. Knowing this, any exception we may find to the rule must seem very remarkable, especially when we see, as in the accompanying picture, a bird and a spider not only on terms of the closest friendship, but actually partners in house-building. The bird is the purple sun-bird named by naturalists *Nectarinia Asiatica*. It is common in many parts of India, where it flits among the trees in gorgeous garbs of deep purple-blue, flashing green, gold and yellow.

At the nest-building time, the sun-bird searches the woods until it finds the large shining web of a certain kind of spider. This it proceeds forthwith to appropriate without further ceremony, though we can well imagine that there has been some understanding between Messrs. Spider & Sun-bird.



The web is generally spun upon this between two stout limbs, and web the bird begins to place all sorts of rubbish, such as bits of grass or fiber, and pieces of paper and cloth picked up or stolen from some neighboring camp. At first the spider must be somewhat astonished at the capacity of its net for catching such strange flies. But, curiously enough, as fast as the bird places these objects upon the

web, the spider secures them with its silk, spinning industriously and assisting its friend as much as possible. Finally, when the materials have accumulated until they reach the limb, they are fastened to it, and bound over and over, first by the bird and afterward by the spider. Now the nest begins to assume a definite shape; in appearance like a bottle, a flask, or a dome; the grass and twigs being generally wound in and out by the bird and then covered by the silk of the spider, both bird and insect working harmoniously, until they have made a perfect dome-shaped nest hanging in the midst of the web, partly supported by it and partly hanging from the limb. In some nests an entrance is left at the bottom; but usually it is at one side near the upper end, with a little platform or awning built out over it by the bird, to keep out the rain.

The nest would now naturally be a very conspicuous object; but the spider's work is not yet done. It continues to spin its silken web around the nest, carrying the threads from one part to another, inward and outward, forward and back, until finally, after spinning miles and miles of silk, the nest is completely hidden behind a screen of web.

Here, together, the partners live; the spider rearing its young on the outside, and the sun-bird caring for its eggs and young within. In this queer partnership the spider is, evidently, not the loser, as it certainly gains peace and protection from the presence of its feathered friend.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

THE CITY OF THE BENDED KNEE.—*(Concluded.)*

THE Campo Santo is in some respects a peculiar cemetery. One thing which makes it very different from what we expect to see in a city dating from the Middle Ages, such as Genoa, is that there is nothing at all antiquated, or old-fashioned, about it. It will be to us a curiosity of modern times.

This Campo Santo is about a mile and a half from the city, and is built in the form of a vast square court, with the tombs of the rich in raised galleries on the four sides, and the graves of the poor in the flat ground in the middle. All the galleries are built of white marble, with roofs and long lines of pillars; and the tombs are generally placed along the inner side of the galleries, and the greater part of them are surmounted by groups of life-size statuary. It is these statues, all of them the work of famous modern Italian sculptors, which give to the place its queer and peculiar character. Many of the groups consist not only of statues of the persons buried in the tombs, but life-like figures of the surviving relatives dressed in modern clothes. In one place you will see a father on his death-bed, his wife, dressed in the fashion of the present day, sitting by his side, while his son, a young man in double-breasted sack coat and striped trousers, and a daughter, with a polonaise and pleated skirt, stand at the foot of the couch. These figures are so well done that they almost seem to be alive; and as the members of the family come year after year to the cemetery, they must be content to see the clothes they were sculptured in getting more and more old-fashioned. Some of the designs are fine and artistic, although to our ideas very strange.

In one part of the grounds we perceive a young lady richly attired in a dress with a long train trimmed with a double row of ruffles and lace, and wearing a cape edged with scalloped lace, kneeling at the foot of her father's tomb, while a grand and beautiful figure of Christ rises out of some clouds just in front of her, and with one hand over the recumbent statue of her dead father, and one over her head, offers her consolation. In another place there is a group of two sisters, who are kneeling by the door of the tomb of a third sister; the door of the tomb is partly open, and the buried sister, in company with an angel who holds her by the hand, has just come out of it, and is rising toward the sky; as these figures are life-size, the effect is very striking. Close to this tomb is one which is planned upon an entirely different idea; a large old angel with a long beard and a very grim and severe countenance is sitting solemnly upon a closed tomb. His expression gives one the idea that he has looked around upon the young lady who

has been liberated by the angel, and that he has said to himself: "The person in the tomb on which I am sitting need not expect to get out until the proper time comes." There is no doubt that these groups are considered very appropriate monuments to deceased friends and relatives by those who have placed them there, but some of them can not fail to strike Americans as strange and odd. Some of the monuments, however, are very beautiful, without any of these queer fancies; and there are many portrait-statues of deceased persons. One of these is a figure of an old woman, exactly life-size, who was known in Genoa as a great friend of the poor. She used to carry them bread and other things which they needed, and she is here represented wearing the dress in which she walked about the town, and carrying a loaf of bread in her hand. The statue was ordered by her before her death, and she was very careful to have it made precisely like her; her gown, her stiffly-starched clean apron, her cap, and the material and pattern of her shawl and all her clothes are exactly imitated. Altogether, she is one of the most life-like old women in marble that you are ever likely to see. In contrast with this statue is a beautiful marble figure of a little child lightly dressed, who is stepping with an airy tread above a mass of flowers. The action is so free and graceful, and her expression so lovely and natural, that her parents, when they come here, must think they see their little daughter bounding out to meet them.

On the side of the great square opposite the entrance to the cemetery is a large circular chapel with a lofty dome. It is approached by a flight of steps, and presents an imposing appearance. The interior of this white marble edifice is very handsome, the dome being supported by great columns of black marble, each cut out of a single block. But the most charming thing in this building is a wonderful echo. The man who shows the place to visitors stands under the dome, and sings a few notes; in a moment these are repeated, clear and loud, from the expanse above. The effect is so fine that we make him go through the performance over and over again.

About five miles from the city is the celebrated Villa Pallavicini, which is considered one of the great sights of Genoa. We can go to the place by a line of horse-cars, which here have the English name of "tramways." In many parts of the continent of Europe, where horse-cars are now quite common, this English word has been adopted; and if it has no other good effect, it may teach the French the use of the letter W, which is not recognized in their language. The villa belongs to a rich and powerful Italian family, and visitors are allowed to see it. When we reach the great gate we apply at the porter's lodge for a guide, for people are not permitted to go about the grounds alone. After walking up a broad avenue, we enter another gate, and soon come to the house, a beautiful and spacious edifice, with marble porticoes, and terraces. A few richly furnished rooms are shown, but as the Pallavicini family reside here part of the year, we can not see the whole of the house. But it is not this princely residence that we come to see; it is the extensive pleasure-grounds around the house, which are planned in a manner very different from anything to which we are accustomed. These grounds, which lie on a hill above the house, are very beautiful, and are crowded with all sorts of imitations of natural objects, with queer and ingenious devices of many kinds, as well as with most lovely groups of flowers and plants; while a great variety of evergreens and other trees are so arranged as to give the grounds the appearance of a wood, although they are placed with such skill that the sun is, by no means, always shut out. As we walk along the winding paths leading up the hill, we see great masses of camellias, oleanders, roses, azaleas, and other rich flowers; some of the camellias being as large as small trees. Plants from every part of the world are to be found here, coffee, tea, vanilla, sugar-cane, camphor, and even specimens of the cork-tree. But we shall see that the person who designed these grounds had an eye for the queer and surprising as well as for the beautiful.

The walk through the grounds will occupy us about two hours, and we shall see something novel at every turn. Speaking of turns, there are swings which revolve like great wheels instead of merely going backward and forward, and in which we can take a turn if we choose. Near these is a handsome little marble edifice, built on the occasion of a visit that the Empress Maria Theresa made to this villa.

When we get to the top of the hill, we see a castle, strongly fortified, but which appears to have been somewhat damaged. These damages are all artificial, and the castle was built to look as if it had sustained a siege. All about are evidences of the great fight which never took place. Near by are a number of graves which are intended to represent the resting-places of the men (who never existed) who fell during the siege. Among them is the handsome mausoleum of the imaginary commandant of the castle, who died an imaginary death during the imaginary conflict. The person who planned these make-believe vestiges of war, which cost a great deal of money, must have had an odd idea of making a place interesting. We can go into the castle, and from the tower we have a grand view of the sea and the country, as well

as of the extensive Pallavicini estate, which extends for a great distance.

Coming down the other side of the hill, we reach



MEMORIAL STATUE OF A CHILD IN THE CAMPO SANTO, AT GENOA.

a grotto, which is entirely artificial, but with real stalactites and stalagmites, brought from real caverns, and all arranged in the most natural manner; with a subterranean lake, over which we are taken in boats. On this side of the hill is a wide and lovely landscape-garden containing several lakes, one of which is quite large. As we walk along, we see some ordinary swings, and if we sit down in one of them, a jet of water sends a fine shower all over us; in another place, in passing through an open path, and the sun shining brightly above us, we find ourselves in a sudden shower of rain. This is occasioned by our stepping on a concealed spring in the path which immediately surrounds us with thin high jets of water, which fall in sparkling drops upon us. There are other tricks of this kind, and they must have been very amusing at first to the Pallavicinis, although I do not believe they asked the Empress Maria Theresa to sit down in one of the squirting swings. The large lake is very beautifully arranged, wide in some places, and narrow in others, with all sorts of curves and bends, and with pretty little bridges crossing it at different places. We can get into boats, and be rowed all over it, passing under the bridges, among little islands, and into the shade of the beautiful trees which line its banks, some of them drooping their graceful branches into the water. In some places the banks are rich with flowers, and everything is planned to look as natural as possible. In the center of the widest part of the lake stands an exquisite marble temple surrounded by columns, and containing a statue of the goddess Diana. Some of you will think this Grecian temple the prettiest thing in the whole grounds.

We will now leave the Villa, with its beauties, its queer surprises, and its imitations; and we must also leave the bright, bustling, and interesting city of Genoa, with a hope that never again will it be obliged to bend the knee to a foreign foe or a domestic disturber of its peace and prosperity.

RALPH'S WINTER CARNIVAL.

By George A. Buffum.



"HIS FIRST ATTEMPTS WERE RATHER DISASTROUS."

Ralph Rodney's uncle lived in Montreal, and Montreal was to have a winter carnival. Naturally, Ralph Rodney's uncle invited Ralph's father and mother to visit Montreal during the carnival and to bring Ralph with them; and, naturally, also, when Ralph Rodney's father and mother accepted the invitation, Ralph was about the happiest boy in Boston.

Of course, most of the boys and girls know what a carnival is. It is a jolly good time out-of-doors in the warm Southern cities, like Florence and Rome and Naples in Italy or like New Orleans in our own land, where it is a sort of festival of fun and masquerade and fancy dresses during the four weeks just preceding Lent. But Montreal has n't a particularly "warm Southern climate," and the idea of a "winter" carnival rather sent the cold shivers through Ralph Rodney's anticipations. He had never been so far North before, and he had fears about freezing his ears and his nose.

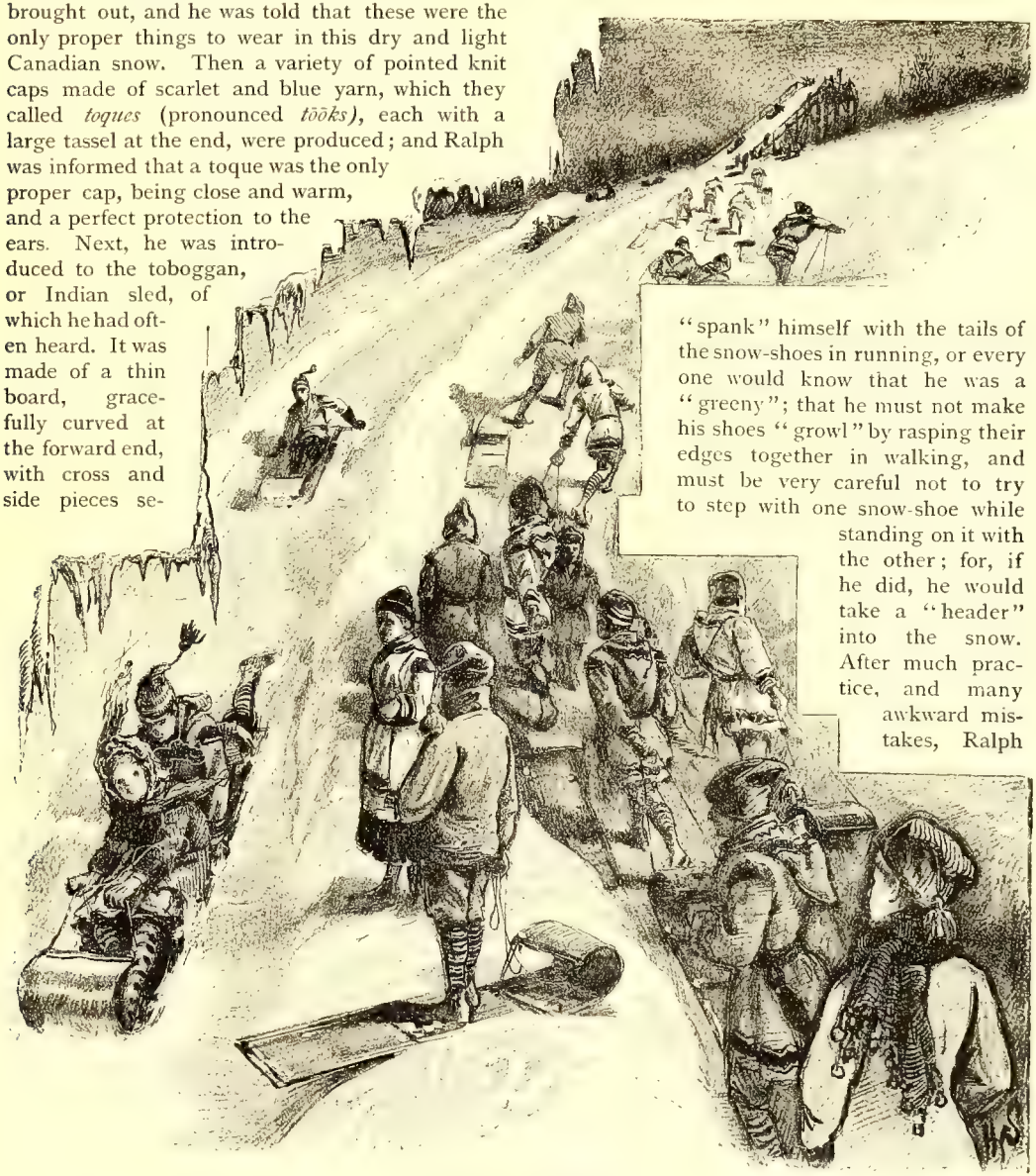
"I wish my seal-skin cap was larger and that my ear-tabs were snugger," he confided to his mother; but she assured him that his aunt and his cousins in Canada would show him just how to protect himself from the cold, and that he need not borrow trouble.

Well, the longed-for time of departure arrived at last, and one crisp January evening Ralph Rodney, with his father and mother, took the night train on the Boston & Montreal Railroad, en route for the winter carnival.

A ride of fifteen hours brought them in safety to Montreal. They crossed the great Victoria Bridge, and Ralph scarcely knew which was the greater wonder — the big bridge, or the broad St. Lawrence, white with its winter covering of ice and snow. Ralph's indefinite fears as to whether the custom-house officers would not arrest him as a smuggler, because he happened to be carrying a few presents to his Canadian cousins across the line, were speedily set at rest; and once out of the Montreal station, he enjoyed hugely the ride in the comfortable hack sleigh, almost smothered in great buffalo-robes. He was soon taken to his uncle's door. On the way there the sleigh passed the ice palace, erected for the carnival in Dominion Square, near the great Windsor Hotel. It was built of large cakes of ice, two feet thick, having a high central tower, and smaller towers at the four corners.* From the top of the towers waved the flags of different nations, and under the morning sun the glittering, dull blue structure looked more like a fairy creation than the result of three weeks' hard labor of men and horses.

* The ice palace is of a new architectural design each year.

Ralph's cousins, Charlie and Clara, were delighted to welcome him. Breakfast was hardly finished before they were initiating him into the mysteries of Canadian costumes and sports. Long knit stockings and deer-skin moccasins were brought out, and he was told that these were the only proper things to wear in this dry and light Canadian snow. Then a variety of pointed knit caps made of scarlet and blue yarn, which they called *toques* (pronounced *tōōks*), each with a large tassel at the end, were produced; and Ralph was informed that a toque was the only proper cap, being close and warm, and a perfect protection to the ears. Next, he was introduced to the toboggan, or Indian sled, of which he had often heard. It was made of a thin board, gracefully curved at the forward end, with cross and side pieces securely bound to it by deer thongs or sinews, so as to make a light and strong flat sled. These varied in length from four to eight feet, and were generally covered with a carpet or cushion. Lastly, Ralph's cousins presented him with a new pair of snow-shoes, and showed him how to fasten them upon his moccasined feet by a peculiar knot, which would not slip. Charlie gave him some indoor lessons, and told him that he must not "spank" himself with the tails of the snow-shoes in running, or every one would know that he was a "greeny"; that he must not make his shoes "growl" by rasping their edges together in walking, and must be very careful not to try to step with one snow-shoe while standing on it with the other; for, if he did, he would take a "header" into the snow. After much practice, and many awkward mistakes, Ralph concluded that he had got the peculiar "shack" movement necessary, and was anxious for the time to come, when he could prove to his cousins his apt scholarship.



THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

Lunch over, a start was made for the tobogganing

slide. There are several of these slides at Montreal, on the mountain-sides, built and kept in order by clubs of young men, who are very fond of the sport. The winter is the dull business season in Montreal, as the great river is blocked with ice; and many who are exceedingly busy in the summer months have much spare time during the winter. But they are not idle; they play then about as hard as they work in summer, and chief among their sports is toboggan-sliding. The club dress is a very pretty one, made of white blanketing, one club being distinguished from another by the colors of the blanket-borders, and also by their sashes and *toques*.

When Ralph's party came in sight of the Mount Royal slide, it was crowded with club members, their friends, and spectators, and presented a very novel and picturesque appearance. Ralph had brought an extra toboggan with him with the intention of steering himself down the slide, but, when he saw toboggan after toboggan, loaded with two or more sliders, dash down the steep shoot of the starting platform, glide at railway speed along the icy incline, jump several inches into the air over the smooth bumper, or *cahot**, and then take a final plunge down the long slide between the great snow-banks, his confidence in himself rather gave way, and he concluded to postpone his experiments in steering until the slide was less steep or less crowded. But Charlie, who looked like a young Polar bear, in his white suit, was not to be put off. Ralph must slide and he would guide him. So, together, the two boys mounted the platform, Charlie carrying his toboggan upon his shoulder as a soldier would carry his musket. When they reached the top of the slide, Ralph looked down with fresh misgivings. The pitch was so steep and the toboggan which had just started went so swiftly, that he would gladly have backed out. But his pride and Charlie's "Oh, pshaw, there 's nothing to be afraid of!" alike led him to take his place upon the toboggan, which Charlie was holding upon the shoot.

"Are you ready?" said Charlie.

"Yes," said Ralph, "as ready as I ever shall be."

"Well, then, hang on!" cried his cousin as he jumped on behind Ralph, sitting on sideways, with his left foot extended backward to serve as the rudder with which to steer their course. Away they shot down the steep declivity, with the wind rushing and whistling about Ralph's ears. As he approached the *cahot* he instinctively shut his eyes, and he did not need to be told to hold on, for the terrific pace and the bumping motion of the toboggan made him grasp the low side-piece in desperation. The *cahot* once safely passed, he began to enjoy his rapid slide, and he had just begun to wish it was longer, when the toboggan in front of them slewed around and "spilled" its load off. Before Charlie could steer to one side, they too were upon the wreck, and were themselves "spilled." In an instant another toboggan came dashing among them, and thus three sled-loads were promiscuously mixed up upon the slide. Fortunately no one was badly hurt, for these toboggans are so light and elastic that the chances of injury are very much less than with our heavier steel-shod sleds, and in a few moments all were up again, laughing at their mishap and brushing off the dry snow. Ralph was initiated now, and as eager for another slide as his cousin could have wished him to be. He was sorry enough when his aunt summoned them home to dinner. On his way down the *Côte des Neiges* road he tried steering his own toboggan on the steep places, and soon found that it "answered the helm," as the sailors say, very readily. So he determined that the next day he would try the mountain slide alone, and soon show his cousin Clara that he could steer her down the shoot as well as her brother could. Under Charlie's supervision he also put his efforts in snow-shoe walking to a practical test, and though his first attempts were rather disastrous, he soon mastered the science and became really skillful with the snow-shoes.

Dinner was hardly over before it was time for them all to go down to Dominion Square to see the inauguration of the ice palace, and the torch-light procession of the snow-shoe clubs. Their first view of the palace on reaching the Square was enchanting. It was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, which shone through its sides and gave it the appearance of a large structure of ground glass. A band of music was playing inside, and thousands of people in their warm furs and gayly colored head-dresses were crowding about it. A slight snow was falling, the air was cold, but dry, and the whole scene made Ralph think of pictures he had seen of winter sights in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Soon there was a cry of "Here they come," and then at the northern end of the Square the torches of the snow-shoe clubs were seen approaching. On they came, and after several hundred had filed by, and their torches had surrounded three sides of the Square with a line of light, at a given signal, a shower of rockets ascended from the middle of the Square, Roman-candles were let off from the whole line of snow-shoers, and the ice palace was brightly lighted with colored fires, one tower being red, another green, and another blue. The effect was almost magical. Ralph was well acquainted with Fourth of July fire-works (as what American boy is not?), but to see such effects in a snow-storm was novel indeed. He watched the whole parade — a

*A *cahot* is a hole worn in the slide by the frequent passage of the toboggans.

thousand snow-shoers in their picturesque white suits, and then returned home, and from the windows of his uncle's house he watched the line pass and repass across the top of the mountain and then wind down its side, doubling back and forth in the descent four or five times, until finally he saw it as it sank into

> "the mellow shade,
> Glitter like a swarm of
> fire-flies tangled in a
> silver braid."

Ralph Rodney's first day at the carnival was but the beginning of a series of days that were filled with delight, and crowded with sights and scenes to be long remembered. He became an enthusiastic tobogganer, and was soon up in all the ways and talk of the noble ice-slide; while Charlie held his enwrapped attention with an exciting account of how he had once gone tobogganing down the ice-cone of the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec—a great winter resort for Canadian tobogganists. Charlie told him how the ice-cone rose over a hundred feet high at the foot of the Falls, where it is made larger each day by the new spray that freezes upon it, and he told him of the great cavern in the cone, and of so many other wonders that Ralph was anxious to add Quebec, also, to his winter trip, and enjoy all the glory of tobogganing down the great shoot of the Montmorenci Falls. Space does not permit to tell of his jolly snow-shoe trips over the mountain, or how he went to the fancy-dress skating carnival at the Victoria Rink, or how he watched the curling clubs at their exciting games upon the ice, but you may be sure that he considered his visit to Montreal a grand success, and his only regret is that Boston can not be moved to Montreal, so that he may have winters cold enough to afford more of sport than of slush, and more of downright winter fun than is possible amid the too-frequent dampness and the chilly east winds of the usual Boston winter.



THE ICE-CONE AT THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

FROWNS OR SMILES?

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

WHERE do they go, I wonder,
The clouds on a cloudy day,
When the shining sun comes peeping out
And scatters them all away?
I know! — They keep them and cut them down
For cross little girls who want a frown.
Frowns and wrinkles and pouts — oh, my!
How many 't would make — one cloudy sky!

I think I should like it better
A sunshiny day to take
And cut it down for dimples and smiles,—
What beautiful ones 't would make!
Enough for all the dear little girls
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,
To drive the scowls and frowns away,
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER V.

SECRET SESSIONS.

WHILE the chief business and object of Congress is legislation, each House possesses certain other functions and privileges of great consequence. After I had been in the Senate a few days, I became acquainted with one of the special powers belonging exclusively to that body.

The President of the United States is the head of the Government. He is the "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the Militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States." He is charged with the execution of the laws at home and the protection of our rights abroad. To properly perform this great trust, he has thousands of assistants,— cabinet ministers (or heads of departments); ambassadors, ministers, consuls, and other agents in foreign lands; judges, attorneys, and a variety of civil officers. The law-makers have provided, by statute, that he may appoint many of these minor assistants without consulting the Senate; the others, however, can only be appointed with the permission of a majority of the Senate, except during the recess of that body. For the welfare of the country and the advancement of its commercial and general interests in its intercourse with other nations, he has also authority, with the concurrence of two-thirds of the senators, to make treaties with foreign powers.†

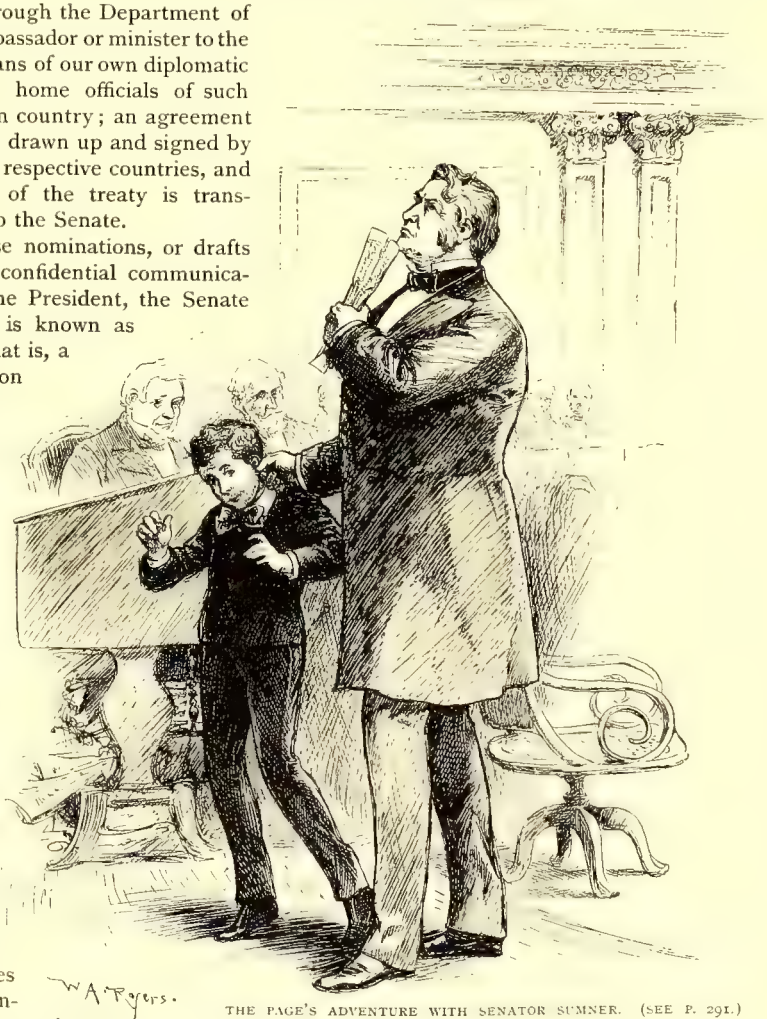
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† The Constitution, Article II., Sec. 2, cl. 2, declares as follows: "He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law: but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments."

If he wishes to appoint a man to an important position in the Federal service, he so notifies the Senate, stating the name of the person and the office which he desires him to occupy. This "naming" of the person is termed a "nomination." As various official places are constantly becoming vacant by the death, resignation, or discharge of the people holding them, a great number of these nominations are annually sent in to the Senate by the President.

When it is found desirable to enter into a treaty, the President confers, through the Department of State, with the foreign ambassador or minister to the United States, or, by means of our own diplomatic agents abroad, with the home officials of such foreign power in their own country; an agreement satisfactory to each side is drawn up and signed by the representatives of the respective countries, and this agreement or draft of the treaty is transmitted by the President to the Senate.

Whenever any of these nominations, or drafts of treaties, or any other confidential communications are submitted by the President, the Senate considers them in what is known as "executive session,"— that is, a session devoted to action upon messages from the President, — in which case the proceedings are secret, the galleries and floor being cleared of spectators, and the Senate sitting with "closed doors." Only a few officers in addition to the senators are allowed to remain in the Chamber. Even the pages are excluded. All the doors leading to the Senate are shut and, together with the gallery-stairs, securely guarded against intruders. Those highly valued and confidential officials, Captain Bassett and Mr. Christie, then, for the time being, took upon themselves our duties within the Chamber, conveying the messages to the various doors at which we were stationed in small relays. Instead of remaining at our proper posts, however, we were more likely to be wandering up on the dome or in some other far-away place quite out of reach. An executive session was, with us, what a recess is to a school-boy, and we varied the monotony by promenading from door to door, changing stations with each other, racing up and down the corridors, catching ball on the portico, or doing such other things as might suggest themselves. My post was in the vestibule at the most important or main entrance, and we all used to delight to assemble in that small space — with only the wooden doors separating us from the Senate Chamber — and, standing up in the marble niches and on the floor, "make the welkin ring." More than half of Mr. Christie's duty seemed to be to put his head through the door and tell us to keep quiet. I do not think our efforts were ever appreciated by the law-makers on the other side of the partition. In the goodness of our hearts, we had no other purpose than to give the senators a serenade.



THE PAGE'S ADVENTURE WITH SENATOR SUMNER. (SEE P. 291.)

These executive matters are referred to committees for examination in the same manner as legislative measures. For example — the nomination of a person as postmaster in a certain city, is referred to the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads; a nomination as judge, to the Committee on the Judiciary; the agreement or draft of a treaty to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The committees discuss the matter and report their views to the Senate in secret session. Some of the senators may not like the man nominated for a certain office and may oppose the "confirmation" of the nomination, as the approval or "advice and consent" of the Senate is styled. Then the friends and enemies of the man have a debate over the matter. Of course, outsiders are not supposed to know what they say, but it is presumed that the enemies tell everything they know or have heard against the man, to show that he is unfit to hold the proposed office; and his friends, as true friends should, show the falsity of the charges, or otherwise answer or dispose of them. A treaty goes through nearly the same course as a bill. A vote is then taken upon the confirmation of the nomination, or ratification of the treaty. If a majority vote in favor of the person, the President may appoint the man; otherwise not. If two-thirds so vote in favor of the treaty, the treaty is ratified by a "resolution of ratification," and, when also ratified by the proper foreign authority with whom it is made, the ratifications are exchanged between the officials representing the two governments (either at Washington or such other place as may be named in the agreement), and the treaty becomes law, binding upon us and upon the other government.

One day, shortly after my appointment, I returned to the Senate Chamber, having been sent on a message to the House of Representatives. As I entered, I heard a great deal of bustle, and, looking up toward the galleries, I saw all the people going out. I supposed that the Senate had adjourned, and at once rushed for my awl and tape, and began to do what is called "filing."



THE CAPITOL, FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE (WEST FRONT).

Every morning we distributed on the desks of the senators such bills, reports of committees, and other public documents as had been printed and received from the Government Printing-office. Having given the senators an opportunity to examine them (though few ever did so, after all our trouble), we joined these documents together with tape, arranged in their proper order, that each senator might have a complete set at his desk ready for use and reference. It was usual to attend to this every forenoon, filing the documents distributed the preceding day; but when the Senate adjourned early in the afternoon, we would do as much of the work as we could that day, in order to have more leisure time to ourselves the following morning.

It was my duty to attend to Senator Sumner's files, and so, kneeling on the carpet, beside his desk, I was soon busily engaged, and did not pay any attention to what was going on about me. I had been at work there, I do not know how long, when, all of a sudden I was startled by some one catching hold of my ear, and, glancing up, I saw Senator Sumner gazing at me with evident curiosity. I noticed that the galleries were entirely empty, and that the doors were closed. I then heard somebody talking, and realized that business was being transacted in the Senate. I could not understand it at all. The Senator continued to look quizzically at me, and finally asked what I was doing there. I told him. "Well," said he, "you 'd better get out of this as soon as you can," and, lifting me gently (!!!) up by the ear, he exhibited me to the surrounding senators. I was so small and had been so quiet that none of them had seen me, and they all smiled when I bobbed up so unexpectedly, like a Jack-in-the-Box. There was something in the air, though, like the mystic whisper of a fairy, that advised me to take to my heels, and I ran for the nearest door. To my horror, it was locked! Then I ran to another, and found that also locked. I was a caged animal, and my fright increased every moment. Happily, I caught the eye of Captain Bassett, and he motioned toward a certain lobby door. I rushed; to my surprise it opened, like the entrance to the Robber's Cave, and I thanked my stars when I got out! Just beyond the lobby I found a group of people collected in the corridor who seemed to be amazed to see me appearing from that quarter. Then, for the first time, I was told what an Executive Session of the Senate was, and how awful were its deliberations. I was informed that it was a deadly crime for any one to listen to such proceedings, and for some time afterward I was in a state of terror, fearing that I should be arrested and punished. However, my fears were finally quieted by Senator Sumner, who explained the matter to me, and, saying that no harm had been done in that instance, advised me to be more careful in future. And I was — that is to say, I have many a time since then lain awake on one of the gallery-seats, and heard the senators discuss "secret" business with closed doors!

This incident apparently caused Senator Sumner to take quite an interest in me, and he seemed to acquire an especial fondness for catching me by the ears. Often have I attempted to pass the Senator, while he was walking to and fro on the floor of the Senate, only to have both my ears seized good-naturedly, and to be asked some kindly question. I shall always remember one of these adventures — for it *was* an adventure! He had sent me on an errand. Having returned, reported to him the answer, and received his deep-voiced thanks, I started to move away, but he had caught me, and continued his slow march — I in front — Indian file. As he was a tall man and I a very small boy in comparison, I had to walk on tiptoe to ease the pain, and even then it seemed as if my ear would come off my head. The worst of it was that he at once became so lost in thought that he forgot he had hold of me, and mechanically paced up and down, with his long strides, while I danced a mild war-dance, for some minutes, — it seemed to me hours, — to the intense amusement of all who observed it. The more I struggled, the more did I increase the agony, but I at last managed to wriggle away from his grasp. The sudden "emptiness" of his hand caused him to realize the state of affairs, and he begged my pardon so energetically, and the spectators smiled so audibly, that the proceedings of the Senate were interrupted and Mr. Colfax actually had to tap with his gavel to restore order!

But it was, after all, an honor to be noticed, even in that fashion, by so distinguished a man as Senator Sumner. He had the widest reputation of any of the senators, and the first question most visitors to the Senate would ask was:

"Which is Charles Sumner?"

He was one of the greatest statesmen that have ever graced the halls of Congress, and I found him to be one of the kindest men in the world. He was an ideal American gentleman, was always polite to every one, and I never heard him utter a cross or hasty word. He had an extensive correspondence and received letters from all parts of the globe. At one time, while I was a page, I had a mania for gathering stamps, and as those on many of his letters were very rare, I asked the Senator if he would kindly put the envelopes in his desk, so that I could get them, instead of tearing and throwing them upon the floor. He said he would save them for me with pleasure, and, sure enough, the next day he came to the Senate with a large collar-box in his hand. He put this in the drawer of his desk, and whenever he opened an envelope with a foreign stamp attached, he would tear off the stamp and deposit it in the box. Several weeks afterward he called me to him and handed me the box, filled with the choicest and most curious collection, saying: "Now, if you will empty the box, I will fill it again for you." And he was true to his word. I have met hundreds of eminent men in my life; none, however, more prominent or with more cares to burden or distract their thoughts than this grand senator from Massachusetts; yet I think few of them would, under similar circumstances, have gone to so much trouble merely to humor the

whim of a boy. I might mention numerous other incidents of his extreme gentleness of disposition, but this will, I think, suffice to convince you that law-makers can have hearts as well as minds.

Secret sessions, by the way, are unpopular. There are some executive and legislative matters proper to be discussed only with closed doors, but, as a general thing, the people who employ these law-makers in Congress, demand the right to oversee them at their work. The members of the House, being directly under the control of the people, evidently fear them more than the senators. As a consequence, they hold secret sessions only on exceptional occasions. It was not until 1795— nearly six years after the meeting of the First Congress — that the Senate recognized the justice of the demand for open sessions on the part of the people. Before that time, all its sessions had been conducted with closed doors. Now, however, its debates and proceedings, like those of the House, are always open to the public, except when it is engaged upon executive or other peculiarly confidential affairs.

It is a breach of confidence for a member or an officer of the Senate to disclose the transactions of a secret session, until the removal of the injunction of secrecy by a formal resolution of that body.* Still, newspaper correspondents generally manage to find them out, in some way. So well known was their accomplishment in this direction, that senators would oftentimes go to the reporters for information as to what had been done in secret session, instead of the reporters to the senators! Once, a senator, going to the Senate rather late in the afternoon, met a correspondent coming from the Capitol. The law-maker asked what was being done in the Senate. "Oh, nothing important," was the answer. "They have just gone out of executive session and are now discussing the subject they had up yesterday." The senator was evidently interested in some nomination or other business, and so he persisted and asked the correspondent what action had been taken in executive session. The newspaper man coolly eyed the senator for a few moments, and then cautiously remarked: "Well, you Congressmen are getting to be such free talkers, I think I 'd better not tell you!"

Whether or not the journalist was induced to tell the senator what had been done, I am uninformed. If not, it is the most remarkable case of "golden silence" in the annals of the world. The general opinion of reporters and correspondents of the Press is that they are very clever and very wise. At the same time, some of them occasionally overstep the lines of propriety in their eager quest for news. The circulation of rumors and gossip is not apt to do good, but, on the contrary, generally results in harm. Newspapers, however, sometimes publish such rumors to "amuse" a certain class of readers who are equally talkative and regardless of domestic happiness and the rights of private character.

The American people want to keep informed in regard to the workings of their government and they are entitled to the information. But some of them are altogether too inquisitive, and think that, by virtue of their American citizenship, they are entitled to know, and to criticise as much as they please, whatever is going on in the boundless universe of space!

Now, I have abruptly drawn you to these subjects, in order to define briefly two sacred rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and of which you may have heard much said — "Freedom of Speech" and "Liberty of the Press."†

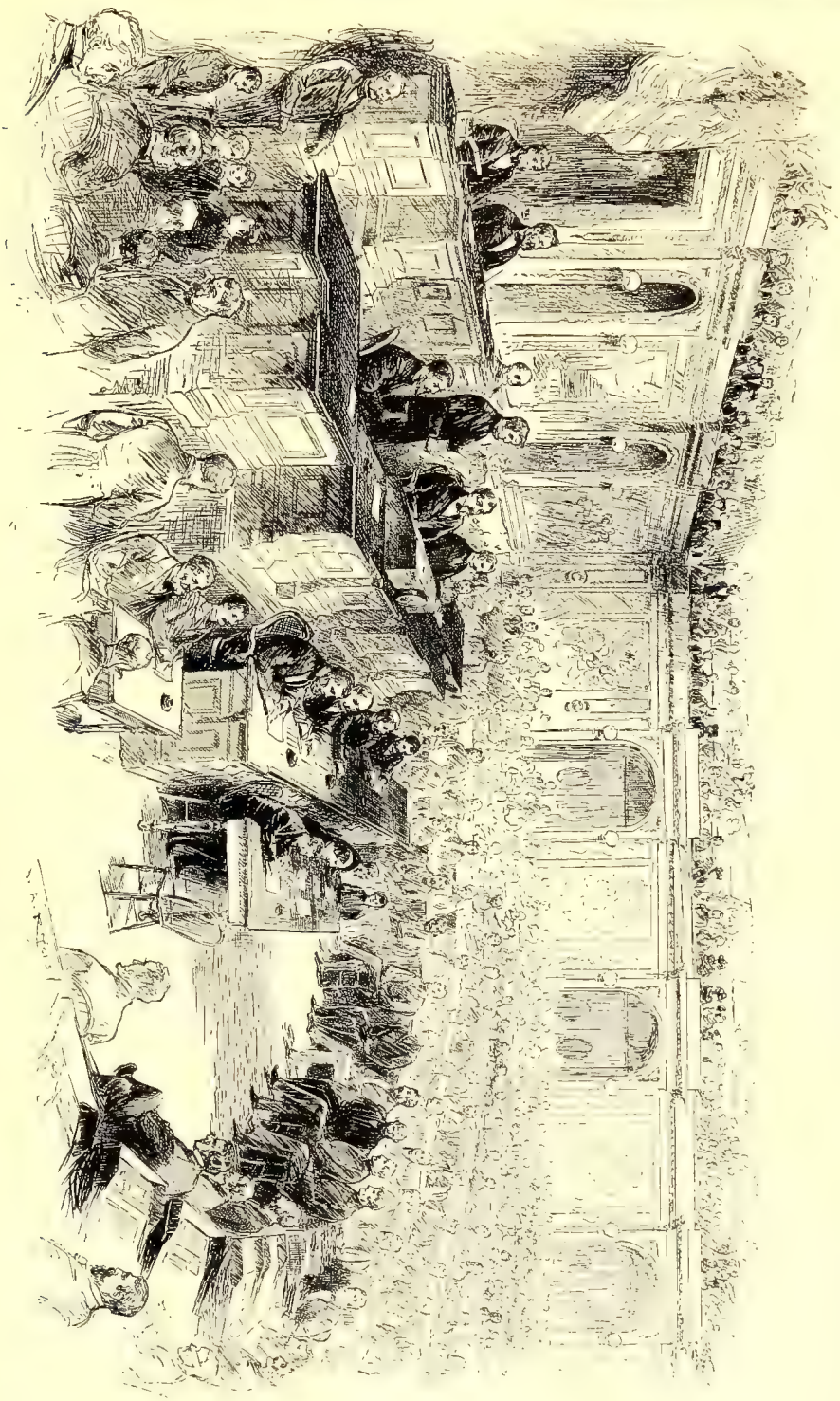
Freedom of Speech means the right of a full and candid expression of honest and honorable opinion. The Constitution allows you to protest against the hardships of the laws. It allows you to remonstrate against cruelty and injustice. It allows you to worship your Creator as you may see fit. The Constitution and the laws are based upon and recognize the precepts of Christianity,‡ and any rights secured by them must be exercised within the limits of decency and honor.

And the Liberty of the Press is still more important. It means: "The right to print and publish the truth, from good motives and for justifiable ends." That is all. "Where vituperation begins, the liberty of the press ends." For if it is wrong to give vent to spite and venom in conversations with a few, how much more criminal is it to put those thoughts into imperishable type, to be scattered among the masses of the present day, and to be perpetuated for years to come! The Constitution does not bestow upon these gentlemen of the pen the privilege to assault, either through malice or caprice, or as a source of profit, the faults of private life and character. That is not the Liberty of the Press! That is not the theory of the Constitution!

* Here is the rule on the subject: "Any senator or officer of the Senate who shall disclose the secret or confidential business or proceedings of the Senate shall be liable, if a senator, to suffer expulsion from the body; and if an officer, to dismissal from the service of the Senate, and to punishment for contempt."

† The first amendment to the Constitution is as follows: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

‡ "There never has been a period," said Professor Story, one of the greatest jurists of the land, "in which the common law did not recognize Christianity as lying at its foundation."



COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTES ON THE SECOND WEDNESDAY OF FEBRUARY, 1873. (SEE PAGE 295.)

CHAPTER VI.

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTES.

THE secret sessions of the Senate were of common occurrence, that body devoting more or less time nearly every day to the consideration of Executive business. Frequently, upon motion of a senator, it would go into Executive session in the middle of the afternoon, after which the doors would be re-opened to the public and it would resume its legislative session. I became accustomed, therefore, to this proceeding in a very short time, but had scarcely concluded my investigations concerning this feature of senatorial power, when I was given a chance to witness a ceremony of equal interest.

The Constitution thus declares the qualifications of the President and Vice-President of the United States: "No person except a natural-born citizen * * * shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States." And: "No person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice-President of the United States."

The manner in which they are chosen is rather bewildering: Each State appoints, every four years, in such manner as its Legislature may direct, a number of officers termed electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress. Those electors meet in their respective States and vote, by ballot, for President and Vice-President, "one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves," and they then make up distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they are required to sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the city of Washington (that being the seat of the Government of the United States), directed to the President of the Senate. Upon such a day as Congress may assign for that purpose, the President of the Senate, in the presence of both the Senate and the House of Representatives, opens all the certificates, and the votes are then counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President, is declared President, if such number is a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and the same as to the Vice-President. In the event of no person having such majority, either for the office of President or Vice-President, the Constitution confers upon the House of Representatives the power to choose the President, and upon the Senate the power to choose the Vice-President, under certain restrictions. Thus, we observe here another and highly important power belonging to each of the Houses of Congress.

This system of the indirect election of President and Vice-President has descended to us from the early days of the republic, when the country was in its infancy, and the population was scarcely one-twelfth its present size. Though the individual citizen does in effect vote for President and Vice-President when he casts his vote for what is termed the electoral ticket presented by his party convention, the plan by which these electors are themselves elected, and by which they, too, go through the show of a Presidential election before the final conclusion is given in the official canvass of the votes in Congress, is complicated, roundabout, and awkward. It would be altogether simpler for the people to choose these high officers of government directly, without the clumsy contrivance of the Electoral College. When you become law-makers of the country, I shall expect to see the Constitution amended in this respect. At any rate, please give the matter your thoughtful consideration.

The manner of opening and counting the votes will be found in what is known as the "Twenty-second Joint Rule" of the two Houses of Congress. That rule provides that the two Houses shall assemble in the Hall of the House of Representatives at the hour of one o'clock P. M., on the second Wednesday in the February next succeeding the meeting of the electors, and also provides the course of proceeding when so assembled.

As the constitutional terms of President Grant and Vice-President Colfax would expire on the 4th of March, 1873, electors had been duly chosen by the votes of the people in the month of November, 1872, and these electors had met and voted for a President and Vice-President of the United States for the succeeding period of four years, and the sealed certificates had been forwarded to Washington. Accordingly, on the second Wednesday (the 12th) of February, the certificates were to be opened and the counting of the electoral votes was to take place. When the day arrived, the Senate met at its usual hour and began to transact ordinary legislative business, in which, however, no one seemed to take much interest. The sight-seers crowded the galleries of the House of Representatives, the galleries of the Senate being almost deserted, only such persons occupying them as were probably unsuccessful in obtaining admission to the other House. After the transaction of some unimportant business, Senator Pratt arose and began an elaborate speech on

the Pension Laws. But everything had a holiday appearance. The senators, the pages, and the other "officials" felt like children about to go to a picnic, and were anxious for the hour of one o'clock to arrive and put an end to their agony of suspense.

The proceedings of each House of Congress are recorded by short-hand writers, the most eminent in their profession, everything said and done being actually reported and printed. The publication containing this report was then *The Congressional Globe;* since the 4th of March, 1873, it has been *The Congressional Record.* In order to be accurate, I have examined the pages of the *Globe*, and will quote from them occasionally in referring to the proceedings of Congress.

Right in the midst of Senator Pratt's speech, Mr. McPherson, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, appeared at the bar of the Senate (and by the "bar" I mean the end of the center aisle) and delivered the following message:

"Mr. President, I am directed to inform the Senate that the House of Representatives is now ready to receive the Senate, for the purpose of proceeding to open and count the votes of the electors of the several States for President and Vice-President of the United States."

Shortly afterward, the hour of one o'clock having arrived, the Vice-President said:

"The Senate, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, will now repair to the Hall of the House of Representatives."

Thereupon Mr. French, the genial Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, arose and walked toward the main door leading to the House, followed by the Vice-President and Secretary. Then the senators fell in line, two by two, and the procession began to move. Certain other officers of the Senate joined the ranks, and as nothing would be regular or complete, according to our notions, without the presence and co-operation of the pages, we went along as a matter of course, sandwiching ourselves in between the venerable Solons wherever we could find an aperture wide enough to accommodate our small bodies.

The line of march led us through the great rotunda of the Capitol, which was crowded with people who had gathered to see the novel and imposing sight. When we reached the House, our arrival was announced by an officer of that body; and as we entered, all the members and officers of the House rose to their feet to receive us, and remained standing while the senators were being seated in the chairs provided for them in the eastern section of the Hall near the Speaker's desk. The Vice-President, as the presiding officer of the joint convention of the two Houses, took his seat in the Speaker's chair, the Speaker, Hon. James G. Blaine, occupying a chair on his left. Senator Sherman (who had been appointed by the Senate to act as a teller in counting the votes) and Representatives Dawes and Beck (the tellers on the part of the House) took their seats at the Clerk's desk, at which the Secretary of the Senate and Clerk of the House were also stationed.

After the confusion on the floor and in the galleries incident to our entrance had somewhat subsided, the Vice-President rose and stated:

"The Senate and House of Representatives having met under the provisions of the Constitution for the purpose of opening, determining, and declaring the votes cast for President and Vice-President of the United States for the term of four years commencing on the 4th of March next, and it being my duty, in the presence of both Houses thus convened, to open the votes, I now proceed to discharge that duty."

He then proceeded to open and hand to the tellers the votes of the several States for President and Vice-President, commencing with the State of Maine. Senator Sherman read in full the certificate of the vote of that State (and the certificate of the Governor as to the election of the electors), giving seven votes for Ulysses S. Grant, of Illinois, for President, and seven votes for Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President. Then Mr. Dawes read the certificate of the vote of the State of New Hampshire, and so they continued, each teller reading in turn. When the vote of the State of Mississippi was reached, Senator Trumble objected to its being counted, for the reason that the certificate did not show that the electors of that State had voted "by ballot" as required by the Constitution. Other objections being made, the Vice-President said:

"Three questions having arisen in regard to the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, the Senate will now withdraw to their Chamber."

Thereupon we re-organized in procession and marched out of the Hall in as pompous a manner as we had entered it an hour previous. Upon reaching the Senate Chamber, the Vice-President called the senators to order, and they at once began to discuss the objections made, the House in the meantime, as soon as we had retired from its Hall, having begun to do the same thing. After discussion, and when the senators had passed resolutions setting forth their decisions upon the matters, the Secretary was notified to inform the House that the Senate was ready to proceed with the count. In a little while the Clerk of the House appeared and stated that the House had also reached a conclusion; whereupon we formed into line for a third time and re-entered the Hall of the House at thirty-five minutes past three o'clock. (I take this time-record from the *Globe.*)

The Vice-President resumed the chair, and announced the result—that both Houses agreed to the counting of the electoral votes of the State of

Mississippi, and that the same would be counted, but that as to the three votes of the State of Georgia there was a disagreement between the Houses, and that therefore those votes would not be counted.*

Then the tellers again went to work, but struck another point of dispute when the votes of Texas were announced. Objections being made, the Senate again retired in a body, reaching its Chamber at four o'clock and twenty-four minutes P. M. After discussion as before by both Houses, and a conclusion having been arrived at by each, in about half an hour we again, and for the fifth time, organized in procession and re-entered the Hall of the House. The Vice-President announced that both Houses had agreed to the counting of the votes of the State of Texas, and the same were accordingly counted. Then the tellers proceeded as before until objections were made to the electoral votes of Louisiana and Arkansas, when we again retired to the Senate Chamber, and entered into a discussion lasting about an hour and a half. Meanwhile, the shadows of night had begun to creep around the building, and, while we were straining our eyes in the gloaming, the Chamber was illuminated by a sudden flash from the electric wires above. Well, we finally came to a decision, and returned to the Hall (which, together with the rotunda, had also been lit up) "at seven o'clock and forty-five minutes P. M."

The Vice-President stated the decision. Both Houses having agreed to reject the votes of Louisiana, and there being a disagreement as to the votes of Arkansas, the electoral votes of the two States were not counted. All the certificates having been opened, the tellers were instructed by the Vice-President to announce the result of the vote. Senator Sherman complied with the direction of the Vice-President, reading in detail the votes as cast by the electors of each State that were ordered to be counted; after which the Vice-President announced:

"The whole number of electors to vote for President and Vice-President of the United States, as reported by the tellers, is 366, of which the majority is 184. Of these votes, 349 have been counted for President, and 352 for Vice-President of the United States. The result of the vote for President of the United States, as reported by the tellers, is, for Ulysses S. Grant, of Illinois, 286 votes; for B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, 18 votes."

He stated other straggling votes for different persons for President, and the result of the vote, as reported by the tellers, for Vice-President,—Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, receiving 286 votes for Vice-President (the same number that General Grant had received for President), being more than the votes in favor of other persons for that office.

"Wherefore," continued the Vice-President, slowly and with great solemnity, "I do declare that Ulysses S. Grant, of the State of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of electoral votes, is duly elected President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th day of March, 1873: and that Henry Wilson, of the State of Massachusetts, having received a majority of the whole number of electoral votes for Vice-President of the United States, is duly elected Vice-President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th day of March, 1873."†

And then, after a pause, he added:

"The object for which the House and Senate have assembled in joint convention having been accomplished, the Senate will retire to its Chamber."‡

Thereupon, at about eight o'clock, amid a perfect thunder of applause and uproar, we slowly left the Hall. Cheer upon cheer for the men thus declared elected to the highest offices in the gift of the Republic, rent the air,—cheers in which all joined, senators, representatives, officers, and spectators. It needed only the firing of a hundred cannon, the blare of a brass band, and the "swish" of a few sky-rockets, to render the demonstration truly American.

The Speaker resumed the chair, but the noise was so great that business was impossible, and, almost immediately, the House adjourned for the day. Upon returning to our deserted Chamber, a resolution was adopted by which Senator Sherman was appointed to join such committee as might be appointed by the House, to wait upon the gentlemen who had been elected President and Vice-President, and inform them of their election. Then, being too demoralized to transact further business, "at eight o'clock and seven minutes P. M. the Senate adjourned."

(To be continued.)

* The 22d Joint Rule provides: "No question shall be decided affirmatively, and no vote objected to shall be counted, except by the concurrent vote of the two Houses."

† The Joint Rule says: "The votes having been counted [by the tellers], the result of the same shall be delivered to the President of the Senate, who shall thereupon announce the state of the vote and the names of the persons, if any, elected; which announcement shall be deemed a sufficient declaration of the persons elected President and Vice-President of the United States, and, together with a list of the votes, be entered on the journals of the two Houses." If you watch the papers closely, you will see an account of a similar ceremony on the second Wednesday of February, 1885, to declare Grover Cleveland elected as our next President.

‡ To prevent either House from defeating the intentions of the Constitution, the Rule thus concludes: "Such joint meeting shall not be dissolved until the electoral votes are all counted and the result declared; and no recess shall be taken unless a question shall have arisen in regard to counting any of such votes; in which case it shall be competent for either House, acting separately, in the manner hereinbefore provided, to direct a recess, not beyond the next day at the hour of one o'clock P. M."

Winter Days



Rich folks jingle, jingle,
In their handsome sleighs;
Poor folks ears go "tingle"
They must walk their ways;
Fat folks slip and stumble;
Thin folks colds await;
Sad folks shake and wonder
How gay folks can skate.



THE BROWNIES' RETURN.

By Palmer Cox.



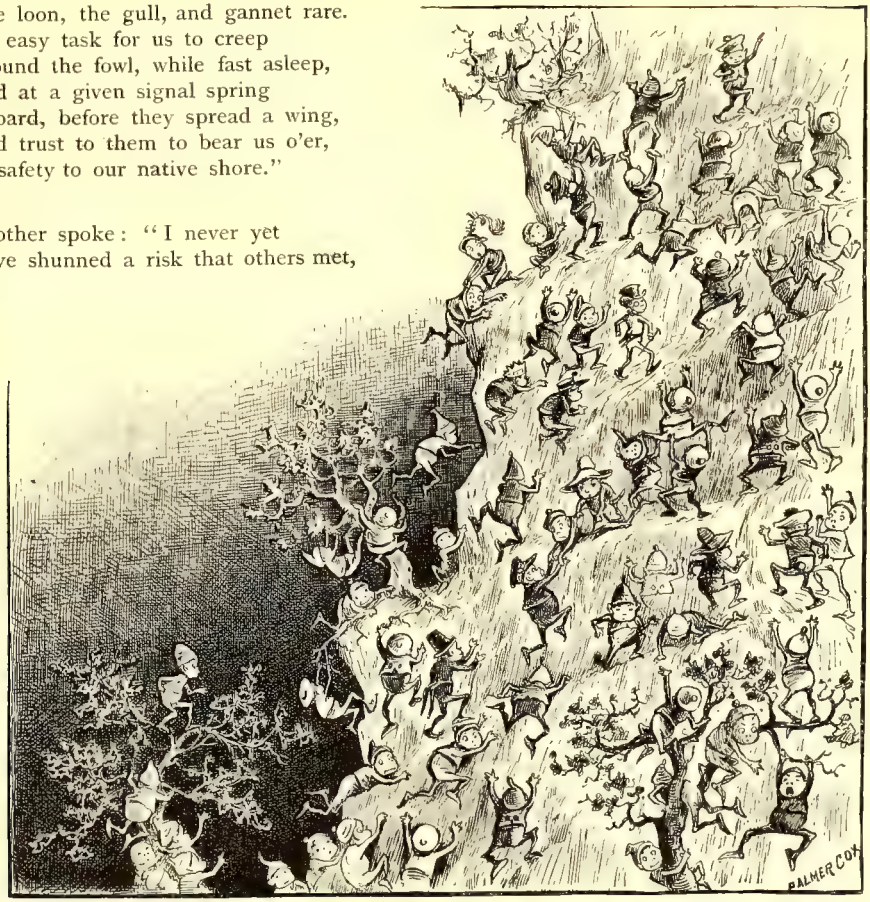
Once while the Brownies lay at ease
About the roots of rugged trees,
And listened to the dreary moan
Of tides around their island lone,
Said one: "My friends, unhappy here,
We spend our days from year to year.
We're cornered in, and hardly boast
A run of twenty leagues at most.
You all remember well, I ween,
The night we reached this island green,
When flocks of fowl around us wailed,
And followed till their pinions failed.
And still our ship at every wave
To sharks a creaking promise gave,
Till half in sea, and half on rock,
She shivered like an earthen crock,
And spilled us out in breakers white,
To gain the land as best we might.
Since then, how oft we've tried in vain
To reach our native haunts again,
Where roaming freely, unconfined,
Would better suit our roving mind.
But, hark! I have a plan will chase
The cloud of gloom from every face.

"To-night, while wandering by the sea,
A novel scheme occurred to me,
As I beheld in groups and rows
The weary fowl in deep repose.
They sat as motionless as though
The life had left them years ago.

See "The Brownies' Voyage," in St. Nicholas for June, 1884.

The albatross and crane are there,
The loon, the gull, and gannet rare.
An easy task for us to creep
Around the fowl, while fast asleep,
And at a given signal spring
Aboard, before they spread a wing,
And trust to them to bear us o'er,
In safety to our native shore."

Another spoke: "I never yet
Have shunned a risk that others met,



But here uncommon dangers lie,
Suppose the fowl should seaward fly,
And never landing, course about,
And drop us, where their wings gave out?"
The first surveyed, with wondering eye,
His doubting friend, then made reply:

"To shallow schemes that will not bring
A modest risk, let cowards cling!
A Brownie to advantage shows,
The best where dangers thickest close.
But, hear me out: by sea and land,
Their habits well I understand.
When rising first they circle wide,
As though the strength of wings they tried,
Then steering straight across the bay,
To yonder coast a visit pay.
But granting they for once should be
Inclined to strike for open sea,
The breeze that now is rising fast,
Will freshen to a whistling blast,
And landward sweeping, stronger still,
Will drive the fowl against their will."

Then no dissenting voice was raised,
But all the speaker's wisdom praised,
And at his heels, with willing feet,
They followed to the fowls' retreat.
'T was hard to scale the rugged breast
Of crags, where birds took nightly rest.
But some on hands, and some on knees,
And more by vines or roots of trees,
From shelf to shelf untiring strained,
And soon the windy summit gained.
With bated breath, they gathered round.
They crawled with care along the ground.
By this, one paused, or that, one eyed;
Each chose the bird he wished to ride.



When all had done the best they could,
And waiting for the signal stood,
It hardly took a moment's space
For each to scramble to his place.
Some grabbed a neck and some a head,
And some a wing, and more a shred
Of tail, or aught that nearest lay,
To help them mount without delay.
Then rose the flaps and piercing screams,
As sudden starting from their dreams
The wondering fowl in sore dismay
Began to bring their wings in play.
Some felt the need of longer sleep,
And hardly had the strength to cheep;
While others seemed to find a store
Of screams they never found before.
It was, indeed, a daring feat
To ride on such a dubious seat.

But off like leaves or flakes of snow
Before the gale the Brownies go,
Away, away, through spray or cloud
As fancy led, or load allowed.
Some birds to poor advantage showed,
As, with an illy balanced load,
Now right or left at random cast,
They flew, the sport of every blast;
While fish below had aching eyes
With gazing upward at the prize.
They followed still from mile to mile,
Believing fortune yet would smile.
But with no common joy, indeed,
The Brownies saw the isle recede;
While plainer still before them grew
The hills and vales so well they knew.
"I see," said one, who, from his post
Between the wings, surveyed the coast,

"The lofty peaks we used to climb
To gaze upon the scene sublime."
A second cried: "And there 's the bay
From which our vessel sailed away!"
"And I," another cried, "can see
The shady grove, the very tree
We met beneath the night we planned
To build a ship and leave the land!"



Thus, while they talked, they quite forgot
The dangers of the time and spot,
Till, in confusion now at last,
The birds upon the shore were cast.
Some, crashing through the branches, fell
And spilled the load they bore so well.
Some, somersaulting to the ground,
Dispersed their riders all around;
And others, still, could barely get
To where the land and water met.
Congratulations then began,
As here and there the Brownies ran,
To learn if all had held their grip
And kept aboard throughout the trip.
"And now," said one, "that all are o'er
In safety to our native shore,
Where pleasant grove and grassy lea
In grandeur spread from sea to sea,
Such wondrous works and actions bold,
As time may bring, no tongue has told.
But see, so wasted is the night,
Orion's torch is out of sight;
And ere the lamp of Venus fades
We all must reach the forest shades."

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.*—SIXTEENTH PAPER.

By Clara Erskine Clement.

MURILLO.

Bartolomé Estevan Murillo was the son of Gaspar Estevan and Maria Perez, and was called Murillo for his grandmother on his mother's side, as it was a custom in that section of Spain known as Andalusia to give children the family names of the mother's immediate or more remote ancestors. Murillo was born at Seville during the last days of the year 1617, and was baptized on New Year's Day, 1618. Thus, he was eighteen years younger than Velasquez, whom he outlived twenty-two years. He died in Seville, in 1682.

It has been said that the family of Murillo was once rich, though this was not the case when he was born. But though his parents were poor, they were respectably connected, and decided, when their son was still a child, to educate him for the church. This proved to be impossible, for when sent to school, he so neglected his books that he scarcely learned to read or write, though he could draw such pictures as showed that nature had made him an artist. Fortunately for the child, his uncle, Juan de Castillo, was one of the leading painters of Seville, and was only too happy to teach his nephew the pure and dignified art which he practiced. The aptness and industry of the boy soon made him a favorite pupil, and Castillo carefully taught him to prepare his canvas and his colors, and to do many things then necessary for an artist to know, but which are now done for them by other workmen.

Murillo's earliest pictures represented fruit, game, and various utensils; but before he left Castillo's studio he painted two Madonnas, which are still preserved in Seville. About 1640, Castillo removed to Cadiz, and Murillo was left penniless and alone; for his parents were probably dead, as nothing more is known of them, and the young artist seems to have had no assistance from any source.

In some respects the customs of the artists of Seville resembled those of the Greeks, who placed their pictures on exhibition in public places, where they could overhear the opinions expressed by those who saw them. It sometimes happened that a good work thus exposed brought an artist speedily to public notice; and in Seville the patronage of a wealthy noble, or of a cathedral chapter, might be gained in this way. The weekly market of Seville, called the *Feria*, was held in front of the Church of All Saints. It was attended by hundreds of people of all conditions, from gypsies and country rustics to monks and well-to-do citizens. To the *Feria* flocked the poor artists, displaying their works, and, with brushes in hand, changing them to please the taste of chance customers, and receiving orders for still other pictures. Here Murillo worked about two years, during which time, having painted a great number of Madonnas, banners, flower-pieces, and the like, he sold them all to a ship-owner to be sent to Mexico or South America, and started for Madrid, filled with a desire to see better pictures than existed in Seville.

Doubtless, this determination to travel had largely grown from hearing the tales he had been told by Pedro de Moya, who had been his fellow-pupil under Castillo, but afterward had joined the Spanish infantry. After campaigning in Flanders, he had gone to London, and continued his art-studies under Vandyck. Moya never wearied of telling Murillo of all the wondrous pictures he had seen, and at last the latter could no longer endure the narrow boundaries of Seville, and the dreadful drudgery of the *Feria*. He went on foot across the grand old Sierras to Madrid, and arrived there without money or friends; but he had heard much of Velasquez, who was a Sevillian, like himself, and a favorite with the Spanish monarch. To this great man Murillo made his way, and asked for his advice and letters to his friends in Rome, for to that city the young painter wished to go. We can fancy the interview — the young man, all enthusiasm and ready to brave every hardship to see the world, and rise in his art; the elder one, more calm, and knowing how slowly one should make haste, yet interested from the first in his young countryman. They talked long and freely. Velasquez wished to hear of all that was being done in Seville, and Murillo opened his heart to the kind and patient listener he had found. The result was that Velasquez took the youth to his own house and gave him freedom to study in the galleries of Madrid.

In these galleries, therefore, Murillo worked early and late during almost three years. Velasquez was frequently absent on journeys with the King, but when he was in Madrid he freely gave his advice and assistance to the zealous pupil, and when the copies reached a certain excellence, he

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generously brought them and their author to the notice of the sovereign.

At length Velasquez thought the time had come for Murillo to go to Rome, and offered him assistance for the journey. But Murillo had determined to return to Seville, and in 1645 he settled himself there, never leaving it again for any considerable time. The city of Seville had formerly been the capital of Spain, and was rich in historical associations, architectural beauties and treasures of many kinds. There were a hundred and sixty towers upon the old Saracenic walls of the city; the fair Guadalquiver was here bordered by gardens yielding luscious fruits, gorgeous flowers, and rich perfumes; the Moorish mosques were converted into churches, and upon one hundred and forty altars incense was ever burning. In Murillo's time, Seville was the richest city under the Spanish rule, and the Duke of Alcalá, who had great wealth, and was himself a scholar and painter, as well as a soldier, made his palace a home for those who loved art and letters.

The Franciscan monks of Seville had a fine convent ornamented with three hundred marble columns, and about the time of Murillo's return to his native city they had collected a sum of money for the decoration of its minor cloister. The price they offered for the work was too small to tempt such artists as had made their reputation, but it proved the key to fame and fortune to Murillo, who undertook the work. He painted eleven pictures, which occupied almost three years' time; but when they were completed, he held the first place among the artists of Seville. Nobles strove with one another for his pictures and to have their portraits from his hand, while monks and priests overwhelmed him with orders for altar-pieces. For one hundred and seventy years these pictures were the pride of Seville, until Marshal Soult carried all but one of them beyond the Pyrenees and scattered them throughout Europe. It makes this Marshal of France no less a robber that the result of this sacrilege was a blessing, but soon after he had stolen these paintings the convent was burned.

Not long after the painting of these Franciscan pictures, Murillo was married to a maiden of Pilas. He was painting an altar-piece, in this village, when he first saw Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor. She was of a high family and had a fortune, and from the time of their marriage Murillo's house was one of the most agreeable in Seville, and his position in society was elevated and secured by the associations and influence of his wife as it could have been by no patronage or friendships. Thenceforth the domestic life of the great painter was peaceful and happy, and the management of his household was dignified and prudent. History does not give us any special account of Doña Beatriz, neither is there any picture which is known to be her portrait; but a resemblance in the faces of several of Murillo's Madonnas indicates that they were painted from one model, and this has led to the belief that they preserve the likeness of his wife. It is certain that his boys, Gaspar and Gabriel, were models for his pictures of the Infant Jesus and St. John; and it is said that some of his most beautiful representations of the Virgin were portraits of his daughter Francesca.

From the time of his marriage, the history of his pictures made the story of his life, which was varied only by his association with the Academy of Seville. But what a volume could his pictures tell of thought and of work, numbering, as they do, three hundred and eighty! How many days and hours of intense labor do they represent, and what a noble monument they are to his genius and his industry! It is probable, too, that since his death more money has been paid for a single picture of his than he received for the entire work of his life. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars were paid for Murillo's painting called "The Immaculate Conception" now in the Louvre. It was bought from the Soult collection; and at the time of its sale this was believed to be the largest price ever paid for a single picture.

Murillo painted in three distinct manners, and it is customary to divide his career as an artist into periods agreeing with his change of style in the treatment of his subjects. His first manner is called *frio*, or cold, and extended to about 1649. A study of his pictures gives the impression that during this period he was more or less influenced by the manner of the various masters whose works he had copied, and was in reality establishing a manner of his own. This he soon did; for his artistic powers were too strong to allow him to remain an imitator, even of the best painters of the world.

His second manner, called *cálido*, or warm, extended over about twenty years and was never entirely given up; for after he adopted his third manner, called *vaporoso*, or vapory, he still painted pictures in his second style. For this reason there is a marked difference in the works of his latter years, and some critics insist that his three manners should not be attributed to different periods of time, saying rather that he used them for different subjects—that is, the cold, or *frio*, for gypsies and beggar-boys; the warm, or *cálido*, for saints; and the vapory, or *vaporoso*, for religious subjects. But it is more intelligible to follow the usual method and speak of the different periods

when each manner seems to have ruled his work for the time.

The most important pictures of his first period were those of the Franciscan convent; but the studies of beggar-boys, which belonged to this time, are very celebrated works. It is a curious fact that not one of these treasures remains in Spain — though they are seen in galleries in various other countries of Europe. Nothing can be truer to nature than these pictures of Spanish boys; they are marvelous in design and execution. To this earliest period, also, belongs the portrait of the artist which is most admired; Murillo kept it as long as he lived, and it then remained in his family. It is now in the Louvre, and several engravings have been made from it; it is so painted that it appears to be drawn on one stone slab which rests on a second slab, on which Murillo's name is inscribed.

After the first period in his painting, Murillo's art was almost entirely devoted to the representations of religious subjects; he was the painter of the church as truly as Velasquez was the painter of the court; indeed, some writer has called Velasquez the painter of Earth, and Murillo of Heaven.

At the beginning of his second period, his fame was so great that he could not accept all the orders that were given him. Large, grand works were rapidly sent out from his studio, to be the pride of churches and convents. A remarkable work in his second, or "warm," style was "The Infant Christ appearing to St. Anthony of Padua." The Divine Child is represented as descending in a flood of glory, surrounded by a band of cherubs. The saint, who is kneeling, regards the vision with a rapturous expression and stretches his arms toward it. On a table at the side is a vase of white lilies, and we are told that birds have been known to peck at them as they did at the grapes painted by Zeuxis.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington offered the canons of the Seville cathedral as many gold pieces as could be laid upon the two hundred and twenty-five square feet of this picture, if they would sell it; it would amount to $240,000, but this did not tempt the chapter of the cathedral to part with their gem. In 1874, the figure of St. Anthony was cut out of this picture and brought to America. It was offered for sale to Mr. Schaus, of New York, by two men; he bought it for $250, and through the Spanish consul it was restored to Seville and replaced in the picture.

A picture of "St. Thomas of Villanueva distributing alms," now in the Museum of Seville, is thought by some to be the best work by Murillo; others prefer "*El Tinoso*," or "Queen Elizabeth (of Hungary) washing the head of a Leprous Boy." This is in the Academy of St. Fernando of Madrid. These titles give an idea of one kind of subject of which this great master painted many pictures. He received commissions for them from hospitals and religious brotherhoods that placed them where they would teach charity and good works to the hundreds who saw them. Few of these now remain in their original places, but they are the gems of the various galleries to which they now belong, that of Seville being richer than all others in the works of Murillo.

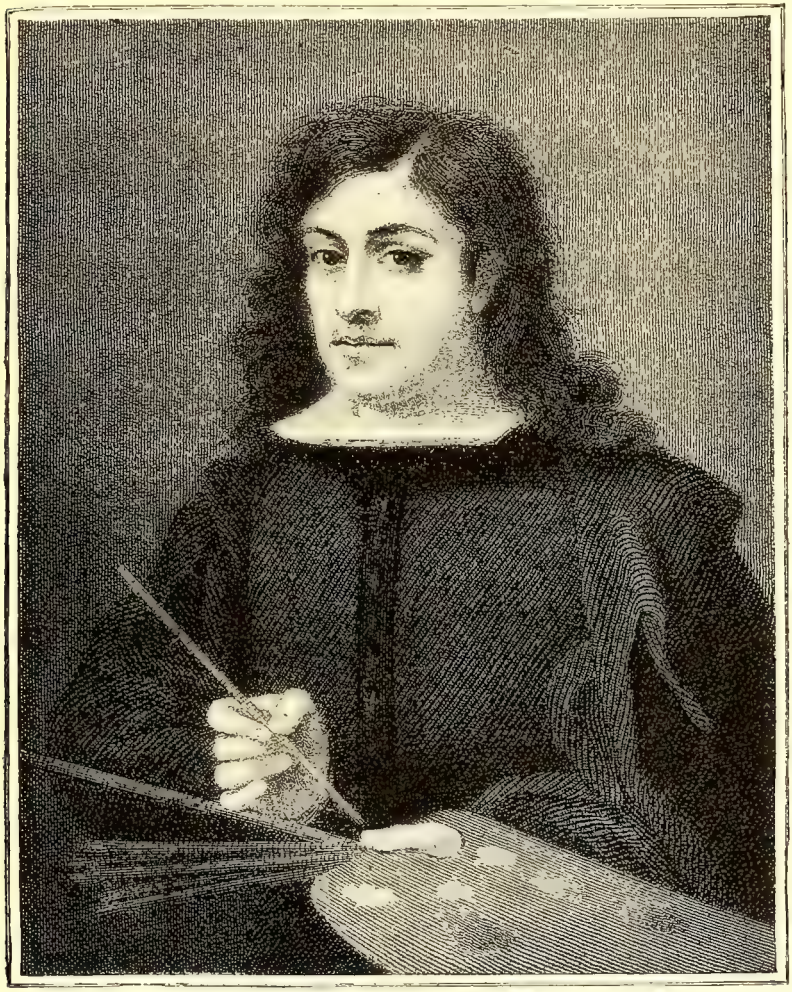
Murillo had always cherished a wish to have an Academy of Art in his native city, but one circumstance after another had made it impossible to establish one. In 1658, however, he had overcome the opposition which certain prominent artists had made to it, and was happy in seeing that before long his wishes would be realized. He used all his influence, and worked hard to make the necessary plans and arrangements, and on New Year's Day, 1660, when he was forty-two years old, the first class in this Academy met, Murillo being at its head. He remained in this responsible position two years, during which time a constitution had been adopted and such rules made as assured its success. From this time Murillo was less prominent in the Academy, but he never lost his interest in it, for through its aid he hoped that young artists would escape such hardships as he had suffered in his youth, and would be properly instructed in a worthy school.

We can not trace Murillo's work step by step. His fame became so great that an envoy was sent from Madrid to ask him to enter the royal service; he declined this honor, but some of his works had been sent to the capital and had there won for him the admiration of Italians as well as of his own countrymen. He was called a second Paul Veronese. During his later life he lived in much comfort in a beautiful house near the Moorish wall of the city, and not far from the church of Santa Cruz. This house is still preserved and can be visited by travelers; it was here that he died.

Murillo's life had always been pure and good; and in his later years he became very devout in his religion; he spent much time in prayer, and would often remain in church from midday to twilight,— forgetting all the outer world with its cares and labors. He was also very charitable, and gave away so much that when he died he had but seventy crowns in money. He painted his splendid pictures of saints and beggars to earn money to give to the living poor and worthy ones who were always about him. His life seemed to be a complete illustration of the words which were placed upon his tombstone, "Live as one who is about to die."

When we understand that this was his habit of

life and thought, we can see why the pictures that he painted during the last twelve years of his life helped so to make people religious, and seemed to be so full of the spirit of the subjects he painted. These great works were done for the Hospital of St. George, called La Caridad, and for the Capuchin church just beyond the walls of Seville. Even in the present time La Caridad is a great blessing to the poor. The inscription above its entrance says: "This house will stand as long as God shall be feared in it, and Jesus Christ be served in the persons of His poor. Whoever enters here must leave at the door both avarice and pride." There is still in the archives of this hospital an autograph letter from Murillo, in which he asks to be admitted a member of the brotherhood which bore the cares of this house.



MURILLO.—FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

The eight pictures he painted here include the noblest of his works. Three only of them remain in their places, the others having been stolen by Marshal Soult. Two of the three represent "Moses Striking the Rock" and the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes."

The pictures which were carried away were "The Queen Elizabeth washing the head of the Leprous Boy," "Abraham receiving the Angels," "The Prodigal's Return," "The Healing of the Paralytic," and "The Release of St. Peter." The "Queen Elizabeth," now in the Madrid Academy, shows that saintly sovereign in her crown and veil, surrounded by diseased beggars and the brilliant ladies of her court, who watch the queen while she cares for the suffering boy with her own hands. Few pictures in the world have been praised as this has been. It has been said that the boy is worthy of the brush of Paul Veronese, an old woman near by, of that of Velasquez, and the queen herself, of that of Vandyck. The next three works in the above list were sold by Marshal Soult to the Duke of Sutherland, and are now in Stafford House, London. "The Healing of the Paralytic" is also owned in London, and Soult received thirty-two thousand dollars for it.

When painting the pictures for the Capuchins, Murillo dwelt in their convent nearly three years, it is said, without once leaving it. He painted for these monks twenty pictures with life-size figures, and several smaller works. Seventeen of these are now in the Museum of Seville, for the monks had the wisdom to send their pictures to Cadiz for safe-keeping before the "Plunder-master-general of Napoleon," as Soult has been called, could reach

them. When the French wars were ended, the pictures were returned to Seville. I can not speak of them separately, but will say that the Madonna called "*La Virgen de la Servilleta*," or the Virgin of the Napkin, now in the Museum, has this pretty story connected with it. The legend is that the cook of the convent grew very fond of Murillo during his long service to the artist, and when the time came for them to be separated, the cook begged the painter for a keepsake. The painter said he had no canvas left; the cook quickly gave him a napkin and asked him to use that; with his usual good-nature, Murillo assented, and soon painted this picture, which is now one of the famous art treasures of the world. It is not large, and represents the Virgin with the Child Jesus, who leans forward, almost out of the picture, as if to welcome any one who approaches it. It has a brilliant color, and so affects one that it is not easy to turn away from it.

During the later years of his life Murillo painted many other important works, most of them in the *vaporoso* manner. He also painted two portraits of himself. One of these has a careworn, weary look; the other, in which he holds a crayon in one hand, and a drawing in the other, has a happier face.

Six years before his death Murillo saw his only daughter, Francesca, bid farewell to the world, and enter a convent. It is said that he had represented her face more than once in the pictures of the Madonna. His son Gaspar was a canon at Seville, and Gabriel, also a priest, had gone to America, where all traces of him were lost. Gabriel was a good painter, and imitated the style of his father, but made no reputation as an artist.

So it happened that in his last days Murillo was left alone with his art and his religion to a quiet, peaceful life, interrupted only by orders for new pictures, and occasional honorable reminders that his fame was growing greater and extending itself more and more. When his end came, he was employed on an altar-piece for the cathedral of Cadiz. While on a scaffolding, before this picture, he fell and so injured himself that he lived but a short time. He made his will, but grew worse so rapidly that he could not sign it, and he died in the arms of his friends, with his son Gaspar by his side.

His funeral was attended with great pomp. Two marquises and four knights bore his bier, and a procession of true mourners followed him to his grave. He had requested that he might be buried in a chapel of the church of Santa Cruz, beneath Campaña's picture of the "Descent from the Cross," a spot where in life he had often knelt to pray. The French destroyed this church, but the tablet which is placed in a wall near by points out the place of Murillo's burial. In the Plaza del Museo, near the gallery in which so many of his works now hang, the city of Seville has erected a stately bronze statue of Murillo.

It is a singular fact that both the church of Santa Cruz and that of San Juan, at Madrid, in which Velasquez was buried, should have been destroyed. From this coincidence we are led to think of the very many points of similarity in the characters and the lives of these two artists. Each had an admirable character, and each met the recognition which his virtues merited. Velasquez was much associated with royal personages and lived a life which made him prominent among men; but though Murillo put aside a court life by his own choice, he received many flattering acknowledgments of his genius, and was also much considered by those of high rank in the church — an equal honor in Spain with court prestige.

Another point of resemblance between these two great Spaniards was their desire to help others; for, to individuals and to all that led to the advancement of art, they were equally generous and unselfish. It chanced, singularly enough, that their two slaves and color-grinders became painters, and were treated with equal kindness by their owners. The slave of Velasquez was Juan de Pareja, a native of Spanish America. He secretly practiced painting, and on one occasion, when King Philip visited the studio of his master, Pareja showed the king a picture which he had finished, and throwing himself on his knees, begged his majesty's pardon for his audacity. Philip and Velasquez treated him with kindness, and gave him his freedom, but he served his master as long as he lived. The works of Pareja are not numerous; a few are seen in the Spanish galleries, and there is one in the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg.

The slave of Murillo was a mulatto, named Sebastian Gomez. He painted in secret until he ventured to finish a head which Murillo had sketched and left on his easel. An account of this incident has already appeared in ST. NICHOLAS.* The master did not resent this freedom, but was happy to have made Gomez an artist. The works of Gomez are full of faults, but their color is much like that of Murillo. He died soon after his master, and but few of his pictures are known.

As artists, Velasquez and Murillo each had a large following of personal friends, and exercised a great influence upon the art of their country. Another characteristic which they had in common was versatility of talents; for it is true of Murillo, as of Velasquez, that he painted all sorts of subjects, and his landscapes were inferior to those of

* See "Murillo's Mulatto," ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1881.

no Spanish painter except Velasquez himself. This variety in his art is in danger of being forgotten when we speak of Murillo, because his fame rests so largely upon his religious works. It is none the less true that the few portraits which he painted are above praise, and in England and other countries he was first famous for his beggar-boys and kindred subjects, painted in his early days and in his first manner.

The color of his pictures is remarkable, and his power of representing the beauty of childhood, youth, and womanhood gives him the same place among Spanish painters that Correggio holds among those of Italy. Perhaps, after all, the quality of Murillo which has gained the truest admiration for him is his ability to make the loftiest subjects plain to the uneducated mind. To sum up all, whether we regard him as an artist or as a man, we can use no words but those of praise.

ALONSO CANO.

THIS artist is sometimes called the "Michael Angelo of Spain," because he was an architect, sculptor, and painter. He was born at Granada in 1601, and died in 1667. He studied painting under Pacheco, Herrera the elder, and Castillo, the same masters who instructed Velasquez and Murillo. As a sculptor, Cano was the pupil of Montañes, a famous artist. His architectural work was principally confined to retables, or altar-screens, and these he finished with heavy ornamentation. Some fine architectural drawings from his hand are in the Louvre, and are simple and elegant in style.

His versatile talents secured him a high rank among artists, and his turbulent temper made others unwilling to interfere with him, as he hesitated at nothing when angry. In 1637, he fought a duel and fled to Madrid, where Velasquez treated him with great kindness. In 1644, Cano's wife was found murdered in her bed, and he was suspected of the crime; but though he was put to the torture, he made no confession, and was released as an innocent man. He still held his office as one of the painters of the king, was drawing-master to Don Carlos, and had employment on important works; but he decided to give up all these advantages and go to Granada. Here his fiery temper led him into more difficulties; but he was repeatedly employed by wealthy persons and by religious bodies, though he gave away so much money in charity that his purse was often empty. When this was the case, and he wished to do a kindness, he would go into a shop and beg for pen and paper; he would then make a drawing, and mark a price upon it; this he would give to the needy person, with directions as to where a purchaser could be found. Large numbers of these charitable art-works were collected after his death.

He was determined to be well paid for his work; and on one occasion when he had made an image for an auditor in chancery, in Granada, his price was disputed. Cano demanded one hundred doubloons. The auditor asked how much time had been spent in making the image; Cano replied:

"Some five and twenty days."

"Ah!" said the auditor, "you demand four doubloons a day."

"You are wrong," replied Cano; "for I have spent fifty years in learning to carve such an image in these few days."

"Very well," answered the auditor; "I have spent my life in fitting myself for a higher profession than yours, and now am satisfied if I get one doubloon a day."

At this Cano flew into a passion, exclaiming:

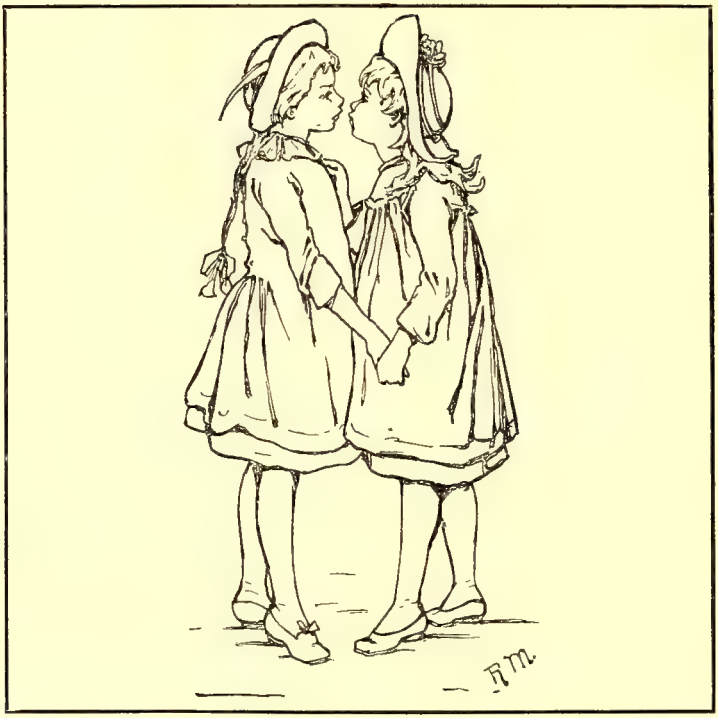
"A higher profession, indeed! The king can make judges out of the dust of the earth, but God alone can make an Alonso Cano!"

And he dashed the image upon the pavement, where it fell with such force that the auditor ran as fast as he could, fearing that Cano might throw him down next.

Cano loved sculpture better than painting, and when weary of his brush he often took up his chisel for rest.

Very little can be known of the sculpture of Cano except by going to Spain. It is very beautiful, and some of his work has been compared favorably with that of Benvenuto Cellini. His masterpiece in carving is in the sacristy of the cathedral of Granada, and is a statue of the Virgin, about a foot in height; but wherever his sculpture is seen in the churches of Spain it commands admiration.

There are portraits of Cano in the galleries of Madrid and in the Louvre. His pictures are not numerous, and are mostly in Spain, though a few which were carried off by Soult are seen in other countries. One of his latest works was a Madonna, which now hangs in a chapel of the cathedral of Seville, and is lighted only by votive tapers. It is finished with great care and is a worthy crown to the many labors of his stormy but benevolent life.



"MAKING UP."

CIRCE'S AUCTION.

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER,
Author of "His Majesty Myself," etc.

[BY the ransom and disenchantment of the juvenile victims, this little "miracle-play" may be made the means, at sociables or church fairs, of raising money for whatever happens to be the object in hand. And as the half-dozen ransoms here arranged, if made by individuals, can scarcely result in any considerable amount, the returns and the fun may be considerably increased by allowing the spectators to make "clubs" or combinations to raise the amount of ransom demanded by *Circe* for each victim of her spells. *Circe*, in every case, may state the sum she must have,—to be devoted to some definite object,—and the friends or admirers of each victim can canvass for the same, thus creating mingled amusement and profit.]

The costuming can be left entirely to the taste or discretion of those in charge. Costume always improves a performance; but in such a one as this, much may, of course, be left to the imagination. Posture and pantomime frequently make up for the deficiencies of toilet. Masks representing the head of nearly every animal mentioned are easily procured, and appropriate drapery can supply the rest. The disguises, when dropped, can be laid at *Circe's* feet.

Open stage. Scene—a forest or grassy plain. CIRCE, in old Grecian costume, comes forward, wand in hand.

CIRCE. My name is CIRCE, and the foam
Of ocean breaks about my home.
An island 't is, Ægea named,
And all around the world I 'm famed
For turning people—never doubt!
And by a touch, sirs—inside out.
Now this explains it:
How do we know the folks we meet?
It is not by their hands, or feet,
Or eyes, or nose, or ears, or hair,
Complexion dark, or red, or fair.
No, 't is by what each person is—
Their character, both hers and his—
The vain, the mean, the good, the proud,

The cross, the sweet, the low, the loud,
The sorrowful, the full of fun,
The stingy or the generous one.
Now there remains it
This to add: when least expected,
Each sort of person is reflected,
As in a mirror, by some thing
Which creeps, or crawls, or flies on wing—
By dog or fox, by snake or deer,
By mouse, or frog, or chanticleer.
Some are exactly like an ox,
Some are twin brother to the fox;
Some look like mice, some like the cat,
Some have the features of a rat.
You see a man who 's harsh and rough,
Forever growling, "Sure enough!"
You cry, "They are a perfect pair;
This gruff Sir Surly and a *bear*—
And each to each so seems to suit;
'T is hard to tell, if you 're put to 't,
Which is the man and which the brute."

Now, I 'm a sorceress, 't is true,
Yet this, in truth, is all I do:
Whenever boy or girl I find
With character too deeply lined,
To something wrong too much inclined,
I change them by a sudden touch
(The change does not amount to much)
Into such of the forest host
As that one doth resemble most;
And with me now I bring a few,
To show you, sirs, what I can do.

Scene opens, and discovers a group of those thus transformed into peacocks, frogs, owls, foxes, swine, roosters, rabbits, lions, parrots, snakes, magpies, etc., etc.

[A PEACOCK comes forward and speaks.

Behold in me a little girl, and guess
What was my fault? — too great a love of dress!
Instead of art, and decorating vases,
Music or French, I worshiped frills and laces,
Rings, charms, and bangles, more than girlish graces.
My study was to catch the latest fashion,
And style and fit were my absorbing passion.
No other thought had I, until — Oh, mercy! —
One day I found that into *this* by Circe
Was I transformed. "Since that is all you care for,"
Dame Circe said,—"Mere outward show,—why, therefore,
A peacock be, and learn, my lassie, whether
The joy you seek lies all in dye and feather!"
Release me, O my friends! and I will never
Devote myself again to dress forever!

[Walks up and down, displaying her feathers.

I certainly am very grand. Observe
How gorgeously my splendid colors serve
To call attention to each rainbow curve;
And yet (boo-hoo!), how awfully absurd
To be (boo-hoo!) at best a horrid bird!

[While she walks to and fro, CIRCE comes forward, and says:

Since, then, Miss Peacock has a lesson learned,
She has, I think, by sad experience earned
Change to her former self — from false to true;
And so, friends all, this chance I offer you.
If, for love of the cause, there is any one here,
Or any to whom this poor peacock is dear,
Or a madam or miss, who, while trembling for fear,
Says, "Bless me! for this very thing who can say,
To a peacock *I*, too, may be turned any day,"
If there 's such a one here who will handsomely pay
For a touch of my wand, why, then, lo and behold!
Miss Peacock 's a lassie again, as of old.

[The ransom being duly paid, CIRCE touches the fowl with her wand, saying:

By the power which can constrain
Dust to flowers, and dust again,
Wiser than you were before,
Be a darling girl once more!

[The PEACOCK drops her disguise at CIRCE'S feet, exclaiming:

On your head rain richest blessing!
I have done with foolish dressing!

[A MONKEY skips forward, and says:

There 's many a thing which people care for:
Some love dress and some love honey,
Some love pleasure, some love money;
The only thing on earth *I* cared for
Was to be funny.
Now fun is good; but then, please hark ye,
Too much even of fun there may be.
A boy 's a boy, but not a baby.
Now that was my defect, for, mark ye,
I was a gaby —
That is, I was forever joking.
I felt that I would surely die, sir,
If, at least, I did not try, sir,
A laugh provoking
By puns, jeers, cranks, or broad grimaces,
Quips, shrugs, contortions, gesture,
In every way to test your
Solemnity of faces.
When, lo! Dame Circe touched me, saying:
"Be Punch 's flunky;

Go on forever playing,
And *be* a monkey!"
You see, dear friends, my sad condition,—
Ape, baboon, and chimpanzee,—
A worse ye surely may not see;
In view of such profound contrition
Will not some friend my ransom be,
And take me from this sad position?

[The ransom is paid as before, and CIRCE touches the MONKEY with her wand, saying:

By the power which can constrain
Showers to seas and seas to rain,
Wiser than you were before,
Be a happy boy once more!

[The MONKEY throws off his disguise, exclaiming:

On your head be benedictions!
I am through with contradictions—
Half a boy, and half a jack.
From this hour I will not lack
Manly sense, and, with my fun,
Still be steady as the sun.

[An OWL comes forward.

If you think because I 'm wise
I am in this horrid guise,
You 're mistaken. Would you think,
As I sit here,—blink, blink, blink,—
Once a little girl I was?
Changed to this, alas! because,
When I could not have my way,
I would go aside and stay
In some corner, very mad,
Sulky, silent, glum, and sad,
Hateful as a little lout—
Doing naught but pout, and pout.
While the more they begged and plead,
I was blue and dull as lead.
Till one day, said Mrs. Circe:
"Well! poor child, 't would be a mercy,
Since you wear that wicked scowl,
Just to make you all an owl!"
Now you see what she has done,—
In good earnest I *am* one!
How—to-whoo, to-whoo, to-whit!—
Of this form can I be quit?
Whom—to-whit, to-whit, to-whoo!—
Shall I owe my rescue to?
Oh! release me, please, and I
Will be—yes, I 'll truly try—
Sweetest girl beneath the sky.

[The ransom is paid, and CIRCE touches the OWL with her wand, saying:

By the power which can constrain
Flowers to frost and back again,
Wiser than you were before,
Be a darling girl once more!

[The OWL throws off her disguise, exclaiming:

On your head be blessings ever!
Owl again will I be never.
Of all joyous girls the queen,
Brighter child shall not be seen!

[A FROG comes forward and speaks.

There was an old woman, and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.
Not an old woman, Oh, no, sir, I 'm not;
Nor even a girl. A boy am I.
Like corn in a shovel when heated red-hot,—
The why and the wherefore, I can not tell what,—
But I never am still while a moment goes by.
I sit, and I stand, run, tumble, and jump,
Head foremost down-stairs, with many a bump.
Leap, wriggle, and hop,—north, east, west, and south,—
Till people exclaim, with a shriek and a thrill,
"What was that? Goodness gracious! My heart 's in my mouth!
Oh, can't you, oh, can't you, oh, *can't* you keep still!"
Had Dame Circe but made me a snail or a clam,
In my shell I could hide; but just see what I am!
I would not have cared had it been, say, a dog;
But oh, the disgrace, sir, of being a frog!
I can not sit still, not a bit can I stop—
But forever and ever go hoppety hop!
Oh, help me, please—somebody; help, for I dread
If I hop on much longer, I 'll hop myself dead!
Restore me, restore me, and call me a dunce
If I learn not, at least, to be quiet for once.

[Continues to hop about with despairing gestures of entreaty. The ransom paid, CIRCE comes forward, touches him with her wand, and says:

By the power which can constrain
Pain to joy, and back again,
Wiser than you were before,
Be an earnest boy once more!

[FROG throws off his disguise, exclaiming:

Thank you kindly, friends. Behold me!
Now no more shall people scold me,
From henceforth I 'll sit quite still—
Sure as you 're alive, I will!

No more frogs for me, I thank you.
Frogs, henceforth I will outrank you;
If enchantment still is legal,
Let me, Circe, be an eagle.

[A PIG runs forward with importunate grunts:

Stop! please stop! don't leave me out
Just for this degrading snout;
The more my hoofs you do despise,
These hairy ears, these greedy eyes,
So much the more, oh, heed my cries!
And rid me of this swinish guise.
Your heart is neither stone nor steel,
Then listen to my piteous squeal.
I was *not* greedy. Hear me state
How very few the things I ate:
Four slices were the most that I
Demanded of a cake or pie;
Beyond six saucers of ice-cream—
That is, at once—I 'd never dream.
Or, when my appetite is fickle,
Two plates of chow-chow or of pickle;
A pan of doughnuts, say some twenty
Of figs or cookies, are a plenty;
A peck or so of ginger-snaps;
A quart of pea-nuts as it haps.
I 'm never helped to pudding thrice—
That is, unless it 's very nice;
The float and jelly never count.
Nuts? raisins?—they to naught amount.
Release me, and I 'll never eat
Oatmeal or gruel, bread or meat,
Nor anything except what 's sweet.

[CIRCE comes forward and speaks:

To you, Sir Pig, no change I fetch;
I leave you to yourself—poor wretch!
I wrong you not: your nature 's such
You are beyond my feeble touch.
Your only change, as you grow big:—
To be so much the more a pig!

The PIG runs grunting back, and a LITTLE GIRL, changed into a sparrow, hops forward.

Tweet-y-tweet, and twitter, twitter!
Oh, my doom is really bitter!
Though I 'm nothing but a sparrow,
Dreading boys with bow and arrow.
Once I was a girl like you, dear,
And—oh! what then did I do, dear?
Nothing—only—simply this—
I could never gossip miss.
On the street and at the table,
Tittle tattle, fact and fable,—
Circe said made such a Babel
With my chatter, chatter, chatter,
And my everlasting clatter
Over every little matter—
Peep, peep, peep! and tweet, tweet, tweet!
Whomsoever I did meet—
That she changed me to a sparrow
Does it not your bosoms harrow?
Curdle, friends, your very marrow?
Since it makes you weep, I pray you,
Since my woe must sore dismay you,
Hasten!—Neither stop nor stay you,
Till you rid me altogether
Of this horrid beak and feather.
Free me, and no more I gabble.
Talk, of course, but never babble.
Laugh in glee, but never titter,
Be what to a girl is fitter.
Please release me—twitter, twitter!

[Breaks from her disguise as she sees the ransom paid, and follows the sway of CIRCE'S wand, and stands forth as a lovely little girl once more.

Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear friends;
Here my woful bondage ends;
This for all my grief amends.
High in air let sparrows soar,
I 'm a little girl once more.

[Other transformations may be arranged as may appear fit or desirable, and then CIRCE steps to the front.

CIRCE.

Thus it is that Circe tries you,
Thus in form can she disguise you—
Ever since the long ago,
When Ulysses' folks, you know,
She transformed to grunting swine,
As you 've read in Homer's line.
Every boy or girl she turns,
For deliverance quickly yearns.
But the power which can constrain
Hurt to health and back again,
Can not change their natures till
Each one helps by worth or will.
When in nature and in heart,
From their hated robes they part,
Then their false disguises all
At Dame Circe's bidding fall
At her feet, unused to lie,
Till still other children try
To degrade their natures, when
Circe charms them on again.
For the happiness you 've made,
For the ransoms you have paid,
Circe thanks you with delight—
Bids you, each and all, Good-night!

THE WINDMILL.



SAID a hazy little, mazy little, lazy little boy:
"To see the windmill working so must every one annoy;
It can be stopped, I'm sure it can, and so I'd like to know,
What in the world can ever make a windmill want to go?"



Said a quizzy little, frizzy little, busy little girl:
"What can be more delightful than to see a windmill whirl?
It loves to go, I'm sure it does, and hates to hang ker-flop;
Now, what on earth can ever make a windmill want to stop?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my Valentines! There is so much to say to you this month that I hardly know where to begin. I *did* intend to show you some letters about the Golden Horn, but Deacon Green says the Golden Horn will "keep" (I should think so; it has kept some hundreds of years already!), and so we will save that subject for March. Meantime, here is something about

THE SEA AS A POSTMAN.

YOU, all, will be interested in this letter from two young Chicago friends:

LAST JUNE we were going to Havre on the steamer "St. Laurent." I had read "The Castaways," by Jules Verne, and we thought we would write a letter, too, and throw it overboard. So we wrote one, and asked whoever found it to please write and tell us when and where he picked it up. Then we put it into a bottle, which we corked and sealed with sealing-wax, and threw into the ocean two days before we arrived at Havre, June 13, 1884. We returned home the 27th of August, and on the 6th of November we received a letter from a man saying that he had found the bottle on the shore of Tralee Bay, County Kerry, Ireland, on the 1st of September, 1884.

Papa wrote to the man, to thank him, and he came and brought back the letters, which he had brought with him to this country. They were stained and partly rubbed out on account of the wine left in the bottle. It had been out eighty-one days, and been carried over two hundred miles. Yours truly, E. AND E. MCC.

A PAIR OF GROSBEAKS.

THERE are bird watchers and bird teasers. This little Baltimore boy is a bird watcher of the right kind, you may be sure.

BALTIMORE, December 1, 1884.

DEAR JACK: I thought I would write you a little letter on the cardinal grosbeak. I saw a pair of these birds once fly to a tall cedar-tree, each with a straw in its beak, and after a while they came out again and flew to the woods, and came back again to the tree; and I knew then that they were building a nest. I did not disturb them, but in about two weeks I went back again to the tree and found a nest with two eggs in it. Although the books say that the cardinal grosbeak is of a bright vermilion red, the color of *these* birds was a dusky red with a black stripe under the eye, and they had a crest on the top of their head; their bills were thick and strong. The color of the egg is a bluish-white, spotted amber brown, more thickly toward the large end; and sometimes the egg is almost covered with brown. The length of the birds I saw was about seven inches. Yours truly, EDWIN L. T.

The Little School-ma'am tells me that many of these beautiful birds have been carried to Europe, and that in England they are called Virginia nightingales, on account of their clear and musical notes.

Look out for them, my young Southern friends. They are not merely pleasant-day birds. The wetter and gloomier the weather, the livelier their song; and that reminds me of the dear Little School-ma'am, bless her cheery heart!

Well, it 's a free country. We all may copy this little trait of the cardinal grosbeak, if we feel like doing so.

WHO CAN ANSWER?

EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS, Sept. 29, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS answer me this question? How and when did our forefathers receive their surnames? Suppose our great-grandfather was a Mr. Brown, his father was a Mr. Brown, and, of course, *his* father was a Mr. Brown, and so on back to Adam and Eve. Now, please tell me how so many families received their surname.

Your faithful reader, HAZEL MCC.

PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

HERE is a terse, practical letter sent by a little friend in answer to G. M. B.'s November question — "Do Ants Bury their Dead?"

SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO, Dec. 12, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have tried it, to see if it would come true. I took a dead ant and put it in front of a living ant; it took it and carried it into the hole. H. B.

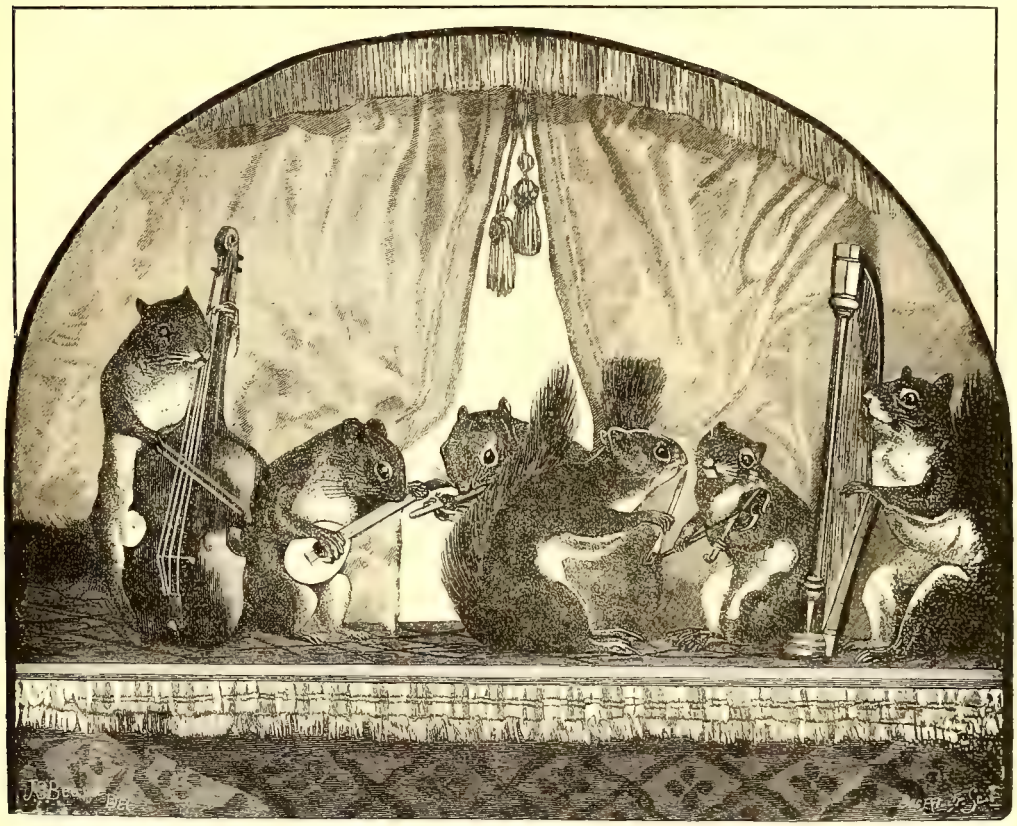
But still the doubt remains. Was it an honorable burial, H. B., or was there afterward a feast in the ants' home too dreadful to contemplate?

A SQUIRREL ORCHESTRA.

DEACON GREEN once went to a grand show of birds and various animals. The birds sat on green boughs, or upon dry, mossy stumps, and the animals stood around, looking, so the Deacon said, as if each one owned the show. But for my part I suspect they did not feel anything like that at all; — it is only the Deacon's pleasant way of putting it, for these birds and animals were stuffed, and if anything on earth can feel meaner than a stuffed animal, I 'd like to know it. Still, the Deacon insists that he saw some who really seemed to be enjoying themselves. These were a half dozen squirrels arranged in a group, and each holding a

musical instrument, upon which he appeared to be playing. Dear, dear,— what a doleful thing! Oh, no!—I forget—the Deacon said it was quite lively! Here is a picture of the scene, drawn by an artist who knows every animal by heart Well, well, look at the harpist! and the banjo-boy! and the one with the great fiddle; and the middle one playing the flute! I suppose I ought to be delighted, but I am not, and if a taxidermist, as animal-stuffers are called, ever comes my way, I 'll give him a piece of my mind, or my name is n't Jack. The Deacon tells me that taxidermy, or animal-stuffing, is really a very useful art. When you think the matter out for yourselves, you possibly will find that the Deacon is right,— but I am only a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and I feel like saying to these spurious stuffed squirrels what a live one once said to the mountain:

"Neither can you crack a nut."



A SQUIRREL ORCHESTRA.

A LONG FREEZE.

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR JACK: My brother and I read in our paper last night about a tortoise that became inclosed in a solid block of ice last winter. He was cut out of his cold prison in the spring, and, after a brief exposure to the sun, he revived, and actually began to move about, alive and as well as ever. Papa says that this undoubtedly is a true story, for he has known of similar instances.

A FAITHFUL READER.

This tortoise was rather severely punished for being too slow in his movements, but he certainly was more fortunate than the poor whale of which you read in the December ST. NICHOLAS.

A HERRING FEAST.

TALKING of whales, Deacon Green tells me that a party of fishermen lately witnessed a strange sight at Cape Flattery, which, as you all undoubtedly know, juts into the Pacific from Washington Territory. A school of about thirty or forty large whales, says the Deacon, some of them 100 feet long, were having a herring feast. The little herrings, which were there in great numbers, became easy victims to the whales. The huge creatures, after plunging deep into the sea, would come up under the herrings, open-mouthed, swallowing their victims by the hundreds.

Poor little herrings! But for the cruel monsters that thus persecuted them, they might be living to this day, happily eating all the still smaller fish that might come in their way!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"OLD SUBSCRIBER": The Spinning-wheel Stories are not supposed to have been written many years ago, but the occurrences narrated are supposed to have taken place many years ago.

IT should have been stated in the Table of Contents of the December number that the picture illustrating Mr. Douglass's verses, "A Dear Little School-ma'am," was drawn by Mr. D. Clinton Peters.

THE portrait of Murillo on page 305 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS is reprinted from *The Magazine of American History* by kind permission of its editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.

BY a misprint, the name of the author of the "Pop-corn Dance," printed on page 149 of our December number, appears in the Table of Contents as James C. Jackson. It should have been J. C. Johnson.

"S. Hen and Chickens": It is not necessary to fill out every item in the answers.

THE LETTER-BOX.

A FRIENDLY correspondent sends us the following true incident, which will be sure to amuse our readers:

Little E——, a small boy recently emancipated from kilts, walked into the nursery one morning, and was quite disgusted upon finding it had not been put in order for the day (one of the rules of the house being that no playthings should be brought out until the sweeping was done). He left the room for a short time, and finding matters no better upon his return, exclaimed impatiently: "Well! has n't this room been sweeped yet?" "Why, E——," said his mother, "do you think that is good grammar?" "Oh, well, then," said he, "has it been *swopen?*"

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., November 18, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a little letter, and tell you that I like you so much that I do not know how I could get along without you. I have learned a great many things from your delightful pages. Your book is instructive, as well as entertaining and amusing. A little boy goes to our school who also takes ST. NICHOLAS. His grandmother teaches our department. I get poetry from the pages of ST. NICHOLAS to recite to her every Friday evening, and she likes it very much.

I am eagerly looking forward to the coming of the December number of ST. NICHOLAS, for it is always crammed full of good things, just like old Santa Claus's pockets; and I have come to look upon it as an important part of Christmas.

Your little reader, ETHEL M. S.

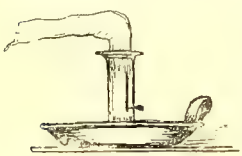
HARRISBURG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for two years, and like you very much. My greatest pleasure is to read the "Art" stories, and the puzzles. I have just read Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's story, and have started to work again. There is no chapter of the Agassiz Association in our neighborhood, and so I content myself by keeping collections of my own, and now I must say good-bye and not take any more of your valuable space. Yours truly,

"THE KID."

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just let me tell you something I thought very funny. In our kitchen there is a shelf about three feet above the stove. On it there stood a candle, and when looking at it to-day, I found that the heat had drawn it down to this position. I never saw anything like that before, and it surprised and amused me. Like some other persons, I grow older every day; but I do not think I shall ever grow too old for you to come here every month and make your welcome visit. When I said I grow older like *some* people, I had in my mind's eye some who either grow one year in every five, do not grow at all, or else grow younger.



Yours truly, HARRY B. S. (14½ yrs).

ST. JOSEPH, LA., October, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written you three letters, none of which I have had the pleasure of seeing in print; but (being of those who "never say die") I shall try again. I have something to tell you that I thought touching. I once had a beautiful cat; she was named "Jet," and one day she (for the first and last time) found herself the happy mother of five lovely kittens, and when the kits were a month old, one morning Jet brought one of them and laid it at mamma's feet and sat mewing, till she took it in her lap; then, after one more look at "kittie," she went out as if satisfied, and presently returned with another and went through the same maneuver, until mamma had all the kittens. Then she, Jet, jumped up too, and after licking all five, she put her forepaws on mamma's shoulder and softly rubbed her head up and down her cheek, and then ran out of the room; when we saw her again, ten minutes after, she was lying in her babies' old bed,— dead. Good-bye.

From your loving reader, MOINA M. S.

LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO, October 13, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I live out West here, and I suppose it may almost be called out of the world. Some of us have formed a club to stop using slang. When we say a slang word, we drive a nail in a post, and if we say a sentence without a slang word, we take a nail out of the post. I have not much time to write this time.

Your affectionate reader, AGNES M.

HERE are some verses written and illustrated by a little girl:



In a silver cradle rocking
There lies a baby fair,
Smiling and dimpled and happy,
With long, soft, golden hair.

But now a strange thing happened,—
Happened very soon;
The cradle that held the baby
Became a "gold balloon."

Baby became a jolly man,
And sailed the gold balloon;
And children looking upward cried:
'See the man in the moon."

WYNNIE KENNEDY.

OMAHA, NEB., 1884.



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-SIXTH REPORT.

MIDWINTER is not commonly considered to be the most favorable time for beginning the study of Nature, yet the following list of newly formed Chapters is longer than any we have been able to report for several months. In fact, it is now precisely the time to form Chapters, so that the organization may be perfected, the room and cabinet secured, and everything arranged for the reception and study of the first flowers and insects of the Spring.

While the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION seeks no notoriety, but prefers to do its quiet work in a quiet way, it is nevertheless pleasant and encouraging to feel that it often is recognized as useful by those whose approval is most desirable and whose judgment must command respect.

That the members of our 754 Chapters may share with us this satisfaction, we shall quote a few paragraphs for the quickening of their zeal.

The *Critic* says: "This good work is not only instructing children in practical things, but is teaching them to find their amusement in wise and simple ways. The good it is doing is incalculable, and we heartily wish it God-speed."

The *Boston Advertiser* says: "Such an association as the A. A. should organize local branches with schools, public and private, wherever their influence can reach."

The next is from the *Dial:*

"The career of the 'Agassiz Association' is full of interest. Its object was the study of Natural History, and its work was so pleasant and profitable that in 1880 the president published in the 'ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE' an invitation to the young people all over the United States to form classes or local 'chapters,' bearing the name and having the purposes of the original society. Within three years and a half, more than seven thousand students, young and old, were poring over the pages of Nature in accordance with a systematic plan. * * * By uniting so many thousands of young people in one common healthful and beneficent occupation, he has set in train a multitude of saving, joyous influences, which will affect them to the end of their lives. Happy are the children who are enrolled as members of the 'Agassiz Association.'"

We quote from *Science:* "The benefit accruing to science from the humble work of those who endeavor faithfully to popularize its teachings is not always recognized by the investigator. Yet such work is worthy of no doubtful recognition. An excellent example, perhaps second to none in this country for its success and beneficial results, is the founding and conduct of the 'Agassiz Association.'

The conductors of this enterprise have done something permanent and effectual toward spreading a taste for self-culture in an almost new sense, as far as the majority of the people are concerned. They have taught thousands how to work with whatever means were at hand, not only for their own intellectual improvement, but for that of their children and neighbors. This must eventually affect the curriculum of the public schools through the creation of a demand for better and more natural methods of instruction."

The *Herald and Presbyter* says: "Agassiz has been honored by the Society."

Nature, the leading scientific magazine of England, in a long and friendly review of our work, says that our method "should be of much utility to those who desire to train up the young with a love for Nature, and a desire to study her products and ways." It adds that the history of the A. A., on the whole, is "a very gratifying story of successful and voluntary effort."

Our good friends need have no fear that their kind encouragement will have any other effect than to lead us, in all humility, to devote still more anxious thought to our work, that the A. A. may become more and more worthy of their favor. By ourselves we can do little, but if all who are interested in this method of education will continue to extend their generous aid, we believe that in a few years our Association may attain to a degree of usefulness toward which it has, as yet, taken but a few halting steps.

By way of further encouragement, we print the following voluntary offer of assistance from Professor Thomas Egleston, of the School of Mines, Columbia College, New York:

"MR. H. H. BALLARD.

"*My Dear Sir:* In the last number of *Science*, I find a notice of the 'Agassiz Association,' about which I was very much interested in the spring, when you described its work to me, and had intended to write to you, but my illness and the pressure of other things while I was in Europe drove it out of my memory.

"It occurred to me then, and seems to me now, that I might perhaps be of use and help your Association very much by exchange of minerals.

"We have at the School of Mines a very large number of duplicates. I am not at liberty to give them away, but I can exchange them for other minerals, and should be very glad indeed to do so.

"Among our duplicates are many species, some of which are rare, others more common. If I could, in this way or any other, help the Association, I should be glad.

"Yours truly, "THOMAS EGLESTON."

[*Prof. Egleston's offer will be widely accepted, and may undoubtedly be construed to include a willingness to aid students in the determination of specimens, provided the rules for such correspondence, as detailed in the "Hand-book," be strictly observed.*]

CAN WE HAVE A CHEMIST?

ON the list of the scientists, whose assistance is one of the most valuable advantages of the A. A., no chemist's name appears, and some of our members write that "we *do* wish there were some one to whom we might feel at liberty to refer our puzzling questions in the study of chemistry." Should this appeal fall under the benevolent eye of some philanthropic chemist, we are confident that he will volunteer his services to aid the rising generation.

And, by the way, will not some scientific friend suggest a simple course of observations in mineralogy (or any other science) that our young friends can pursue at home, with such occasional direction as he may have time and disposition to give by mail?

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
731	Baird's Mills, Tenn. (A)	4	Harry P. Bond.
732	Brookline, Mass. (B)	20	Miss Bessie P. Noyes.
733	Detroit, Mich. (D)	5	W. A. Johnson, 70 Fort Street, W.
734	Detroit, Mich. (E)	14	Frank Van Tuyl, 136 Selden Avenue.
735	New York, N. Y. (R)	8	Miss Jessie Andresen, 109 W. 43d Street.
736	Gilman, Ill. (A)	5	Willie Crooks.
737	Polo, Ill. (A)	4	Henri N. Barber.
738	Mt. Gilead, O. (A)	11	F. B. McMillin.
739	Ledyard, Conn. (A)	7	Edwin Gray.
740	New York, N. Y. (S)	6	H. P. Beach, 2039 7th Avenue.
741	Meadville, Pa. (C)	6	Ward Sackett.
742	Jefferson, O. (B)	4	A. E. Warren.
743	Detroit, Mich. (F)	30	Geo. P. Codd (High School).
744	E. Providence Centre (A)	15	S. W. Bridgham.
745	Carlisle, Pa. (A)	8	S. W. Haverstick, Box 522.
746	Helena, Montana (A)	10	S. H. Hefner, Box 566.
747	Lexington, Ill. (A)	4	W. B. Merrill, Box 213.
748	Wilmington, Del. (D)	11	Miss Anna V. Swift, 1309 Del. Avenue.
749	Philadelphia, Pa. (C)	6	A. W. Billstein, 627 N. 6th.
750	Sioux Falls, Dakota (A)	10	Sioux K. Grigsby.
751	Plymouth, N. H. (A)	6	Wm. P. Ladd (Holderness School).
752	Cincinnati, O. (C)	5	Miss Nellie Furness, 582 McMillan Street.
753	Springfield, Mass. (A)	4	Harry A. Wright, 54 Bowdoin Street.
754	Paxton, Mass.	4	F. L. Bill.

COMBINED.

679 De Pere, Wis. (E), *has joined* 148, De Pere, Wis. (B).
630 New York, N. Y. (Q), *has joined* 87, New York (B).
373 Beverly, N. J. (B), *has joined* 372, Beverly, N. J. (A).

DISSOLVED.

665 So. Framingham, Mass. 4 W. E. Harding.
104 Jackson, Mich. (B) 4 Mrs. Noah Gridley.
367 Boston, Mass. (C) 6 Miss Annie Darling.

REORGANIZED.

331 New Orleans, La. (A) 4 Percy L. Benedict, 1243 St. Charles Street.

EXCHANGES.

Galena lead ore, for sand from the shore of any lake except Lake Michigan.— Ephie Klots, Sec. A. A., Bloomington, Illinois.

Fine gold, silver, and iron ores.— E. Y. Gibson, Jackson, Mich.

Butterflies, moths, and cocoons, for same.— Malcolm MacLean, 417 Washington Street, Wilmington, Del.

A collection of three hundred and fifty shells, one hundred species, all labeled, for rare minerals, lepidoptera, or ten dollars cash.— E. Hamilton, 96 Fountain Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Minerals and fossils, mounted insects, mounted objects for the microscope. Also wanted, correspondence in West and South-west. — E. P. Boynton, Sec. Ch. 64, 303 3d Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Lepidoptera and Coleoptera. Write first.— G. M. Edwards, 1205 Dorchester Street, Montreal, Canada.

Iceland spar, asphaltum, geodes, agates, salt crystals, oolitic sand, and thirty other labeled minerals, for fossils and minerals.— Arthur G. Leonard, Salt Lake City, Utah, Box 1086.

My collection of insects for exchange is exhausted. To any one that has not received the promised box of insects, I will either send back the stamps or a collection of eight species of beautiful mosses. — E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota.

Mica crystals and star-fishes, for Florida moss, sponges, or sea-beans.— Miss Lunette E. Lamprey, Concord, N. H.

Samia cynthia cocoons, for those of Luna and Maia. Other offers of Pupæ and Coleoptera entertained.— A. C. Weeks, Counselor-at-law, 120 Broadway, New York.

Orange-blossoms and leaves, pieces of the banana or leaves, Spanish long moss, Mississippi river sand, cotton in pod, alligators' teeth, and leaves ot the Japan plum, *for bird-skins.*— Percy S. Benedict, Sec. 331, 1243 St. Charles Street, New Orleans, La.

Minerals and cocoons of Polyphemus, for cocoons of Atacus Cynthia and Attacus Luna.— Wm. P. Cook, Ashland Avenue and Fuller Street, Chicago.

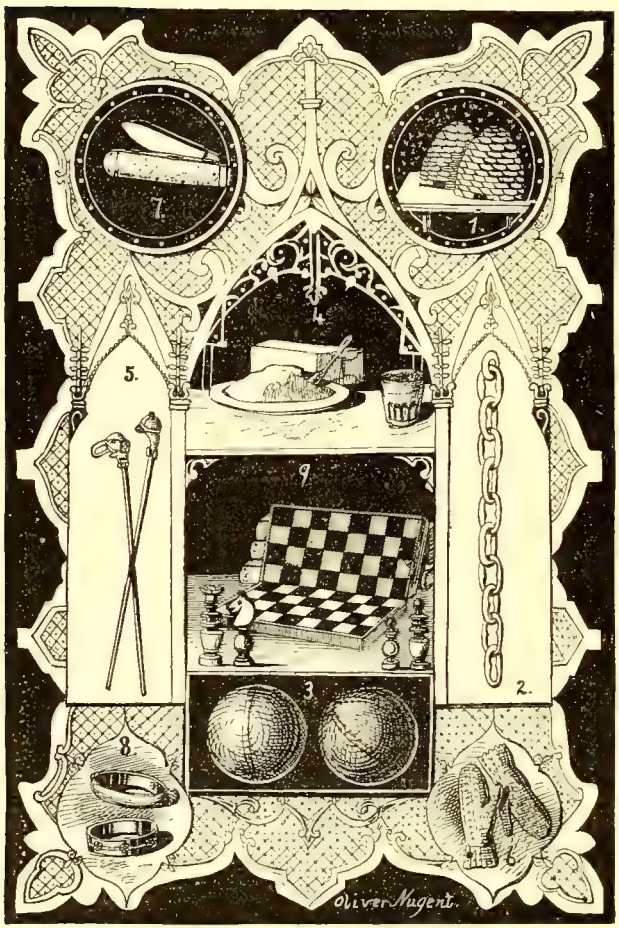
Eggs blown through one side hole, for same.—J. G. Parker Jr., 3529 Grand Boulevard, Chicago.

Trap rock, Concord granite, quartz crystals, jasper, iron ore, fossils, etc., for minerals. Write first.— Brian C. Roberts, 107 N. State Street, Concord, N. H.

REPORTS.

714, Concord, N. H. (B). Our Chapter has thirty-two members. Our address is 107 N. State Street, instead of 76 Rumford, as last December. We have talked about fleshy fruits. The berry is fleshy throughout. The pepo is fleshy within, but has a hard rind. The melon is a pepo. The apple is a pome. It grows from a compound pistil, which forms the seed-cells, and the calyx grows thick around it and forms the part that we eat.— Brian C. Roberts, Sec.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



A FEBRUARY PUZZLE.

EACH of the nine small pictures may be described by a word of five letters. When the words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a familiar object.

MONUMENT PUZZLE.

3

1 5

4 6

FROM 1 to 2, a testator; from 3 to 4, named for an appointment or an office; from 5 to 6, softens in temper.

Cross-words: 1. A consonant. 2. A wand. 3. To delay. 4. To cut off or suppress, as a syllable. 5. Mercenary. 6. An effigy. 7. The chief of the fallen angels. 8. Open to view. 9. Is conveyed.

"ALCIBIADES."

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Extensive. 2. A kind of musical composition. 3. To enrich. 4. To reverence. 5. A citadel.

MABEL T.

CHARADE.

My *first* asserts your power to do;
My *second*, that you 've done it;
Pray be my *whole*, and tell me now
The answer, if you 've won it.

"MYRTLE."

AN "AGED" PUZZLE.

EXAMPLE: The age of watching. Answer, espionage. The age of weakness. Answer, dotage.

1. The age of learning. 2. The age of servitude. 3. The age of method. 4. The age of submission. 5. The age of favors. 6. The age of commissions. 7. The age of examination. 8. The age of security. 9. The age of thievery. 10. The age of equality. 11. The age of cultivation. 12. The age of diminution. 13. The age of reproach. 14. The age of plenty.

M. A. P.

HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS, reading downward, a watering-place of New Jersey.
Cross-words: 1. Sometimes on the dinner-table. 2. To construct. 3. To mimic. 4. In definite. 5. A girl's name. 6. To adorn. 7. Petitions. LOU.

COMBINATION ACROSTIC.

1 . . 5 . . 9
2 . . 6 . . 10
3 . 7 . . 11
4 . . 8 . . 12

FROM 1 to 5, a portion of food; from 2 to 6, a stronghold; from 3 to 7, a small Turkish coin; from 4 to 8, a species of salmon; from 5 to 9, a wise man; from 6 to 10, harmony; from 7 to 11, competent; from 8 to 12, tumult; from 1 to 9, a communication; from 2 to 10, luck; from 3 to 11, a fable; from 4 to 12, a state carriage.
The letters represented by the letters from 5 to 8 may be transposed to form words meaning sailors, small quadrupeds, artifices, and a luminous body. DYCIE.

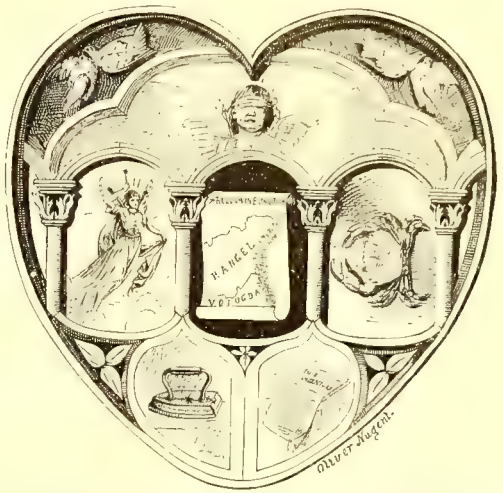
BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a large flat-bottomed boat, and leave an animal. 2. Behead an agreement, and leave to perform. 3. Behead to discover, and leave an emissary. 4. Behead dainty, and leave something gathered in winter. 5. Behead to examine with care, and leave a cup for liquids. 6. Behead an office in the king's household where they take care of the linen for the king's table, and leave distorted. 7. Behead to stagger, and leave a snake-like fish.
The beheaded letters will spell the name of an English poet much admired but seldom read. JOHN BLACK.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Punch, but not in Judy;
My second in brisk, but not in moody;
My third and my fourth you can find if you strive
In knitting and flitting; my next, number five,
Is in singular, strange, and is found in amusing;
My sixth, in abuse as well as abusing;
My next is in urgent, in urchin, in hurry,
And if you look farther you 'll find it in flurry;
My eighth is in grass-plot, but not in a lawn;
My ninth is in morning, but not in the dawn;
My tenth is in hurt, in head, and in hand,
And more than this surely you can not demand.
My whole is a town in the old Keystone State,
And its name — but I 'll leave that for you to relate.
"SIP AND TUCK"

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



THE primals name a mischievous elf who "looks not with the eyes, but with the mind," and the finals, a supposed affliction of his. Each of the five small pictures represents a cross-word, and may be described by a word of four letters.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE diagonals, from left to right, reading downward, spell a small anchor having several flukes; from right to left, insnared.
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Courageous. 2. To make ready. 3. One of the Southern States. 4. To offer for consideration. 5. Relies upon. 6. Resolute. 7. To pillage. F. S. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. First line, Whittier; third line, Browning. 1. WiGht. 2. HeNce. 3. IdIot. 4. TiNge. 5. ToWel. 6. IrOns. 7. ErRor. 8. ReBel.—— CHARADE. Cur-tail.
CONCEALED LETTERS. E, F, H, I, K, L, M, N, T, V, X, Y, Z.
SYNCOPATIONS. Rainbow. 1. g-R-ape. 2. bre-A-d. 3. bra-I-d. 4. bri-N-g. 5. ta-B-le. 6. f-O-und. 7. s-W-ing.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

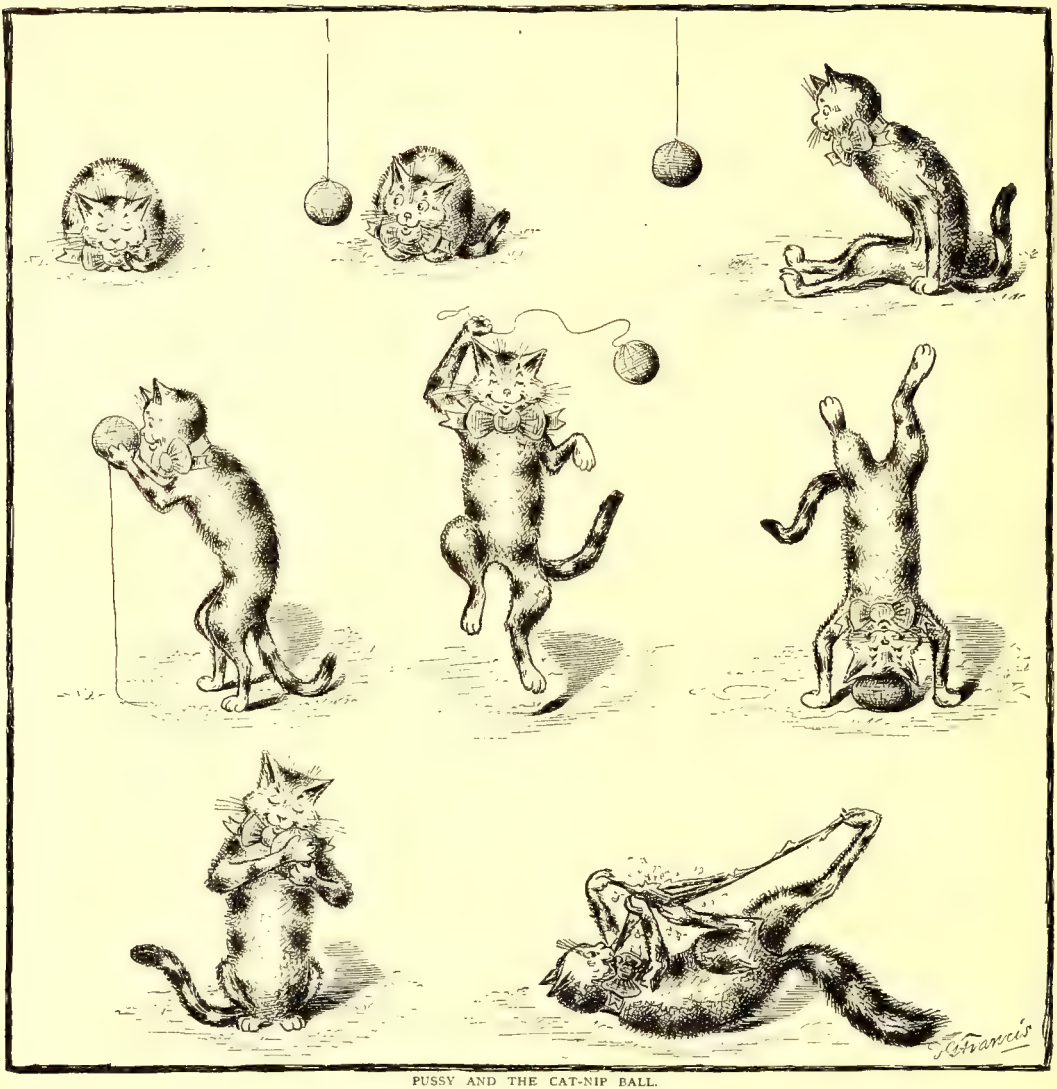
PI. Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near;
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
Some please for once, some will forever please.

EASY ANAGRAMS. 1. Paris. 2. London. 3. Rome. 4. Berlin. 5. Madrid. 6. Lisbon. 7. New York. 8. Madras. 9. Liverpool. 10. Denver. 11. Austin. 12. Calcutta.
HALF-SQUARE. 1. Epiphany. 2. Pamlico. 3. Immure. 4. Plume. 5. Hire. 6. Ace. 7. No. 8. Y.
DOUBLE CROSS-WORDS. Twelfth Night, Happy New Year.
ILLUSTRATED KITE PUZZLE. Central letters, Franklin. Cross-words (beginning at the top): 1. iNk. 2. chIna. 3. raiLing. 4. chicKweed. 5. furNace. 6. trAps. 7. aRm. 8. F. Rebus on the kite:

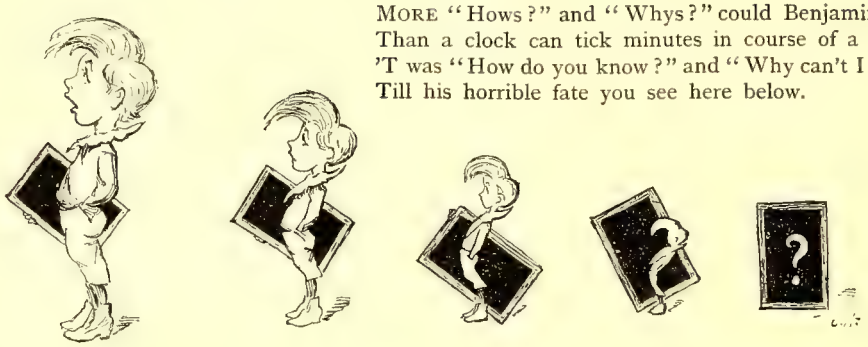
For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Zigzags. Cross-words: 1. puzZles. 2. spIce. 3. aGe. 4. Z. 5. PAn. 6. paGes. 7. preSent.
FRAMED WORD-SQUARE. From 1 to 2, frOstwOrt; from 3 to 4, snOwstOrm; from 5 to 6, boOkstOre; from 7 to 8, anOnymOus; Included word-square: 1. Ice. 2. Con. 3. End.
EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Gray. 2. Rule. 3. Alma. 4. Year. II. 1. Ride. 2. Idea. 3. Dear. 4. Earl. III. 1. Sham. 2. Hale. 3. Aloe. 4. Meet.
DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Primals, Carlyle; finals, Emerson. Cross-words: 1. CravE. 2. AlarM. 3. RetinuE. 4. LemuR. 5. YamS. 6. LimbO. 7. EmancipatioN. II. Primals, Chelsea; finals, Concord. Cross-words: 1. CambriC. 2. HerO. 3. EnviroN. 4. LaconiC. 5. SagO. 6. EideR. 7. AsteroiD.

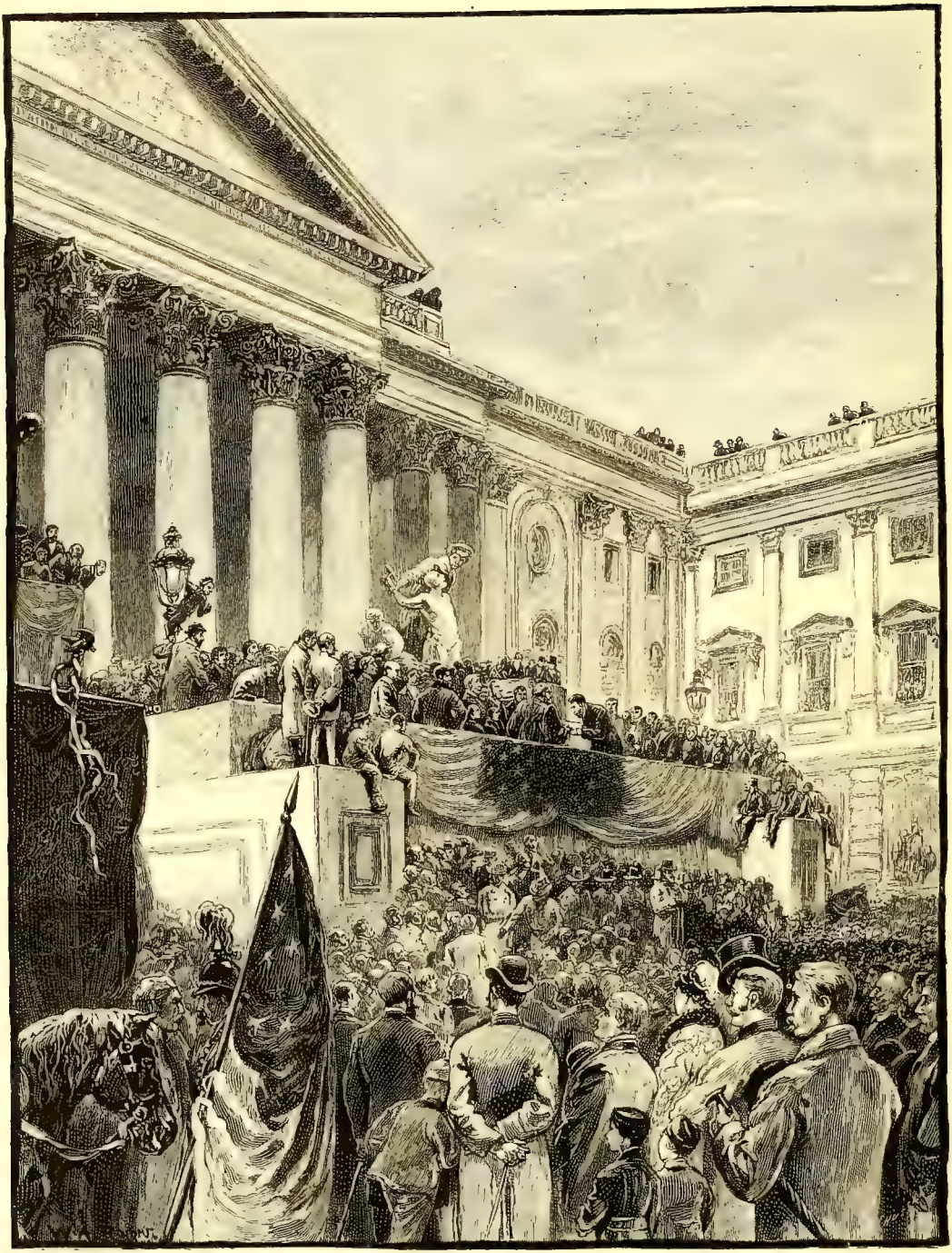
THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO. 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the December number, from Maud I. Mudon, London, 1.
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Paul Reese — "Navajo" — Frederick Winthrop Faxon — "Pepper and Maria" — Maggie T. Turrill — Clara Louise Burt — Harry M. Wheelock — "R. E. Buss" — Ida C. L. — Tiny Puss, Mitz and Muff — Trebor Treblig — Gertrude and Papa — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — "One from 1873" — Arthur Gride — Emily M. Craft — Henrietta V. C. — Eric Palmer — Little Mary B. — Hallie Pearce — Ruby R. Radcliffe — Ethel W. Marsh — Bertha M. Clarke — Arthur Marsh — Upton Lindsay McCandlish — Walter Mathews — Archie V. Thomson — Robert James King — Lily R. B. — Ella Bisell — Mamie Young — Lide Blaisdell — Annabella and Georgealice Schley — Maud I. Mudon — R. D. Smith — A. Lincoln Fisher — Mary and Margaret Houston — Maude K. — Helen Porter — Pearl M. Steele — Alice D. Heustis.
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from "Man in the Moon," 3 — Lily Wells, 2 — Annabella and Georgealice Schley, 1 — Alice R. Douglass, 3 — Emma Findlay, 1 — Elise Ripley, 1 — Emma and Willie H., 2 — May and Julia, 1 — Morris D. Sample, 8 — Lilly M. Topeka, 1 — Ethel Rhoads, 1 — Edith M. Boyd, 1 — "Loemo," 2 — Godfrey Pretz, 5 — Rob't J. Harrison, 5 — Lettie and Edith Sands, 2 — Josephine Casey, 1 — Arthur Mudge, 2 — Mabel D. Smith, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 5 — George Habenicht, 1 — Herbert Gaytes, 6 — Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 6 — Henry V. Hubbard, 1 — Maud Green, 1 — Josie Wilhelm, 1 — L. G., 8 — Margaret and E. Muriel Grundy, 8 — Willie Sheraton, 3 — F. L. Watson, 1 — Edith L. Young, 4 — Genevieve, 4 — Mary P. Stockett, 6.



PUSSY AND THE CAT-NIP BALL.



MORE "Hows?" and "Whys?" could Benjamin say
Than a clock can tick minutes in course of a day.
'T was "How do you know?" and "Why can't I go?"
Till his horrible fate you see here below.



THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

(SEE PAGE 391.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XII. MARCH, 1885. No. 5.

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HOW SANTA CLAUS FOUND THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

HELIOGABALUS was shoveling snow. The snow was very deep, and the path from the front door to the road was a long one, and the shovel was almost as big as Heliogabalus.

But Gobaly — as everybody called him, for short — did n't give up easily. You might have known that he would n't give up easily by one glance at his sturdy little figure, at his bright, wide-open eyes, his firm mouth, and his square, prominent chin; even the little, turned-up end of his nose looked resolute.

Besides, Mrs. Pynchum had told him to shovel out the path; and she had a switch behind the wood-shed door, to say nothing of her slipper.

Mrs. Pynchum kept the poor-farm, and Gobaly was "town's poor." The boys sometimes called him that, when he went to coast on Three-Pine Hill or to see the skating on the mill-pond; and sometimes, too, they made fun of his clothes. But it was only the boys who were a great deal bigger than he who dared to make fun of Gobaly, and some of them even ran when he doubled up his fists. But Methuselah! I don't know what would have become of Methuselah if he had not had Gobaly to defend him. For he was a delicate little fellow; "spindlin' and good for nothin'," Mrs. Pynchum called him; and he had come to her in a basket — in other words, Methuselah was a foundling.

Mrs. Pynchum "did n't think much of children who came in a basket from nobody knew where. It did n't seem to belong to Poplarville to support him, since he did n't belong to anybody that ever lived there, and his keep and his medicine cost more than he would ever be worth to anybody."

Gobaly's mother died in the poor-house, and left him there, a baby; she had always lived in the town, and so had his father, so of course Gobaly had a perfect right there; and old Dr. Barnacle, who was very learned, had said of him that he was an uncommonly fine baby, and had named him Heliogabalus.

Besides, he was strong and willing, and did a great deal of work. Mrs. Pynchum "could put up with Gobaly." But Methuselah, she said, was "a thorn in her side." And now, after being a trial all his life, he had a hip disease, which the doctor feared was incurable, and which made him more troublesome still!

But, after all, Mrs. Pynchum was n't quite so bad as one would have thought from her talk. She must have had a soft spot somewhere in her heart, for she put plums in Methuselah's porridge, now that he was ill, and once she had let Gobaly leave his wood-chopping to draw him out on his sled.

I suppose there is a soft spot in everybody's heart, only sometimes it is n't very easy to find it; and Mrs. Pynchum might not have been so cross if she had led an easier life. There were a good many queer people in the poor-house, "flighty in their heads and wearin' in their ways," she said, and sometimes they must have been trying to the patience.

Once in a great while, indeed, Mrs. Pynchum was good-natured, and then, sometimes for a whole

evening, the poor-house would seem like home. All those who lived there would then sit around the fire and roast apples; and Mrs. Pynchum would even unlock the closet under the back stairs, where there was a great bag full of nuts that Sandy Gooding and Gobaly had gathered; and Uncle Sim Perkins would tell stories.

But it happened very unfortunately that Mrs. Pynchum never had one of her good-natured days on Thanksgiving, or Christmas, or any holiday. She was sure to say on those days that she was "all tried to pieces."

And everybody was frightened and unhappy when Mrs. Pynchum was "all tried to pieces," and so that was the reason why Gobaly's heart sank as he remembered, while he was shoveling the path through the snow, that the next day was Christmas.

Some people from the village went by with a Christmas-tree, which they had cut down in the woods just beyond the poor-house; there were children in the party, and they called to Gobaly and wished him a merry Christmas, and asked him if they were going to have a Christmas-tree at his house, and expressed great surprise that he was n't going to hang up his stocking. Then one of the children suddenly exclaimed :

"Why, that 's the poor-house ! It 's never Christmas there ! "

Poor Gobaly's heart sank still more as he caught these words, and somehow he felt very tired, and minded the cold, as he had not thought of minding it a moment before, and the snow-bank looked as if he never could shovel through it. For though Gobaly was stout-hearted, he did n't like to be reminded that he was "town's poor," and that Christmas was nothing to him.

Just then he caught sight of Methuselah's little pinched face pressed against the window-pane. Methuselah always had, even when he was a baby, a worn and pallid face, like a little old man, and that was why they called him Methuselah. It was cold in the front room, but Methuselah had wrapped himself in a piece of an old quilt and stolen into the back room and to the window, where he could see Gobaly shoveling the snow.

Methuselah never was quite happy when Gobaly was out of his sight.

Gobaly went up to the window.

"To-morrow 's Christmas, 'Thusely ! " he said.

"Is it? Do you s'pose she knows it? She 'll be 'all tried to pieces,' wont she ? "

("She " always meant Mrs. Pynchum in the poor-house; nobody there ever spoke of her in any other way.)

Gobaly was sadly afraid that she would, but he said, cheerfully :

"May be she wont. May be she 'll let me take you out on my sled; and one Christmas there was turkey and plum-pudding."

"Must have been a good many Christmases ago; I can't remember it ! " said Methuselah. "Some folks have 'em every Christmas, Uncle Sim says, but perhaps it is n't true. Gobaly, do you believe there really is any Santa Claus, such as Uncle Sim tells about, or did he make it all up ? To be sure, he showed me a picture of him."

"I know there is," said Gobaly, firmly, "because I 've seen presents that he brought to boys and girls in the village."

"Then why don't he ever come here and bring us some ? " said Methuselah, as if a new idea had suddenly struck him. "Do you s'pose it 's because we 're worse than any other boys in the world? She says we are, sometimes. Or may be he 's too proud to stop at the poor-house."

"Perhaps he can't find the way," said Gobaly. "'Cause it 's a pretty crooked road, you know. Or may be he would n't think it was worth the while to come so far out of the village just for us; he would n't be going to Squire Thorndike's, because there are n't any children there, and there are n't any other houses on this road."

"I wish we lived where there was a truly Christmas, like places where Uncle Sim has been; don't you, Gobaly? May be he makes them all up, though; it seems as if they must be too good to be true."

"I should n't wonder if you got lots of plums in your porridge to-morrow, and perhaps a piece of mince-pie. And I 'll ask her to let me take you up to Three-Pine Hill on the sled."

Gobaly always showed the bright side of things to Methuselah, and he had become so accustomed to looking for a bright side that he could find one when you would n't have thought there was any there.

And whenever he found a very big lump in his throat he swallowed it for Methuselah's sake, and pretended that he did n't see anything in the world to cry about.

He had to go back to his shoveling then, but after he had started he turned back to say :

"When I 'm a man, you shall have Christmases, 'Thusely ! "

It was in that way that Gobaly often comforted Methuselah. It never seemed to occur to either of them that 'Thusely might possibly grow to be a man too.

Gobaly went to work at the snow again as if it were not a bit bigger than he was, and he soon had a rampart piled up on each side of the path so high that he thought it must look like the Chinese Wall which Uncle Sim was always telling of.

As he was digging the very last shovelful of

snow out of the path, he heard the jingle of sleigh-bells, and saw the butcher's wagon, set upon runners and drawn by a very frisky horse, going in the direction of the village. The butcher's boy and three of his comrades occupied the seat, and as many more boys were wedged in among the joints of meat and heaps of poultry in the back of the wagon. They were evidently combining pleasure with business in the liveliest manner.

Coming in the other direction, from the village, was a large Newfoundland dog with a basket in his mouth. Gobaly liked dogs, and he was sure that he was acquainted with every one in the village. As he was on intimate terms with every big one, he knew that this must be a stranger.

The butcher's boy was driving recklessly, and seemed to think it would be fun to make a sudden turn into the drifts through which the dog was bounding. The horse, taken by surprise and somewhat frightened, made a sudden plunge; and though Gobaly could not quite see how it happened, it seemed that before the dog had time to get out of the way, the sled had gone over him, and he lay helpless and howling upon the snow!

The boys either found it impossible to stop their horse, or were too frightened to investigate the extent of the mischief they had done, for they went careering on, and left the poor dog to his fate.



"GOBALY TRIED TO DISCOVER HOW BADLY THE DOG WAS HURT."

Gobaly was at his side in a moment, patting his shaggy black head, calling him "poor doggie" and "good doggie," and trying to discover how badly he was hurt. He came to the conclusion, after a thorough examination, that his leg was either broken or badly sprained,—and Gobaly was a judge of such things. He had once doctored a rooster's lame leg, and though the rooster was never again able to mount a fence, and crowed with diminished energy, he was still able to cheer his heart by fighting the three other roosters all at once, and was likely to escape the dinner-pot for a long time to come, though his gait was no longer lordly. Gobaly had also successfully treated a kitten with a

sprained ankle — to say nothing of one whose tail the gobbler had nipped off. And he had seen the doctor in the village set a puppy's leg, and had carefully watched the operation.

He helped the dog along toward the house — and it was well that he was a strong and sturdy little fellow or he could not have done it — and managed at last to get the poor creature, unobserved, into the wood-shed. He was very much afraid that Mrs. Pynchum, if she should see him, would order him to leave the dog in the road, and he knew it would not do to carry him in beside the kitchen fire, as he wanted to, for Mrs. Pynchum never wanted "a dirty dog in her clean house."

Gobaly found it hard to decide whether the bone was broken or only out of place, but he made a sort of a splint, such as he had seen the doctor use upon the puppy's leg, and then wound soft cloths, wet with liniment, about it, and the dog certainly seemed relieved, and licked Gobaly's hand, and looked at him with grateful eyes.

He ventured into the house after a while, and beckoned to Methuselah to come out to the wood-shed.

Methuselah was convinced that Santa Claus had sent the dog to them as a Christmas present, and his delight was unbounded.

"Of course, Santa Claus must have sent him, or why would he have come down this lonely road all by himself? And you will cure him" (Methuselah thought there was little that Gobaly could n't do if he tried), "and perhaps she will let us keep him!"

But a sudden recollection had struck Gobaly. The dog had been carrying a basket in his mouth; there might be something in it that would tell where he came from.

Though the dog's appearance was mysterious, Gobaly was not so ready as Methuselah to accept the Santa Claus theory.

He ran out and found the basket, half buried in the snow, where it had fallen from the dog's mouth. There were several letters and papers in it addressed to "Dr. Carruthers, care of Richard Thorndike, Esq."

Dr. Carruthers was the famous New York physician who was visiting Squire Thorndike! Gobaly had heard the people in the village talking about him. The dog probably belonged to him, and had been sent to the post-office for his letters.

Although he had not really believed that Santa Claus sent the dog, Gobaly did feel a pang of disappointment that they must part with him so soon. But then Mrs. Pynchum would probably not have allowed them to keep him, anyhow, and she might have had him shot because his leg was hurt. That thought consoled Gobaly, and having obtained Mrs. Pynchum's permission to carry him to his master, — which was readily given, since it was the easiest way to get rid of the dog, — he put a very large box, with a bed in it made of straw and soft cloth, upon his sled, and then lifted the dog gently into the box. The dog whined with pain when he was moved, but still licked Gobaly's hand, as if he understood that he was his friend and did not mean to hurt him.

Methuselah stood in the shed door, and looked after them, weeping, sadly making up his mind that Santa Claus was proud and would never come to the poor-house.

Gobaly had never been even inside Squire Thorndike's gate before, and he went up to one of the back doors with fear and trembling; the servants at Squire Thorndike's were said to be "stuck-up," and they might not be very civil to "town's poor." But at the sight of the dog they raised a great cry, and at once ushered Gobaly into the presence of Squire Thorndike and Dr. Carruthers, that he might tell them all he knew about the accident.

Dr. Carruthers was a big, jolly-looking man, with white hair and a long white beard, just like pictures of Santa Claus. Gobaly was sure that Methuselah would think he was Santa Claus if he could see him. He evidently felt very sorry about the dog's accident, and pitied him and petted him as if he were a baby; Gobaly, who had never had so much petting in his whole life, thought the dog ought to forget all about his leg.

And then he suddenly turned to Gobaly and asked him who set the leg. Gobaly answered, modestly, that he "fixed it as well as he could because there was n't anybody else around."

"How did you know how?" asked the doctor. And Gobaly related his experiences with the rooster and the kitten and the puppy. Dr. Carruthers looked at him steadily out of a pair of eyes that were very sharp, although very kind. Then he turned to Squire Thorndike and said "an uncommon boy." Squire Thorndike answered, and they talked together in a low tone, casting an occasional glance at Gobaly.

How Gobaly's ears did burn! He wondered what Squire Thorndike knew about him, and he thought of every prank he ever had played in his life. Gobaly was an unusually good boy, but he *had* played a few pranks, — being a boy, — and he thought they were a great deal worse than they really were, because Mrs. Pynchum said so. And he imagined that Dr. Carruthers was hearing all about them, and would presently turn round and say that such a bad boy had no right to touch his dog, and that such conduct was just what he should expect of "town's poor." But instead of that, after several minutes' conversation with Squire Thorndike, he turned to Gobaly, and said:

"I want an office-boy, and I think you are just the boy to suit me. How would you like to come and live with me, and perhaps, one of these days, be a doctor yourself."

Gobaly caught his breath.

To go away from Mrs. Pynchum; not to be "town's poor" any more; to learn to be a doctor! He had said once in Mrs. Pynchum's hearing that he wanted to be a doctor when he grew up, and she had said, sneeringly, that "town's poor were n't very likely to get a chance to learn to be doctors."

And now the chance had come to him! Gobaly thought it seemed too much like heaven to be anything that could happen to a mortal boy!

"Well, would you like to go?" asked the doctor again, as Gobaly could find no words to answer.

"Would I, sir? *Would n't* I!" said Gobaly, with a radiant face.

"Well, then, I will make an arrangement with the selectmen — which I have no doubt it will be easy to do — and will take you home with me to-morrow night," said the good doctor.

But the brightness had suddenly faded from Gobaly's face. He stood with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, gazing irresolutely at the carpet.

But it was not the carpet that Gobaly saw; it might as well have been the yellow paint of the poor-house floors for all that he noticed of its luxurious pile and beautiful colors. It was 'Thusely's pale, pinched little face that he saw! It had risen before him even while the doctor was speaking. If he went away, who would take care of 'Thusely? And 'Thusely's heart would be broken.

"I can't go, sir; I forgot. No — no — I can't go!" said Gobaly.

Oh, what a lump there was in his throat! He had swallowed many a lump for 'Thusely's sake, but that was the very biggest one!

And then he turned and ran out of the house, without any ceremony. He knew it was rude, but that lump would n't stay down, and though he might be called "town's poor," he was n't going to be called a cry-baby!

And home he ran, as fast as his legs would carry him.

That night something very unusual happened. Mrs. Pynchum went to the village to a Christmas festival. She went before dark, and the spirits of everybody in the poor-house rose as soon as she was out of sight. Mr. Pynchum piled great logs upon the fire-place, till there was such a roaring fire as had not been seen there for many a long day; and he told Joe Golightly and Gobaly to go down cellar and bring up as many apples as they wanted to, and he found the key of the closet where the bag of nuts was kept! And Sandy Gooding brought out some fine pop-corn that he had saved up; and Joe Golightly brought out his violin, which, though some of its strings were broken and its voice was a little cracked and wheezy, could yet cheer one up wonderfully with "Bonnie Dundee" and "The Campbells are Coming." Everybody was merry,— although there was no Christmas-tree, and nobody had a present except 'Thusely, who had a big red peppermint-drop that Gobaly bought him with a penny hoarded for six weeks — and it would have been a very pleasant evening if there had not been one great drawback. Mrs. Pynchum had a way of pouncing upon people when they least expected her. If a window rattled or a mouse stirred in the wall, a hush fell upon the mirth, and everybody shrank with dread. It would be so like Mrs. Pynchum to suspect that they were having a good time, and turn back to put a stop to it before she had fairly reached the festival!

Just as they had poured out a popperful of corn,— popped out so big and white that it would do you good to see it,— and Uncle Sim was clearing his throat to begin a story, there came a loud knock at the door. Everybody jumped. Mr. Pynchum and Sandy began to cram the apples into their pockets, and thrust the corn-popper into the closet, and Joe hid his violin under his coat-tails. It took them all fully two minutes to remember that Mrs. Pynchum never knocked.

Mr. Pynchum sat down again, and said, in a tone of surprise, as if he had not been in the least agitated:

"What is the matter with you all? Gobaly, open the door."

Gobaly opened the door, and who should be there but Squire Thorndike and the city doctor!

The moment 'Thusely saw Dr. Carruthers he called out "Santa Claus!" And the big doctor laughed, and took a great package of candy out of his pocket and gave it to 'Thusely.

After that it was of no use for Gobaly to whisper, "The dog gentleman!" in 'Thusely's ear; he could n't think it was anybody but Santa Claus.

"I 'm *so* glad you 've come!" he said, confidentially. "And you look just like your picture. And I don't see why you never came before, for you don't seem proud. And we are n't such very bad boys; anyway, Gobaly is n't. Don't you believe what Mrs. Pynchum tells you! — *Will* you?"

The doctor laughed, and said he was getting to be an old fellow, and the snow was deep, and it was hard for him to get about; but he was sorry he had n't come before, for he thought they did

look like good boys. Then he asked Methuselah about his lameness and the pain in his side, and said he ought to be sent to a certain hospital in New York, where he might be cured. And then he asked if he had no relatives or friends.

"I 've got Gobaly," said 'Thusely.

The doctor turned and looked sharply at Gobaly.

"Is *he* the reason why you would n't go with me?" he asked.

"He 's such a little chap, and I 'm all he 's got," said Gobaly.

The doctor took out his handkerchief and said it was bad weather for colds.

"Suppose I take him, too?" said he.

This time the lump in his throat fairly got the better of Gobaly!

But 'Thusely clapped his hands for joy. He did n't understand what was to happen, only that Santa Claus was to take him somewhere with Gobaly; and one thing that 'Thusely was sure of was that he wanted to go wherever Gobaly went. And he kept saying:

"I told you that Santa Claus sent the dog,—now, did n't I, Gobaly?"

Methuselah went to the hospital and was cured, and Gobaly — well, if I should tell you his name, you might say that you had heard of him as a famous surgeon-doctor. I think it is probable that he could now make a lame rooster or a kitten with a sprained ankle just as good as new, and I am sure he would n't be above trying; for he has a heart big enough to sympathize with any creature that suffers.

There is at least one person in the world who will agree with me, and that is a gentleman who was once a miserable little cripple in a poor-house, and was called Methuselah.

THE VELOCIPEDE EXPRESS.

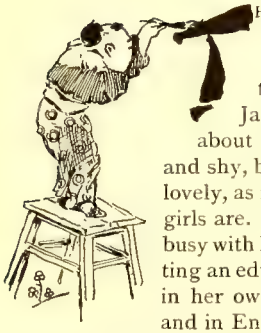


ALL aboard for Timbuctoo!
Bert and Victor, Kate and Lou.
Not a "stop" on all the way;—
There and back by light of day!
Ned, the daring engineer,
Brave and strong, scorns every fear.

Don't you hear the whistle blow?
That 's to scare the cows, you know.
All aboard for Timbuctoo,
Bert and Victor, Kate and Lou.

LITTLE KINÈ.

By M. C. Griffis.



THE home of Little Kinè is just outside of the great wall and moat of the castle of Yedo, in Japan. Kinè is a little girl about eleven years of age, timid and shy, but very amiable and lovely, as nearly all Japanese girls are. Just now she is busy with her books, getting an education, both in her own language and in English.

Kinè is the daughter of an officer of the Government. She is the first-born of his family and the pride of his heart. When she made her appearance as the little baby, there was as much rejoicing in that Japanese home as in any home in America when a little stranger appears. What a little beauty she was, with her shining black eyes! Her old grandma came hundreds of miles from the southern province of Sanuki to Yedo to see her little granddaughter, and to be present when she was named on the seventh day after her birth.

Then grandmamma must also be there to accompany the father and mother when the baby was one hundred days old, and was carried to the temple. Her first dress, and the prayer-bag that all Japanese children wear until they are seven or eight years old, were presented by the grandmamma.

This dress was not of fine cambric and embroidery, like those which American babies wear, but was of soft silk, lined with silk wadding, and made like a loose wrapper or dressing-gown with long square sleeves. Around the baby's neck was a bib of blue or pink cotton. Kinè had but few little garments for a baby. A very simple wardrobe suffices for Japanese children. She had no tiny woolen socks, for she needed none. The Japanese baby's feet are always bare. There were no under-garments of fine linen or soft wool, only the wadded dress, like a wrapper. So when Kinè was one hundred days old she was carried to the temple, just as some American parents take their little children to the church to have them christened, though Kinè's parents do not know or worship the true God. The priest wrote a prayer on a piece of paper and put it into the prayer-bag, which was small and made of red crape, embroidered in white flowers and drawn together by silk cords. This bag containing the prayer was the "guard from evil," and it is devoutly believed by all Japanese to have the power of keeping children



"HER PET MONKEY WAS FASTENED BY A CHAIN TO A POST"

from evil spirits, from delusion by foxes,—for the people think that foxes can cheat or enchant people,—and from all dangers. This little red bag was attached to the girdle behind. After bestowing a gift in money upon the priest, the parents and relatives returned home with the little girl and held a great feast in her honor. Kinè was carefully nursed, and carried on the back of a faithful servant, who fastened her there by a long string or bandage drawn around the waist and legs of the child, and crossed over the neck and shoulders of the maid. Her little head and bright eyes would bob on every side as her nurse walked or ran, and here she would go soundly asleep, or play as any baby would. She was never carried in any person's arms. Japanese babies seldom are. When Kinè's aunts or cousins wished to coax her away from her nurse or mother, they would hold their backs invitingly and she would put out her little arms and go to one or another as she chose. Clasping tightly the neck of the favored one, and held there by the feet or legs, she would be as happy as if cuddled up in the arms. As the baby grew and began to walk, little sandals made of straw were put on her feet. These were fastened on by putting the great toe through a loop. When she was a year old her hair, which had been shaved, was allowed to grow a little and then tied on the top in a very funny fashion. Every year it was worn differently.

At six years of age, Kinè's education was to begin. First, she must go to writing-school, where, with other children, she sat down on the floor, and with a brush made of camel's hair, instead of a pen, and ink, made by rubbing a thick cake of India ink with a little water on a stone, she took her first lessons. A square piece of paper was laid on the floor in front of her, and holding the brush perfectly straight between her thumb and first fingers, she made the characters, which are just like those Chinese letters we see on the tea-boxes and in tea-stores.

Besides reading and writing, Kinè learned to play on the *samisen*. This is an instrument something like the guitar, but with only three strings. Every day the teacher would come to Kinè's house, to instruct her and several little cousins of her own age in singing and playing on this instru-



"FIRST, SHE MUST GO TO WRITING-SCHOOL."



"WHEN THE MUSIC LESSONS WERE OVER, DANCING WAS LEARNED."

ment. Although to Japanese ears no music is sweeter, to a foreigner it is very harsh. When the music lessons were over, dancing was learned. Kinè liked these lessons very much. Japanese dancing is very different from anything we see in our country. There is no skipping or jumping or taking steps. The dancer moves the arms and body slowly and gently, as in a pantomime. Each dance acts out some story or history. Sometimes the performers wear a mask or imitate the dog or fox or some other animal. They change their dress to suit the characters, and the dances are often accompanied with verses or recitations.

Until she was ten years of age, Kinè learned writing and reading, dancing and guitar-playing. When out of school she would spend long hours playing in the garden; watching the crows as they came down familiarly to her side, and ventured sometimes to snatch a bite of her rice-cake; or watching the wild birds going to roost on the pine-trees, that grew on the bank of the castle wall, or the snow-white stately heron standing motionless

in the water. Sometimes she fed the white swans that swam in the great moat outside the high wall, or the gold and silver fish that darted so swiftly



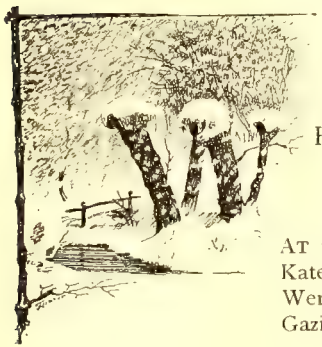
"ACCOMPANIED BY HER SERVANT, KINÈ STARTS FOR SCHOOL."

around the pond in the garden. Sometimes Kinè would get the servant to pull a lotus flower, as it looked to her like a great white star on the water, and then she would take off the large waxen petals and get the green calyx. From this she would pick out a small seed, or nut, which she loved to eat raw, or roast in the fire, thinking it was much better than chestnuts. Then she had her pet rabbits, and her little kitten with a tail only an inch long, and her *chin* or spaniel dog with great round eyes and a pug nose, and there was her pet monkey, which was fastened by a chain to a post. Then she had her flowers and dwarf pine-trees, no higher than little rose-bushes; so that Kinè had enough to amuse and interest her in her Japanese home.

At ten years of age Kinè began to go regularly to school, to have books, and to learn to read in her own and a foreign tongue. She has her own room now; and here we see her in a bright, pleasant apartment, inclosed on three sides by latticed sliding doors, covered with white paper. The only piece of furniture is a bureau of dark lacquered wood containing three deep drawers, and having outside doors adorned with the family coat-of-arms; in this she keeps her clothing. On the floor near by is a small dressing-stand or box, also containing three small drawers. Her round mirror is made of polished silver, and stands on a raised piece above. In these drawers we find everything which a Japanese girl needs for her toilet —white powder, hair-pins, which are very long, and handsomely ornamented, rouge or green paint, grease, small pieces of crape, silk, gold or silver cord, etc. When Kinè gets up in the morning, she washes her face, but does not have to dress her hair. That is attended to but once a week. The hair-dresser comes to the house and arranges her jet-black locks in the fashion for little girls of her age. Just now she wears it drawn to the top of her head and formed into two large rings, which are kept in place by being made over stiff black muslin. The front hair hangs down the sides of her face in two locks, and just over her forehead it is cut short and combed down, much after the fashion of the "bangs" of our little American girls. So Kinè has no trouble about her hair, and after her bath the servant assists her to powder her neck with a small white brush. She puts a little red paint on her lower lip, and a little gilding in the middle. When she removes her sleeping-dress, she has on only a short skirt, which is simply a square piece of cloth, crape, or silk, tied around the waist. No other under-clothing is worn.

In making her toilet for the day, she first puts

on a garment made usually of some coarse material, not very long, and reaching only to the waist, but with long sleeves. On the neck of this garment is sewed a deep fold of scarlet or some bright-colored crape or silk. A long, straight skirt of blue or red crape, silk, or wool is tied around the waist and over all three of these garments is worn the kimono, or dress. This is of some dark color, and made of coarse spun silk or thick crape. For festivals and holidays the dresses are of very fine material and very handsome. The outer dress is simply a wrapper reaching to the feet, with very long and wide sleeves hanging nearly to the ground, and used as pockets. On each shoulder, a deep tuck is made which extends to the waist, thus making a little fullness for the skirt. But the dress has no gathers, and is straight all the way down. The neck is adorned with a wide piece of black velvet or satin, which reaches nearly to the waist, and the dress is crossed over the bosom and confined by a girdle. Over this is worn a very wide sash, a piece of brocaded silk or satin, stiff with embroidery in gold or silver, lined with soft silk, and fastened behind in a very large bow. When these are all on, Kinè, barefooted, or if in cool weather, in white mitten-socks, made to reach only to the ankle, and with a place in which to put the great toe (just as mittens have a place for the thumb), goes out to say "Ohaio," or good-morning, to her father and mother. They all enjoy their breakfast together, sitting on the floor around small tables. Then Kinè gets her books, ties them up in a large square piece of silk crape, takes her umbrella, which is made of oiled paper, steps out of the door on her high wooden clogs, slipping her toe into the loop by which she holds them on her feet, and making a low bow to her parents, starts for school, accompanied by her servant carrying her books. She jogs along, for her walk can not be called by any other name. The girdle is so tight around the hips that all freedom is prevented, and the high wooden shoes make the gait of a Japanese girl or woman exceedingly awkward. The clattering of these clogs over stones or wooden bridges, when many Japanese girls walk together, is very peculiar and disagreeable. Arrived at school, Kinè leaves her shoes outside the door and steps into the room, her feet in these soft white socks, moving silently over the clean matted floor. In the school-room she spends three hours with the Japanese teachers and three with her English teacher. She still studies the Chinese characters, and in her native tongue recites lessons in history and geography. This is not done in a quiet, ordinary tone, but shouted out at the top of her voice in a sing-song way that sounds very funny to foreign ears. When the Japanese lessons are over, she spends three hours in learning to read in English and translate what she reads into Japanese. She learns arithmetic in foreign style, which is totally different from the old system of her native land.



WHAT WAKES THE FLOWERS?

By Celia Thaxter.

At the window broad, upstairs in the hall,
Kate, Robert, Eve, Bessie, and Margery small,
Were curled in the cushioned seat together,
Gazing out on the wintry weather.

The sunset flamed in the western sky,
The slender white moon glittered high;
They looked on the garden beds below
Wrapped in silence and heaped with snow.

Said Margery small, "It is dark and cold
Where the little seeds wait in the heavy mold:
How do they know when 't is time to peep?
Have they a calendar hidden deep?"

"O no," said Kate, "O, not at all!
I'm sure they wake to the bluebird's call;
He comes so early and sings so clear,
His lovely piping they needs must hear."

Said Bessie, "I think it's the wind of the south
That comes as soft as a kiss on your mouth,
And breathes and blows and whispers above,
'Come up, pretty blossoms, here's some one you love.'"

Said Eve, "It must be the warm, light rain,
They hear it tapping again and again,
Till it reaches a crystal finger down
To touch them under the earth so brown."

"Why, girls," cried Rob, "It's the sun, you know,
Master of all things above and below.
He strikes the earth with his blazing lance,
And the whole world stirs at his splendid glance."

Mamma came gently the curtains through.
"Mamma, mamma, we will leave it to you!
What wakes the flowers when spring is near?
Sun? Wind? Rain? Which of them, mother, dear?"

She smiled as she glided close and stood,
Her fair arms folded about her brood;
"It is the sun, now, is n't it? Say?"
And Rob turned upward his face so gay.

"Yes, darlings, the sun, the wind, and the rain
Summon the flowers to bloom again;
Yet sun and earth would be deaf and blind,
But for the mightier Power behind.

"The Power that holds the stars in place
Knows every flower's delightful face,
Gives each its needs with thought sublime,
Bids sun, wind, rain, call each in time.

"He has appointed to every one,
Its quiet, innocent race to run.
And if trees and flowers God's laws obey,
We can be dutiful as they."

They clasped and kissed her, and drew her within
To the nursery fire with joyous din,
But the small seeds under the snow so deep
They heard not a sound, they were fast asleep.



A REVERY IN GRANDMAMMA'S GARRET.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN;

OR, WHAT FOLLOWED READING "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

By Charles E. Carryl.

Chapter XII.

A WHALE IN A WAISTCOAT.

Davy rushed up to the clock, and pulling open the little door in the front of it, looked inside. To his great disappointment, the Goblin had again disappeared, and there was a smooth round hole running down into the sand, as though he had gone directly through the beach. He was listening at this hole in the hope of hearing from the Goblin, when a voice said, "I suppose that 's what they call going into the interior of the country," and looking up, he saw the Hole-keeper sitting on a little mound in the sand, with his great book in his lap.

His complexion had quite lost its beautiful transparency, and his jaunty little paper tunic was sadly rumpled, and, moreover, he had lost his cocked hat. All this, however, had not at all disturbed his complacent conceit; he was, if anything, more pompous than ever.

"How did *you* get here?" asked Davy in astonishment.

"I 'm banished," said the Hole-keeper cheerfully. "That 's better than being boiled, any day. Did you give Robinson my letter?"

"Yes, I did," said Davy, as they walked along

the beach together; "but I got it very wet coming here."

"That was quite right," said the Hole-keeper.



"THE COCKALORUM CAREFULLY INSPECTED THE MARKING."

"There's nothing so tiresome as a dry letter. Well, I suppose Robinson is expecting me, by this time.—isn't he?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Davy. "He did n't say that he was expecting you."

course, he 'll know I 'm coming. It strikes me the sun is very hot here," he added faintly.

The sun certainly was very hot, and Davy, looking at the Hole-keeper as he said this, saw that his face was gradually and very curiously losing its expression, and that his nose had almost entirely disappeared.

"What's the matter?" inquired Davy, anxiously.



"'I'M PRETTY WELL, I THANK YOU,' SAID DAVY."

"He *must* be," said the Hole-keeper, positively. "I never even mentioned it in my letter — so, of

"The matter is that I 'm going back into the raw material," said the Hole-keeper, dropping his

book and sitting down helplessly in the sand. "See here, Frinkles," he continued, beginning to speak very thickly. "Wrap me up in my shirt and mark the packish distingly. Take off shir quigly!" and Davy had just time to pull the poor creature's shirt over his head and spread it quickly on the beach, when the Hole-keeper fell down, rolled over upon the garment, and bubbling once or twice, as if he were boiling, melted away into a compact lump of brown sugar.

Davy was deeply affected by this sad incident, and though he had never really liked the Hole-keeper, he could hardly keep back his tears as he wrapped up the lump in the paper shirt and laid it carefully on the big book. In fact, he was so disturbed in his mind that he was on the point of going away without marking the package, when, looking over his shoulder, he suddenly caught sight of the Cockalorum standing close beside him, carefully holding an inkstand, with a pen in it, in one of his claws.



"'I'M AS NIMBLE AS A SIXPENCE,' SAID THE WHALE."

"Oh! thank you very much," said Davy taking the pen and dipping it in the ink. "And will you please tell me his name?"

The Cockalorum, who still had his head done up in flannel and was looking rather ill, paused for a moment to reflect, and then murmured, "Mark him '*Confectionery*.'"

This struck Davy as being a very happy idea, and he accordingly printed "CONFEXIONRY" on the package in his very best manner. The Cockalorum, with his head turned critically on one side, carefully inspected the marking, and then, after earnestly gazing for a moment at the inkstand, gravely drank the rest of the ink and offered the empty inkstand to Davy.

"I don't want it, thank you," said Davy, stepping back.

"No more do I," murmured the Cockalorum, and tossing the inkstand into the sea, flew away in his usual clumsy fashion.

Davy, after a last mournful look at the package of brown sugar, turned away, and was setting off along the beach again, when he heard a gurgling sound coming from behind a great hummock of sand, and peeping cautiously around one end of it, he was startled at seeing an enormous Whale on the beach lazily basking in the sun. The creature was dressed in a huge white garment buttoned up in front, with a bunch of live seals flopping at one of the button-holes and a great chain cable leading from them to a pocket at one side. Before Davy could retreat, the Whale caught sight of him and called out in a tremendous voice, "How d'ye do, Bub?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you," said Davy, with his usual politeness to man and beast. "How are you, sir?"

"Hearty!" thundered the Whale: "never felt better in all my life But it's rather warm lying here in the sun."

"Why don't you take off your ——," here Davy stopped, not knowing exactly what it was the Whale had on.



DAVY ASSISTS THE OLD SEA-DOG.

"Waistcoat," said the Whale, condescendingly. "It's a canvas-back-duck waistcoat. The front of it is made of wild duck, you see, and the back of it out of the foretop-sail of a brig."

"Is it nice, being a Whale?" inquired Davy curiously.

"Famous!" said the Whale, with an affable roar. "Great fun, I assure you! We have fish-balls every night, you know."

"Fish-balls at night!" exclaimed Davy. "Why, we always have ours for breakfast."

"Nonsense!" thundered the Whale, with a laugh that made the beach quake; "I don't mean anything to eat. I mean dancing parties."

"And do *you* dance?" said Davy, thinking that if he did, it must be a very extraordinary performance.

"Dance?" said the Whale with a reverberating chuckle. "Bless you! I 'm as nimble as a sixpence. By the way, I 'll show you the advantage of having a bit of whalebone in one's composition," and with these words the Whale curled himself up, then flattened out suddenly with a tremendous flop, and shooting through the air like a flying elephant, disappeared with a great splash in the sea.

Davy stood anxiously watching the spot where he went down, in the hope that he would come up again; but instead of this, the waves began tossing angrily, and a roaring sound came from over the sea, as though a storm were coming up. Then a cloud of spray was dashed into his face, and presently the air was filled with lobsters, eels, and wriggling fishes that were being carried inshore by the gale. Suddenly, to Davy's astonishment, a dog came sailing along. He was being helplessly blown about among the lobsters, uneasily jerking his tail from side to side to keep it out of reach of their great claws, and giving short, nervous barks from time to time, as though he were firing signal-guns of distress. In fact, he seemed to be having such a hard time of it that Davy caught him by the ear as he was going by, and landed him in safety on the beach. He proved to be a very shaggy, battered-looking animal with a weather-beaten tarpaulin hat jammed on the side of his head, and a patch over one eye; and as he had on an old pilot coat, Davy thought he must be an old sea-dog, and so, indeed, he proved to be. He stared doubtfully at Davy for a moment, and then said in a husky voice:

"What 's *your* name?" as if he had just mentioned his own.

"Davy,——" began the little boy, but before he could say another word, the old sea-dog growled:

"Right you are!" and handing him a folded paper, trotted gravely away, swaggering as he went, like a sea-faring man.

The paper was addressed to "*Davy Jones,*" and was headed inside "*Binnacle Bob: His werses,*" and below these words Davy found the following story:

"To inactivity inclined
Was Captain Parker Pitch's mind;
In point of fact, 't was fitted for
An easy-going life ashore.

"His disposition, so to speak,
Was nautically soft and weak;
He feared the rolling ocean, and
He very much preferred the land.

"*A stronger-minded man by far*
Was gallant Captain Thompson Tar
And (what was very wrong, I think,
He marked himself with India ink.

"*He boldly sailed, 'The Soaking Sue'*
When angry gales and tempests blew,
And even from the nor-nor-east
He did n't mind 'em in the least.

"*Now, Captain Parker Pitch's sloop*
Was called 'The Cozy Chickencoop'—
A truly comfortable craft
With ample state-rooms fore and aft.

"*No foolish customs of the deep,*
Like 'watches,' robbed his crew of sleep;
That estimable lot of men
Were all in bed at half-past ten.

"*At seven bells, one stormy day,*
Bold Captain Tar came by that way,
And in a voice extremely coarse
He roared 'Ahoy!' till he was hoarse.

"*Next morning of his own accord*
This able seaman came aboard,
And made the following remark
Concerning Captain Pitch's bark:

"'*Avast!*' *says he,* '*Belay! What cheer!*
How comes this little wessel here?
Come, tumble up your crew,' *says he,*
'*And navigate a bit with me!*'

"*Says Captain Pitch,* '*I can't refuse*
To join you on a friendly cruise;
But you 'll oblige me, Captain Tar,
By not a-taking of me far.'

"*At this reply from Captain Pitch,*
Bold Thompson gave himself a hitch;
It cut him to the heart to find
A seaman in this frame of mind.

"'*Avast!*' *says he;* '*We 'll bear away*
For Madagascar and Bombay,
Then down the coast to Yucatan,
Kamtschatka, Guinea, and Japan.

"'*Stand off for Egypt, Turkey, Spain,*
Australia, and the Spanish Main,
Then through the nor-west passage for
Van Dieman's Land and Labrador.'



"*Says Captain Pitch:* '*The ocean swell*
Makes me exceedingly unwell,
And, Captain Tar, before we start,
Pray join me in a friendly tart.'

"*And shall I go and take and hide*
The sneaking trick that Parker tried?
Oh! no. I very much prefer
To state his actions as they were:

"*With marmalade he first began*
To tempt that bluff sea-faring man,
Then fed him all the afternoon
With custard in a table-spoon.

"*No mariner, however tough,*
Can thrive upon this kind of stuff;
And Thompson soon appeared to be
A feeble-minded child of three.



"*He cried for cakes and lollipops—*
He played with dolls and humming tops—
He even ceased to roar '*I 'm blowed!*'
And shook a rattle, laughed, and crowed.

"When Parker saw the seamen gaze
Upon the Captain's cunning ways,
Base envy thrilled him through and through
And he became a child of two.

"Now, Thompson had in his employ
A mate, two seamen, and a boy;
The mate was fond as he could be
Of babies, and he says, says he,

"'Why, messmates, as we're all agreed
Sea-bathing is the thing they need;
Let's drop these hinfants off the quarter!'
—(They did, in fourteen fathom water)."

Just as Davy finished these verses, he discovered to his alarm that he was sinking into the beach as though the sand were running down through an hour-glass, and before he could make any effort to save himself, he had gone completely through and found himself lying flat on his back with tall grass waving about him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF THE BELIEVING VOYAGE.

WHEN Davy sat up and looked around him, he found himself in a beautiful meadow with the sun shining brightly on the grass and the wild-flowers. The air was filled with dainty colored insects darting about in the warm sunshine, and chirping cheerily as they flew, and at a little distance the Goblin was sitting on the grass attentively examining a great, struggling creature that he was holding down by its wings.

"I suppose,"—said the Goblin, as if Davy's sudden appearance was the most ordinary thing in the world,—"I suppose that this is about the funniest bug that flies."

"What is it?" said Davy, cautiously edging away.

"It 's a cricket-bat," said the Goblin, rapping familiarly with his knuckles on its hard shell. "His body is like a boot-jack, and his wings are like a pair of umbrellas."

"But, you know, a cricket-bat is something to play with!" said Davy, surprised at the Goblin's ignorance.

"Well, *you* may play with it if you like. *I* don't want to!" said the Goblin, carelessly tossing the great creature over to Davy, and walking away.

The cricket-bat made a swoop at Davy, knocking him over like a feather, and then with a loud snort, flew away across the meadow. It dashed here and there at flying things of every kind, and turning on its side, knocked them, one after another, quite out of sight, and finally, to Davy's great relief, disappeared in a distant wood.

"Come on! come on!" cried a voice; and Davy, looking across the meadow, saw the Goblin beckoning vigorously to him, apparently in great excitement.

"What 's the matter?" cried Davy, pushing his way through the thick grass.

"Oh, my! oh, my!" shrieked the Goblin, who was almost bursting with laughter. "Here 's that literary hack again!"

Davy peered through a clump of bushes and discovered a large red animal with white spots on its sides, clumsily rummaging about in the tall grass and weeds. Its appearance was so formidable that he was just about whispering to the Goblin, "Let 's run!" when the monster raised its head and, after gazing about for an instant, gave a loud, triumphant whistle.

"Why, it 's Ribsy!" cried Davy, running forward. "It 's Ribsy, only he 's grown enormously fat."

It was Ribsy, indeed, eating with all his might. The name on his side was twisted about beyond all hope of making it out, and his collar had quite disappeared in a deep crease about his neck. In fact, his whole appearance was so alarming that Davy anxiously inquired of him what he had been eating.

"Everything!" said Ribsy enthusiastically. "Grass, nuts, bugs, birds, and berries! All of 'em taste good. I could eat both of you, easily," he added, glaring hungrily down upon Davy and the Goblin.

"Try that fellow first," said the Goblin, pointing to a large round insect that went flying by, humming like a top. Ribsy snapped at it and swallowed it, and the next instant disappeared with a tremendous explosion in a great cloud of smoke.

"What was that?" said Davy, in a terrified whisper.

"A Hum Bug," said the Goblin calmly. "When a cab-horse on a vacation, talks about eating you, a Hum Bug is a pretty good thing to take the conceit out of him. They 're loaded, you see, and they go booming along as innocently as you please, but if you touch 'em—why, 'there you are n't!' as the Hole-keeper says."

"The Hole-keeper is n't himself any more," said Davy mournfully.

"Not altogether himself, but somewhat," said a voice; and Davy, looking around, was astonished to find the Hole-keeper standing beside him. He was a most extraordinary-looking object, being nothing but Davy's parcel marked, "CONFEXIONRY," with arms and legs and a head to it. At the sight of him the Goblin fell flat on his back, and covered his face with his hands.

"I 'm quite aware that my appearance is not

prepossessing," said the Hole-keeper, with a scornful look at the Goblin. "In fact, I 'm nothing but a quarter of a pound of '*plain*,' and the price is n't worth mentioning."

"But how did you ever come to be alive again, at all," said Davy.

"Well," said the Hole-keeper, "the truth of the matter is that after you went away, the Cockalorum fell to reading the *Vacuum;* and if you 'll believe it, there was n't a word in it about my going back into the raw material."

"I *do* believe that," said Davy; but the Hole-keeper, without noticing the interruption, went on:

"*Then*, of course, I got up and came away. Meanwhile, the Cockalorum is filling himself with information."

"I don't think he 'll find much in your book," said Davy, laughing.

"Ah! but just think of the lots and lots of things he *wont* find," exclaimed the Hole-keeper. "Everything he does n't find in it is something worth knowing. By the way, your friend seems to be having some sort of a fit. Give him some dubbygrums," and with this, the Hole-keeper stalked pompously away.

"The smell of sugar always gives me the craw-craws," said the Goblin, in a stifled voice, rolling on the ground, and keeping his hands over his face. "Get me some water."

"I have n't anything to get it in," said Davy, helplessly.

"There 's a buttercup behind you," groaned the Goblin, and Davy, turning, saw a buttercup growing on a stem almost as tall as he was himself. He picked it, and hurried away across the meadow to look for water, the buttercup, meanwhile, growing in his hand in a surprising manner, until it became a full-sized tea-cup, with a handle conveniently growing on one side. Davy, however, had become so accustomed to this sort of thing that he would not have been greatly surprised if a saucer had also made its appearance.

Presently he came upon a sparkling little spring,



DAVY FALLS INTO THE ELASTIC SPRING (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

gently bubbling up in a marshy place with high sedgy grass growing about it, and being a very neat little boy, he took off his shoes and stockings and carefully picked his way over the oozy ground to the edge of the spring itself. He was just bending over to dip the cup into the spring, when the

ground under his feet began trembling like jelly, and then, giving itself a convulsive shake, threw him head-foremost into the water.

For a moment Davy had a very curious sensation as though his head and his arms and his legs were all trying to get inside of his jacket, and then he came sputtering to the top of the water and scrambled ashore. To his astonishment he saw that the spring had spread itself out into a little lake, and that the sedge-grass had grown to an enormous height and was waving far above his head. Then he was startled by a tremendous roar of laughter, and looking around, he saw the Goblin, who was now apparently at least twenty feet high, standing beside the spring.



"'FRECKLES,' SAID THE GOBLIN, 'WHAT TIME IS IT?'"

"Oh, my!" cried the Goblin, in an uncontrollable fit of merriment. "Another minute and you would n't have been bigger than a peanut!"

"What 's the matter with me?" said Davy, not knowing what to make of it all.

"Matter?" cried the Goblin. "Why, your 've been and gone and fallen into an Elastic Spring, that 's all. If you 'd got in at stretch tide, early in the morning, you 'd have been a perfect giraffe, but you got in at shrink tide and—oh, my! oh, my!" and here he went off into another fit of laughter.

"I don't think it 's anything to laugh at," cried Davy, with the tears starting to his eyes, "and I 'm sure I don't know what I 'm going to do."

"Oh! don't worry" said the Goblin, good-naturedly. "I 'll take a dip myself, just to be companionable, and to-morrow morning we can get back to any size you like."

"I wish you 'd take these in with you" said Davy, pointing to his shoes and stockings. "They 're big enough now for Badorful."

"All right!" cried the Goblin. "Here we go;" and taking the shoes and stockings in his hand he plunged into the spring, and a moment afterward scrambled out exactly Davy's size.

"Now, that 's what I call a nice, tidy size," said the Goblin complacently, while Davy was squeezing his feet into his wet shoes. "What do you say to a ride on a field-mouse?"

"That will be glorious!" said Davy.

"Well, there goes the sun," said the Goblin; "it will be moonlight presently," and as he spoke, the sun went down with a boom like a distant gun and left them in the dark. The next moment a beautiful moon rose above the trees and beamed down pleasantly upon them, and the Goblin, taking Davy by the hand, led him into the wood.

* * * * *

"Freckles," said the Goblin, "what time is it?"

They were now in the densest part of the wood, where the moon was shining brightly on a little pool with rushes growing about it, and the Goblin was speaking to a large toad.

"Forty croaks," said the Toad, in a husky whisper; and then, as a frog croaked in the pool, he added: "That makes it forty-one. The Snoopers have come in, and Thimbletoes is shaking in his boots." And with these words the Toad coughed, and then hopped heavily away.

"What does he mean?" whispered Davy.

"He means that the Fairies are here, and *that* means that we wont get our ride," said the Goblin, rather sulkily.

"And who is Thimbletoes?" said Davy.

"He 's the Prime Minister," said the Goblin. "You see, if any one of the Snoopers finds out something the Queen did n't know before, out goes the Prime Minister, and the Snooper pops into his boots. Thimbletoes does n't fancy that, you know, because the Prime Minister has all the honey he wants, by way of a salary. Now, here 's the mouse-stable, and don't you speak a word, mind!"

As the Goblin said this, they came upon a little thatched building, about the size of a baby-house,

standing just beyond the pool; and the Goblin, cautiously pushing open the door, stole noiselessly in, with Davy following at his heels, trembling with excitement.

The little building was curiously lighted up by a vast number of fire-flies, hung from the ceiling by loops of cobweb; and Davy could see several spiders hurrying about among them and stirring them up when the light grew dim. The field-mice were stabled in little stalls on either side, each one with his tail neatly tied in a bow-knot to a ring at one side; and at the farther end of the stable was a buzzing throng of fairies, with their shining clothes and gauzy wings sparkling beautifully in the soft light. Just beyond them Davy saw the Queen sitting on a raised throne, with a little mullen-stalk for a scepter, and beside her was the Prime Minister, in a terrible state of agitation.

"Now, here 's this Bandybug," the Prime Minister was saying. "What does *he* know about untying the knots in a cord of wood?"

"Nothing!" said the Queen, positively. "Absolutely nothing."

"And then," continued the Prime Minister, "the idea of his presuming to tell your Gossamer Majesty that he can hear the bark of the dogwood trees——"

"Bosh!" cried the Queen. "Paint him with raspberry jam and put him to bed in a bee-hive. That 'll make him smart, at all events."

Here the Prime Minister began dancing about in an ecstasy, until the Queen knocked him over with the mullen-stalk, and shouted, "Silence! and plenty of it, too. Bring in Berrylegs."

Berrylegs, who proved to be a wiry little fairy, with a silver coat and tight, cherry-colored trousers, was immediately brought in. His little wings fairly bristled with defiance, and his manner, as he stood before the Queen, was so impudent that Davy felt morally certain there was going to be a scene.

"May it please your Transparent Highness—" began Berrylegs.

"Skip all that!" interrupted the Queen, flourishing her mullen-stalk.

"Skip, yourself!" said Berrylegs, boldly, in reply. "Don't you suppose I know how to talk to a queen!"

The Queen turned very pale, and after a hurried consultation with the Prime Minister, said, faintly, "Have it your own way," and Berrylegs began again.

"May it please your Transparent Highness, I 've found out how the needles get into the hay-stacks."

As Berrylegs said this, a terrible commotion arose at once among the Fairies. The Prime Minister cried out, "Oh, come, I say! That 's not fair, you know," and the Queen became so agitated that she began taking great bites off the end of the mullen-stalk in a dazed sort of way; and Davy noticed that the Goblin, in his excitement, was trying to climb up on one of the mouse-stalls so as to get a better view of what was going on. At last the Queen, whose mouth was now quite filled with bits of the mullen-stalk, mumbled, "Get to the point."

"It ought to be a sharp one, being about needles," said the Prime Minister, attempting a joke with a feeble laugh, but no one paid the slightest



"DAVY FELT MORALLY CERTAIN THERE WAS GOING TO BE A SCENE."

attention to him; and Berrylegs, who was now positively swelling with importance, called out in a loud voice: "It comes from using sewing-machines when they sow the hay-seed!"

The Prime Minister gave a shriek and fell flat on his face, and the Queen began jumping frantically up and down and beating about on all sides of her with the end of the mullen-stalk, when suddenly a large cat walked into the stable and the Fairies fled in all directions, There was no mistaking the cat, and Davy, forgetting entirely the Goblin's caution, exclaimed, "Why! it 's Solomon!"

The next instant the lights disappeared, and Davy found himself in total darkness, with Solomon's eyes shining at him like two balls of fire. There was a confused sound of sobs and cries and the squeaking of mice, among which could be heard the Goblin's voice crying, "Davy! Davy!" in a reproachful way; then the eyes disappeared, and a moment afterward the stable was lifted off the ground and violently shaken.

"That 's Solomon, trying to get at the mice," thought Davy. "I wish the old thing had staid away!" he added aloud, and as he said this the little stable was broken all to bits, and he found himself sitting on the ground in the forest.

The moon had disappeared, and snow was falling rapidly, and the sound of distant chimes reminded Davy that it must be past midnight, and that Christmas-day had come. Solomon's eyes were shining in the darkness like a pair of coach-lamps, and as Davy sat looking at them, a ruddy light began to glow between them, and presently the figure of the Goblin appeared dressed in scarlet, as when he had first come. The reddish light was shining through his stomach again, as though the coals had been fanned into life once more, and as Davy gazed at him it grew brighter and stronger, and finally burst into a blaze. Then Solomon's eyes gradually took the form of great brass balls, and presently the figure of the long-lost Colonel came into view just above them, affectionately hugging his clock. He was gazing mournfully down upon the poor Goblin, who was now blazing like a dry chip, and as the light of the fire grew brighter and stronger, the trees about slowly took the shape of an old-fashioned fire-place with a high mantel-shelf above it, and then Davy found himself curled up in the big easy-chair, with his dear old grandmother bending over him, and saying, gently, "Davy! Davy! Come and have some dinner, my dear."

In fact, the Believing Voyage was ended.

THE END.



LIESEL.

By Mrs. Julia Schayer.

If you had been in a certain little German village one summer morning many years ago, and had strolled along by the hedge which separated old Brigitta's garden from the high-road, you would surely have thought that a dozen linnets and finches were sitting on the same bough, all singing together on a wager. But it was only Liesel, Brigitta's grandchild, on her way from the castle, where she had been to get the soup which, by the gracious countess's orders, was made every day in the great kitchen for the poor, bedridden old woman.

Looking at her as she tripped along in her red dress, blue apron and white kerchief, it was no wonder that the poor people were strengthened in their belief that the child born on a Sunday, as Liesel was, is under Heaven's special care.

True, she had been an orphan since her babyhood, and poor indeed, so far as worldly riches go; but, for a lovely face, a sweet voice, a wise little head, and a happy disposition, Liesel's match would have been hard to find. The whole village was fond of Liesel, and as she passed, singing on her way, every one had a smile and a "*Grüss Gott!*" ("God bless you!") for the sweet child. The grimy blacksmith stopped hammering to gaze after her, and the red-headed baker's boy dropped two or three of the loaves he was carrying, in his eagerness to catch her eyes. Even the grandmother's wrinkled face brightened as Liesel entered the small, dim room like a burst of sunshine, and she ate the good soup Liesel had brought with a relish,— grumbling, however, from force of habit, at every mouthful.

"Oh, my poor back! If only I might have a sup of wine now and then to strengthen me! Oh, if my good son had lived!" and so on and on in one weary strain.

"Have patience, Granny!" Liesel said, smiling mysteriously as she patted the wrinkled cheek. "The wine may come yet. Who knows?"

"Who knows, indeed?" snapped the poor creature. "Where should it come from? Tell me that? You have found the golden goose, perhaps!"

Liesel smiled still more mysteriously. "Was n't I born on a Sunday?" she said, with a gay little laugh.

"Small luck it has brought you so far!" muttered old Brigitta, not to be coaxed out of her determination to be uncomfortable.

"The luck will come *some* time, dear Granny!" declared Liesel, bustling about her morning tasks with unusual haste. The old woman eyed her sharply a moment, but said nothing, and fell asleep at last, in spite of herself. Then Liesel, who had made everything cozy and neat, laid the old leather-bound Bible, horn-bowed spectacles, and coarse knitting-work on a stool by the bedside, and taking a little covered basket from a peg, left the cottage.

Before the door a few geese were paddling in a dirty pool; but at sight of Liesel they set up a loud gobbling, and leaving the puddle, waddled on before her to the goose-common outside the village. Just above the edge of a rock in the middle of the field, a queer-looking object, resembling a bunch of sere grass, could be seen moving about. With a hearty cry of "Hey, Dick-Kopf!" Liesel ran toward the rock; when the strange object rose a few inches higher, revealing the fact that it was the head of a boy — a broad-faced, good-natured-looking boy, dressed in wide yellow trousers drawn very high over a coarse linen shirt, and kept in place by horn buttons of prodigious size. He greeted Liesel with a wide smile of satisfaction.

"Dick-Kopf!" cried the little girl, quite out of breath, "only listen! There is to be a grand dinner at the castle to-day; and Christine, the cook, who is so kind to me always, has begged me to bring her mushrooms, for she has not enough, and was going on — I tell you — at a great rate. Quite in a French rage, I suppose it was. Well, listen, I tell you!" she repeated, quite needlessly, as Dick-Kopf was open-mouthed with eager attention, "she has promised me money — *money!* Do you hear, boy? And if you will look after my geese until I return, I will give you a penny — perhaps more!" she added, with the air of a great banker.

Dick-Kopf, whose real name, by the way, was Wilhelm, scratched his ear and regarded her with an injured air.

"Go, *mädchen!* Go, of course," he said, reproachfully. "I don't want your money."

"Stupid boy!" cried Liesel, giving him a playful slap. "We shall see about that. Good-bye, then!" and away she ran, and was soon lost to Dick-Kopf's sight in the fir wood beyond the common. It seemed ages to the patient, waiting boy, before Liesel's pretty figure again appeared, although it was, in fact, but two hours. She came running toward him, quite rosy and breathless with fatigue and excitement, her blue apron

gathered tightly in one hand, and bulging out in a way which made Dick-Kopf smile even more expansively than usual.

"Ah!" he cried, springing to his feet, and fixing his small eyes upon the apron as if they would bore holes in it, "what have you there?"

"That is for you to guess," said Liesel, with an important air.

"*Semmeln!*" ("wheaten rolls!") ventured the boy, after deep reflection.

"*Nun* (well), I must confess," said the girl, affecting great surprise, as she produced several of those tempting little wheaten rolls, "you are not so stupid as one might have imagined. What else?"

Dick-Kopf, apparently quite pleased with his doubtful compliment, glowed with anticipation.

"Apple cakes!" he cried.

"Nonsense!" Liesel said, loftily. "Apple cakes at this season! Try again."

"Poppy-seed cakes!"

"No."

"Almond cakes!" shouted the boy, quite beside himself.

"Why not?" Liesel said coolly, displaying a number of those delicate creations of the pastry-cook. "Come, let us sit here in the shade of the rock and eat. I am quite used up."

It is doubtful if the sun shone that day on a happier pair than those two, as they chatted and laughed over the goodies which so seldom interrupted their daily fare of black bread and cheese.

For some moments, although it was evident that Liesel was full of her adventures since leaving Dick-Kopf, there was less talking than eating; but at length, having reached a point where speech was possible, she shook the crumbs from her apron and began:

"You see," said Liesel, "I was a long time getting my basket filled; and though I took a short cut to the castle, I saw by the clock I was late, and I quite forgot myself and began running with all my might across the court, and, turning a corner,—what do you think? I ran plump against a gentleman!"

"No!" cried Dick-Kopf, aghast.

"As I live!" Liesel responded, with smothered laughter. "I thought for a moment I should die with fear. I dared not look up, but stood there curtsying as fast as I could, and then the gentleman cried out in such a big voice, '*Hundert-tausend-donner-wetter-noch-ein-mal!* What have we here?' 'If you please, gracious sir,' said I, all of a tremble, 'it 's mushrooms for the cook.' And then, if you 'll believe me, he began laughing, although I can't imagine why; and I looked up and saw that he was a very fine old gentleman, very kind-looking and splendid, with a great jewel shining on his breast, and then——"

"*Nun!* And then?" said Dick-Kopf, as Liesel paused.

"Well, and then," she went on, laughing and blushing, "he said something about my eyes, and said he was sure I was the little maiden he had heard singing behind a hedge in the village, and asked me such a lot of queer questions!—until I thought of Christine and the mushrooms, and I began to be uneasy, not daring to run away, you know, and he must have guessed this, for he sent me off at last. When I came to the kitchen, things were in a great state, I can tell you! Christine was quite purple in the face, and was screaming at the maids and shaking her spoon at them enough to scare one, but nobody seemed to mind. And oh, the fine things I saw preparing for the dinner! Bettine took me to the housekeeper, who paid me for the mushrooms, and took me to the countess, who was having her hair dressed for dinner, and was covered with a great silken mantle. She was so sweet and kind! She asked after Grandmother, and ordered the housekeeper to give me a bottle of red wine for her. Only fancy! And then Christine gave me these nice things, and I ran home quick with the wine, and then hastened here. And that is all!"

Dick-Kopf, who had reached his last crumb of almond cake, became at this juncture quite melancholy.

"*Ach du lieber!*" ("O thou dear one!") he sighed, "and great people dine like that every day in the year, if they choose! Only think, Liesel! Five meals a day and nothing to do! What a beautiful way to live!"

Liesel burst into a laugh.

"*Pfui!* Greedy boy!" she cried. "One should not live merely to eat!"

"N—no, perhaps not," assented Dick-Kopf, but with hesitation. "Say, Liesel, would not you like to be a fine lady?"

"I a great lady? Nonsense!" laughed the little girl. "Every one to his own station, say I!" she added, with one of her wise looks. "I am not fit for such a life."

"Why not?" persisted Dick-Kopf. "You are far prettier than that proud little Adelberta up yonder at the castle!"

"The idea," cried Liesel, "of comparing me, a peasant child, with that fine little lady!"

"Pooh!" retorted the boy, "fine feathers do not make fine birds! One would think, to hear you, that those people were made of different flesh and blood from us. Why," went on the boy, with enthusiasm, "look at your hair like yellow silk, and your eyes and complexion——"

"Oh," interrupted Liesel, indifferently, "all the girls in the village have yellow hair and blue eyes. That is nothing to boast of, I 'm sure."



LIESEL LEAVES DICK-KOPF IN CHARGE OF HER GEESE.

"Bah!" cried Dick-Kopf, shaking his flaxen mane, "so have I,—but they are not like yours," he added, slyly; at which Liesel laughed again. She was always laughing at Dick-Kopf, and nothing pleased him better than to hear her laugh.

"Would n't you like to change places with *Fräulein* Adelberta, now, for instance," he said again, being a determined boy.

"Well," Liesel answered, more thoughtfully, "I should like to read her books, and learn to play on that splendid, great piano; but there are other things I should not like. I 'm afraid I should not like to wear shoes and gloves all the time, and walk stiffly along, and never climb trees, nor sit on the grass, and I am afraid—I *know*—I should not like that governess! You should hear her scold, if the gracious *fräulein* stops to speak to any one. One day she stopped in the court-yard to show me a beautiful wax doll with real hair, and eyes that open and shut; when up came Fräulein Longenbeck, and said in *such* a sharp voice, "Come, *gnädiges fräulein* (gracious lady), that is not proper!" And she took the doll from my hand."

"Proper, indeed!" remarked Dick-Kopf, disrespectfully. "But it would be different with a boy, you see! Ah, I should like to be the young count, with his toys, and pony, and donkey-wagon ——"

"And Latin books," put in Liesel, laughing mischievously.

Dick-Kopf had to smile, too, at this.

"That *would* be hard, I confess," he said, "but if *I* am stupid, *you* are clever enough for anything, and every one says you were born for

luck. Do you remember what the old gypsy at the fair told you?"

"About my becoming rich and great? Yes, I remember; but what person of sense believes in witches and fortune-tellers nowadays?" said Liesel.

"*I* do," declared Dick-Kopf, stoutly, "and I am a person of sense! At any rate I believe in that one; for did n't she tell me I was going to meet with great misfortunes soon, and did n't I lose my pocket-knife, which I had just bought, on my way home, and fall over a stone and bruise my knee, and get my ears soundly boxed for staying so long at the fair?"

Liesel laughed again.

"Yes," she said, "it is no wonder *you* believe in fortune-tellers after all that."

In this way the good comrades chatted away the afternoon, and when the sun was going down behind the hill, in such splendor that the windmill on its summit looked as if it were on fire, they called their geese together and drove them gayly homeward.

When Dick-Kopf went to bed that night, a bright three-penny piece fell from one of his pockets.

"*Ach!*" cried he, in great wonder, for not a word had been said on the subject, "how did she get that into my pocket without my knowing it. She is a smart child, that Liesel!"

PART II.

LIESEL went daily to the castle for the soup, and after her house-work was done, spent the rest of each long summer day on the goose-common with Dick-Kopf. Every day she had something new and interesting to tell him. She had met several times the kind old gentleman (who was no less a personage than the rich and eccentric Prince Poniatowsky himself); and each time he had stopped to talk with her, and had said so many droll things that, through much laughing, she had lost all fear, and they were now on quite friendly terms.

"You see," she explained to the awe-stricken Dick-Kopf, "he is not at all like the other great people."

"Has he *given* you anything?" asked that practical youth, on one occasion.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Liesel, coloring. "He sees that if I *am* a poor child I am no beggar!"

"You are a queer one," said Dick-Kopf, looking somewhat ashamed; "but I believe you are right."

The castle was full of visitors now; for a grand review was to take place in the neighborhood, at which the king himself was to be present. Every day there were dinner-parties, hunting-parties, balls, and fêtes. Good Christine took care that her little favorite should have a peep at the elegantly spread tables and the ladies in full dress, and even allowed her to bring Dick-Kopf sometimes and stand at an open window of the grand drawing-room to listen to the music and watch the dancing. The children could hardly sleep for thinking of the things they saw and heard. Sometimes, as they sat tending their geese, the roll of wheels and clatter of hoofs would reach their ears, and they would run to the roadside to gaze at the carriages full of beautifully dressed ladies, and the splendid officers mounted on high-stepping horses and glittering with golden stars and crosses and embroidery.

"*Ach!*" cried Dick-Kopf, one day. "That is something for me! I will be a soldier, too, one of these days."

"Of course," said Liesel, "all young men must be soldiers in Germany."

"That is not what I mean, though. I will be a *great* soldier! An officer!" declared the boy. "I shall kill our enemies by hundreds and thousands! The king shall hear of me, and send for me to come to his palace, and with his own hand put the 'Iron Cross' on my breast!"

"That would be very grand, no doubt," assented Liesel, "only I would not *kill* the poor fellows. I would only frighten them very much, and make them prisoners."

"Nonsense!" cried Dick-Kopf, hotly. "That is a girl's notion! I tell you they must be *killed!*" And he flourished his crooked stick, and looked so fierce that Liesel hardly knew him.

"Well," she said, with a sigh, "I suppose many must be killed, but it is a pity for their wives and children."

"That is so," the boy answered, less fiercely; remembering that her father had fallen in battle. "I 'll tell you what, Liesel," he added, "I will ask each one I capture if he is married, and shall only kill those who are single."

Liesel heaved a sigh of relief. "You are a good-hearted boy, Dick-Kopf," she said.

Old Brigitta had seemed so comfortable and cheerful of late that Liesel believed she was getting well; but one morning on going to her bedside to wish her, as usual, "*Guten morgen*" ("good morning"), she found the poor old body asleep in "the sleep which knows no waking."

It was a bitter grief,—this parting from her only relative,—but thanks to her sweet disposition, the orphan girl had many friends among rich and poor. The neighbors gathered around her with words of comfort, and the school-master took her

to his own house to stay until after the funeral. It was then decided that, as there was no one to object, and Liesel herself was more than willing, she should go into the service of the countess.

Having noticed the little girl's handy ways and pleasant temper, the countess thought best to train her for the position of lady's maid, and for this purpose placed her in the hands of Henrietta, her own maid, who undertook to instruct Liesel in fine sewing and such other duties as would in time be required of her.

This sudden change in her mode of life was no doubt the best thing which could have happened to the lonely orphan; but it must be confessed that, kind though every one was to her, there were some things which Liesel found hard to bear. To the peasant child, used to a free open-air existence, it was very tiresome to sit so much of the time bent over her needle; and the little feet, which had been accustomed to going bare, except on Sundays and holidays, felt cramped and miserable in the shoes they were now required to wear all the time. Not only was her heart full of sorrow for the dear grandmother who had taken all the care of her since her mother died, but she missed also her life-long friend and playmate Dick-Kopf. She had seen him but a few times of late, and it seemed to her that he looked at her with a reproachful kind of gaze;—"as if," she reflected sadly, "as if I were becoming proud!"

Whenever she looked up from her sewing out into the beautiful summer, and saw the birds, with glad cries, winging their way across the blue sky and plunging into the fleecy clouds, her heart longed for freedom. She could see the straw-thatched roofs of the village, and the smoke of the chimneys, and, with brimming eyes, how from one chimney only no smoke arose — that of the empty cottage which had been her home. She could hear the blacksmith's hammer ringing, and the voices of the children at play, and there on the little hill-top beyond the village the windmill's heavy sails were swinging, and she knew that not far from it Dick-Kopf must be sitting, watching his geese and perhaps missing her as much as she did him.

Ah, many a time her eyes were too dim to thread the needle, and big tears fell upon the little trembling fingers. But Liesel had not only a wise head for her age, but a stout heart, and she struggled hard with all these sad thoughts, resolved to do all that her duty seemed to require; for was not every one very, very kind to her?

Most of the visitors at the castle were gone now, but good old Prince Poniatowsky still remained, and never passed her by without a pleasant word or two, although, seeing that the child's mood was not now a merry one, he joked less than formerly. It seemed strange to Liesel that so grand a gentleman should stoop to notice her at all; but then, as all the servants said, he was in no way like the rest of the grand people.

Liesel saw and heard many things at the castle which interested and puzzled her, but what puzzled her most of all was the fact that little Countess Adelberta was neither a very good nor a very happy child. There was hardly an hour in the day when her shrill crying could not be heard, and all the servants of the household pronounced her,— under their breath, of course,—"a little vixen." This seemed very strange to Liesel. It seemed to her that Adelberta had everything in the world to make her happy, and no excuse for naughtiness.

It happened one day that Adelberta was not quite well — just sick enough to have to stay in the nursery; and all the morning her cries and shrieks had been almost unceasing. About midday Henrietta came into her own room, where Liesel sat darning a napkin.

"Liesel," said she, looking very much annoyed, "you are to go to the nursery. The little countess is crying for you."

"For me?" exclaimed Liesel, much astonished.

"Yes," answered Henrietta. "Her ladyship is tired of her stuffed dolls, and wants a live one, I suppose. Take my advice," she added, as Liesel rose to go, "and keep at a proper distance from her ladyship, for she is not to be trifled with, that I can tell you!"

When Liesel reached the nursery, she found the little countess seated on the floor amid a litter of books and toys, her pretty, delicate face wearing its very naughtiest expression. Near her stood her mother, looking sad and displeased, and in the background, bristling with anger, was Fräulein Longenbeck, the governess.

"Liesel," said the countess, gently, "Adelberta thinks she would like to play with you for a while. I hope it will do her good, and that when I return she will be ready to say that she is sorry for her naughty behavior."

She then left the room, followed by the governess.

Leisel looked about her, at the beautiful pictures, rich furniture, pretty little bed, and the costly toys and books upon the floor. How could any child be otherwise than happy here, she wondered. All the while, Adelberta was staring at her from beneath her tangled curls.

"Come and play!" she said, finally, in a peevish voice.

Liesel came nearer.

"Do you like books?" asked her small ladyship, presently, giving the one nearest her feet a petulant little kick.

"Oh, yes! Do not you, *gnädiges Fräulein?*" answered Liesel.

"I hate them!" said Adelberta, decidedly.

"O *gnädiges Fräulein!*" cried Leisel, "not *all* books! You surely like picture-books and story-books!"

"I like the fairy-books, and that is all!" answered Adelberta. "The girls in the books learn their lessons, and write their exercises, and love their governesses. I don't learn, and I write badly, and," with a quick breath, "I *hate* Fräulein Longenbeck!"

She looked so very savage when she said this, that Liesel could not help smiling, at which the corners of Adelberta's own mouth curled up funnily.

"We must not hate *any one*," said Liesel, who, being a year or two older, felt it her duty to reprove such sentiments, even though uttered by a little countess; "it is a great sin to hate."

"Then I am a great sinner," said Adelberta. "There 's French, now," she went on; "was ever anything more stupid? And I must speak six French sentiments every day—out of my *own head*, you know—or I get no dessert at dinner. Generally I don't mind, but yesterday there were to be ices, and I tried very hard to speak them, and see!—to-day I have a headache and sore throat in consequence."

"But you like your music-lessons, of course," said Liesel, who had listened gravely.

"Least of all!" cried Adelberta, jumping up and beginning to drum on the table. "*One*, two, three, four! *One*, two, three, four!" she repeated, with so perfect an imitation of Fräulein Longenbeck's manner that Liesel laughed outright.

By this time Adelberta's ill humor had begun to disappear. She even felt a little ashamed of herself, especially as she noticed Liesel's neat braids and caught a glimpse in the mirror of her own rough locks. She gave her hair a stroke or two with her delicate hands and came up to Liesel in a friendly manner.

"Tell me," she said, "are you not sorry you came here to live?"

"Oh, no! No, indeed!" said Liesel; but even then her eyes turned toward the window, where she could see the tree-tops waving and hear the birds twittering.

"Then why do you always look so sad?" persisted Adelberta.

Liesel's eyes filled with tears.

"Ah," said the other, with unusual gentleness, "I know; I too had a grandmother, and she died. She was very good to me."

There was a little pause, and then the little countess went to the closet where her toys were stored, and returned with a lovely doll, saying:

"This is my best doll. She is from Paris, and her name is Belle. She can talk and cry."

That was her childish way of showing sympathy, and Liesel began to think that Adelberta was not so *very* naughty, after all, as she took the pretty doll in her hands.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, holding the long silken train out at full length. "She is like your good Mamma, the gracious countess!"

"Yes, a little," said Adelberta. "Now I will show you something else," she added, in a lower tone; "only you must never tell."

She ran to the closet, and exploring the depths of a large box, brought to light another doll.

"Allow me," she said, with much ceremony, "to present to you Fräulein Longenbeck!"

This doll was a poor battered creature whose beauty had long since disappeared. She was dressed in a piece from one of the governess's own dresses, and made up, as nearly as Adelberta's fingers could imitate it, in the same style. The few hairs still remaining were arranged in the way in which that august lady was in the habit of dressing her own. One arm was bent, and one long kid finger raised in a stern, reproving manner.

Liesel gazed at this effigy in speechless amazement, wishing very much to laugh, but feeling that she must not encourage Adelberta's naughtiness. Fortunately at this moment steps were heard approaching, the doll was hastily concealed, and the countess, entering, permitted Liesel to go.

After this she was often sent for to amuse the little lady, to the horror of Fräulein Longenbeck, who, being the daughter of a reduced merchant, was even more aristocratic in her ideas than the countess herself.

When Liesel had been at the castle about a month and, without even suspecting it, had won the good opinion of all, something happened to her so wonderful, so unexpected, that it will read more like a fairy-tale than a simple narration of facts! Indeed, if I did not know that such things *do* happen now and then,—though not so often as I wish they did,—I should be afraid to put this part of Liesel's story on paper.

One day, as she sat in Henrietta's room darning a particularly fine napkin with a particularly fine needle and floss, and every once in a while casting a longing glance at the birds plunging headlong into some white clouds beyond where the trees were tallest and greenest,—in came Henrietta, with her face aglow.

"Liesel!" she whispered, "you are to go at once to the countess."

The blood rushed into the little girl's face, and the tears to her eyes, for her first thought was that she had displeased her gracious mistress in

some way. She rose hurriedly and laid her sewing aside.

"Foolish child!" cried the maid, "why do you cry? I tell you it is something very *good*, and something——" and then she checked herself. "Go on, dear little goose!" she cried, giving Liesel a playful push; and Liesel, relieved to hear that she was not to be reprimanded, went on to the door of the countess's *salon* and knocked timidly. A sweet voice bade her enter, and she did so, but felt very much embarrassed to find in the room, not only the countess herself, but the count, smiling in his grave, distant way, and old Prince Poniatowsky, whose wrinkled face was alive with some secret joy, which he could hardly restrain. Liesel, finding so many eyes upon her, could only stand before them, dropping one quaint little curtsy after another and looking into each friendly face with her large, innocent eyes.

"Liesel," began the countess, in a tender, encouraging voice, "our good friend, Prince Poniatowsky, having seen that you are a good child and fond of books and music, has taken a great interest in you. If you are pleased with the idea, he will take you to his own home, will provide you with teachers, and, if you are as ambitious and industrious as we think you will be, you can become in time a teacher yourself. Perhaps you would like that better than anything else. What do you say, Liesel? Would you like to go?

Liesel had turned first pale and then red while the lady was speaking, and now she could only look wildly from one to another, unable to utter a word.

"It shall be as you wish, Liesel," said the countess, taking her cold little hand and speaking very softly. "If you wish to go, go now to the prince and give him your hand. You need not speak a word."

Pale, trembling, in a kind of dream, Liesel went over to the old prince and held out her hand, only half-conscious of the kind words he spoke, and went away at last just enough awake to remember that in two days she must go away with him to his distant home.

It was soon known throughout the castle and the village that "Brigitta's Liesel" was to go away with the rich, whimsical old prince, "to be made a fine lady of," and every one rejoiced at her good fortune. No, not quite every one, for there were some envious souls in the village (as there are everywhere), who said spiteful things which other envious souls took care to repeat to Liesel, and which grieved her honest little soul. Then Fräulein Longenbeck, moreover, chose pronounce the prince's beneficence "a dangerous precedent"; but Liesel did not hear this, and would not have known what it meant if she had; so it did not matter. She was too busy, and too excited and bewildered, to know whether she was happy or not. At times she was full of gladness, but at other times there was a curious sinking at her heart, which was anything but pleasant; and she felt this most often when she thought of her old friend and comrade, Dick-Kopf.

He, poor fellow, was told the news as he sat alone on the common with his geese, and it was like a stab through his heart.

"Well," he remarked to his feathered companions, after the baker's boy, who had stolen a moment to run and inform him, had disappeared, "well, have I not always said it? It is only what was to be expected!" But with all his sturdy philosophy, Dick-Kopf found his black bread hard to swallow that day. Toward the close of the afternoon some one spoke his name, and there was Liesel, no longer in servant's garb, but neatly dressed in mourning, with a nice straw hat on her yellow hair, and fine shoes on her pretty feet. Her face was pale and her eyes red with weeping, for she had been taking leave of old friends and places, and had just come from the graves of her mother and her grandparents; but she looked so tall in her neatly fitting dress, so refined and elegant, that Dick-Kopf felt really awkward, in spite of her friendly smile.

He tried, however, to stammer out something by way of greeting, but the lump in his throat grew *very* troublesome, and he turned squarely around, which would have seemed rude, had not Liesel seen how the big horn buttons on his back went creeping up and down, and known by this that poor Dick-Kopf was sobbing. It was too much for Liesel. She sat herself down beside him in the old place and cried heartily with him.

The geese, including those of old Brigitta, came up and stretched their long necks toward her; and then, as she took no notice of them, they waddled away, gobbling noisily, and thinking, no doubt, like some of her other village friends, that Liesel had grown proud and haughty.

"Did n't I always *say* so?" said Dick-Kopf, swallowing a big sob. "Did n't *every*body say so?"

"Oh!" sobbed Liesel, "I *almost* wish it were n't so! I *almost* wish I were going to stay here!"

"Nonsense!" cried Dick-Kopf, sturdily, wiping his eyes on his sleeve; "it is just as it should be. You were not meant to be a goose-girl or a common servant. Now you will learn books and music, and everything, and in time become a great lady, a great deal handsomer," went on Dick-Kopf, nodding his head violently, "than *any* of them! Yes, yes! It is just right, only—Liesel—don't you get *p-proud*, you know, and"—and here he turned his back again in a suspicious way.

Now it was Liesel's turn to be comforter.

"See here, Dick-Kopf," she said bravely; "when you are a great soldier, and have won the 'Iron Cross,' you will come and see me, and we will talk over the old times — the times when we tended our geese together, and all the rest. And, Dick-Kopf, you can do something for me."

The boy looked up eagerly.

"Go always on All Souls' Day," she went on softly, "and lay flowers on my graves for me."

Dick-Kopf gladly promised this, and then they talked of many things, and finally shook hands; and Liesel, not once looking back at the boy's sad little figure leaning against the rock, went back to the castle, feeling very strange and solemn.

stammer out a farewell speech,—but, alas, he broke down at the beginning, and turning, laid his head against the stone wall.

The old gentleman stroked Liesel's hair gently, and, wise old fellow that he was, let her have her cry out. That was the best way, no doubt; for a child's grief is usually short-lived, and there was much to take up Liesel's attention; after that she became bright and cheerful in a little while.

But my story is growing too long. Let me say, then, in a few words, that after Liesel had brightened the grim old Castle Poniatowsky for a year or two with her sweet face, and wakened its echoes with her lovely voice, the old prince adopted her as his child, which was what he had intended to do all



"LIESEL WENT OVER TO THE OLD PRINCE AND HELD OUT HER HAND."

The next day she went away with her new friend and benefactor. The leave-taking at the castle was hard enough, but worse was to come. As the carriage rolled through the village, all the people came out to call out to her their good-bye wishes. The little girl sat up very straight beside old Prince Poniatowsky, but she was very pale, and trembled in every limb.

All the time, she was wondering where Dick-Kopf could be; but when they were quite out of the village, there he was, standing by the roadside in his Sunday clothes, and with a very large nosegay in his hand. He made a brave, friendly face, threw the bouquet into the carriage, tried to

the while. And Liesel grew up good, and beautiful, and accomplished, and married a very grand gentleman, and lived in a wonderful palace in an old German city, where the story of the little peasant girl is told to this day. I said it would read like a fairy-tale, and was I not right?

I wish I could tell you what became of Dick-Kopf, but we can only hope that his sorrow at losing his little friend wore away. In course of time he doubtless grew into a big, gawky, good-natured fellow, served his king bravely and, having reached the height of his ambition, is to-day strutting proudly about with a sword at his side, and the "iron cross" upon his breast.

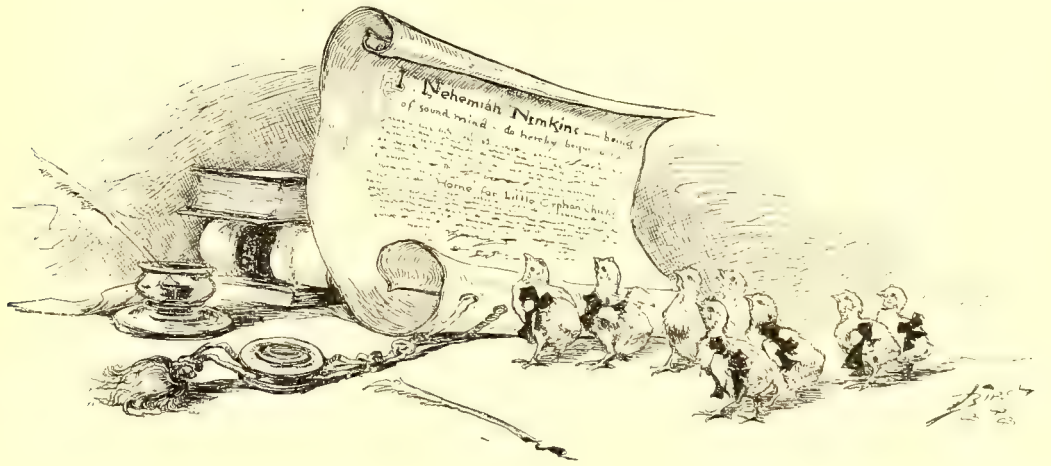
Truly Repentant.



Old Nehemiah Nimkins was as thrifty as could be;
He kept a host of chickens that, with worthy energy,
Laid one fine egg apiece each day until their owner grew
To be regarded by his friends as very well-to-do;
But, as he journeyed to the town to sell some eggs one day,
He went so slowly that remorse o'ertook him on the way!

"My sense of honor is aroused," he cried, "and now I spurn
The very thought of taking what my poor, dumb creatures earn!
It 's downright robbery, I think, to sell the eggs they 've laid;
And I will cheerfully refund the money they have made.
Beyond a small commission, the corn used, and the rent
Of the wretched place in which they live, I 'll give them every cent!

"I 'll have a skillful carpenter, as quickly as he can,
Construct a house of architecture Gothic or Queen Anne;
I 'll furnish it with bric-à-brac and paintings old and rare;
I 'll place before them daily a generous bill-of-fare;
And if there 's any money left, I 'll have a lawyer fix
My will so I can found a 'Home for Little Orphan Chicks!'"



HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter X.

Uncle Gray did not suppose there was any special need of his going out of the house again that night; for he did not doubt that Kit could be trusted, after the severe lesson he had received, to put up the horse and lock the barn-door.

"I don't know but it 'll be a good thing it has happened, on the whole," he said to Aunt Gray; "for I guess it 'll teach him to have his wits about him in future."

He was in excellent spirits, pulling on his boots. But he was wheezing a little; and she urged him to go to bed again, predicting that he would be asthmatic to-morrow.

"I guess I sha'n't be," he said. "I don't feel like sleep. I want to see how Dandy looks, after his scrape. I can't help laughin' when I think on 't! How smart Christopher was!"

He glanced at the table as he passed through the kitchen.

"Might give him a little of that new honey for his supper," he suggested, taking his hat from its peg. "I should n't wonder if 't would taste good with his bread and butter."

The small corner of his heart filled by the nephew glowed with uncommon warmth that night.

"I guess I will," said Aunt Gray, innocently.

The truth is, she was all the while intending that Kit should have some of that honey, and was only waiting for her husband to get back to bed before setting it on the table. Perhaps she dreaded more his unpleasant remarks at sight of it than his asthmatic troubles on the morrow. For the honey represented so much cash; and Uncle Gray, besides being even more economical than Aunt Gray (which is saying much), often thought her inclined to over-indulgence of her nephew.

"Might give him just a little," he added, recalling, the moment he had spoken, that genial fault of hers together with the present high price of honey.

He even waited to see her bring a little cake of the pellucid comb in a sauce-dish, before putting on his hat and going out. He considered it a rather liberal quantity. How he would have regarded it if he had gone first to the barn and learned of Kit's last stupendous blunder, it is needless to surmise.

He was to find that out soon enough.

"F'r instance!" he exclaimed gleefully, entering the stable; "if anybody had told me this morning——"

He had got so far, when suddenly he stopped.

Kit had placed the lantern on the floor, and was standing beside it,—if such an attitude can be called standing,—looking so shrunken, so weak, and woe-begone, that you would almost have said he had shared the fate of Dandy, and been changed to another boy by some dreadful hocus-pocus. He was trying to rally himself when Uncle Gray, after an amazed glance at the horse, burst forth with:

"What — what sort of a beast have you got here?"

"I don't know!" murmured the dazed victim of disaster.

"Don't know!" ejaculated Uncle Gray, in a swollen and agitated voice, which may be compared to a cat, with tail and fur up at some horrible circumstance. "Where 's Dandy?"

"Don't know!" faltered the child of misery.

"What *do* you know?" roared Uncle Gray.

"I know I 'm a fool, and that 's about all!" said the abject slave of shame and misfortune.

With lips tightly rolled together, features in a terrible snarl, and eyes scintillating like small fireworks on either side of his sallow, hooked nose, Uncle Gray took up the lantern, and looked the strange horse over from forelock to fetlocks, from hock to withers. Then he set the lantern down again without a word and took two or three strides to and fro; Kit all the while shriveling among the pendent harnesses, and the horse tranquilly munching hay with stolid equine unconsciousness of the little drama in which he was so important a figure.

After a brief silence, broken by the regular champing sound in the manger and irregular chafing and fuming of Uncle Gray, that worthy man, suppressing the inward turmoil to which no words could do justice, demanded sharply:

"Where 'd you git that hoss?"

"Over at the cattle-show," Kit answered meekly.

"But you said you found Dandy!"

"I did find him! I left him a minute to get a lunch, and went back to take him,—I had n't a doubt that I had the same horse,—and now I 've got him home, he 's another horse altogether!"

"Another hoss altogether!" Uncle Gray repeated, trembling with the tempest he could hardly contain. "I should say he was! I don't believe you found Dandy, at all!"

"Yes, I did; though I don't wonder you think so," said Kit. "But it was dark under the shed, — and Cash Branlow tumbled me on his back in such a hurry, — and I never was on Dandy's back but twice, — and how could I tell another horse from him then, in the evening? Though it seemed to me there was something wrong about him, two or three times."

"Something wrong about him!" echoed Uncle Gray. "This hoss is no more like Dandy than I'm like Isaiah the Prophet! He 's about the same size as Dandy, and somethin' nigh the same color, and that 's about all. He carries his head in a different way."

"I noticed that, when I got off his back," said Kit. "I could n't tell just how he did carry his head when I was riding him."

"He 's a trimmer-built hoss," continued Uncle Gray. "Longer-legged, a great sight! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see now!"

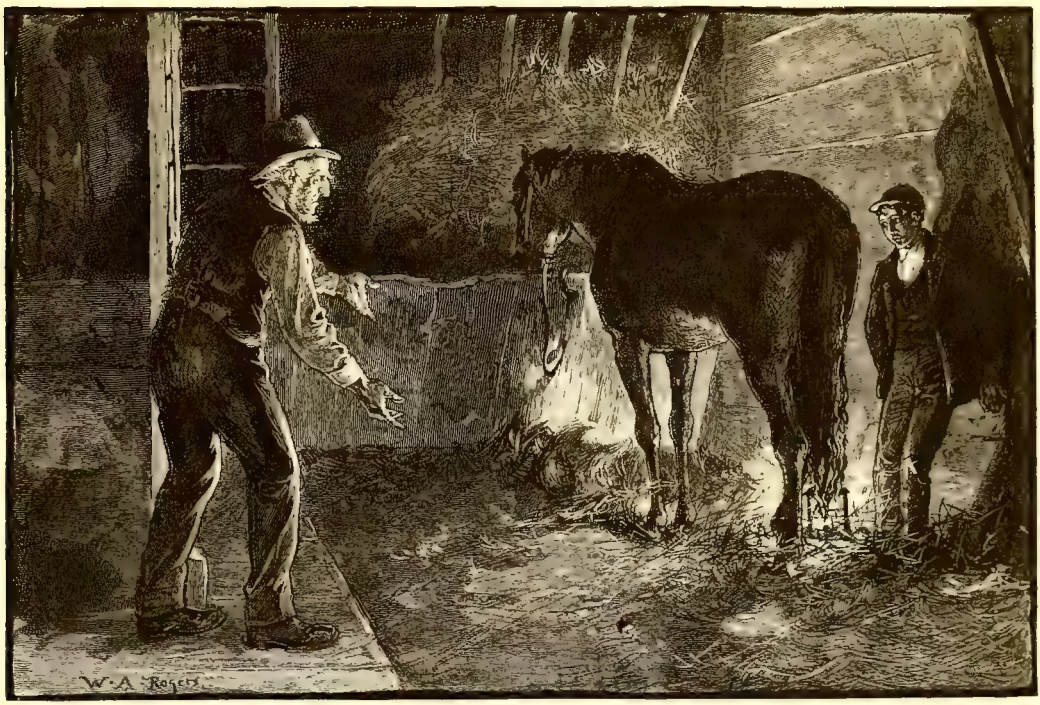
"And a younger hoss, I should say; and he ought to be a better roadster."

"I *was* surprised," said Kit, "at his traveling off so well after his day's work. But I supposed it was because he was going home."

"Goin' home!" exclaimed Uncle Gray. "I wonder where his home is! Do you know what you 've done, boy?"

Poor Kit answered only by his looks, which showed plainly enough his consciousness of the enormity of his offense.

"You 've stolen a hoss; that 's what you 've done!" said Uncle Gray. "You 've giv'n up Dandy, after findin' him, — if it 's true you *did* find him, which I very much doubt, — and run off another man's hoss in his place. What 's a-goin' to be done about it — have ye any idee?"



"DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU 'VE DONE, BOY?"

"I wish I had!" murmured the wretched Christopher.

"Wish ye had!" cried Uncle Gray. "If you don't beat all the ——"

Words failing him to express his sense of the situation, he ended with a wrathful sniff.

"I don't see as anything can be done about it to-night," said he; "and we may as well lock up and go into the house. Must be nigh on to midnight, by this time. Smart boy, you be, keepin' us all awake till this time o' night, just to see how big a blunder a boy of your age and inches can possibly commit! I knew before, you were the beatermost dunderpate in all creation! What shall I say now?"

"Say anything you please," replied Christopher,

his heart having sunk until it reached the very rock-bed of self-abasement and despair. "You can't blame me any more than I blame myself."

His utter submissiveness seemed slightly to mollify the uncle, whom anything like excuses or prevarications would have but served to exasperate still more.

"Wal, wal! let 's go in. Nothin' can be done till to-morrow; then we 'll see how your amazin' stupidity can be remedied, if there 's any remedy for 't, at all."

Uncle Gray held up the lantern, and scrutinized the strange animal again, before parting with him for the night.

"He 's a better hoss than Dandy; a younger and more valu'ble hoss. I should n't object to the trade if 't was an honest one. But to go and steal another man's beast because one of our own 's been stolen, is a kind of irreggelarity that a law-and-order-community 's not likely to tolerate."

"I should suppose so!" said Kit, finding a certain strength in the very depth of humbleness he had sounded; for in that depth was truth, the source of all moral strength. "I don't tolerate it myself; as I 'll show you to-morrow."

"You 'll show!" said Uncle Gray, contemptuously. "What 'll you do?"

"I don't know just what," replied Kit. "But I 'll let folks know that if I am a thief, I am an unwilling thief; and that if I 've stolen a horse, I did n't mean it for stealing. I can do that, at least."

"Come, come!" Uncle Gray turned to go. "No use standin' here and talking of what you 'll show, and how you 'll let folks know. You 've got yourself and us into an unconscionable scrape, and I don't see how we 're a-goin' to git out on 't; though may be you do, you 're so bright! Let 's go in and tell your aunt, and see how proud she 'll be of her smart nephew!"

He locked up the barn with one hand, while he held the lantern with the other; poor Kit feeling that he was unworthy to offer the least assistance.

Aunt Gray, on learning the net result of Kit's arduous all-day expedition, was quite as much astonished as that excellent man, her husband, had been. But she was more inclined to take her nephew's part; and she was the first to offer a probable explanation of his most extraordinary mistake.

"It 's all a trick of that miserable, mean, Cassius Branlow," she declared. "He 's equal to any wickedness, and I 'm sorry enough, Christopher, that you had anything to do with him."

"So am I!" cried Uncle Gray. "And I 'm astonished, I 'm astonished, boy, that you should have trusted him for a moment!"

Kit, worn and haggard, sitting at table, trying to eat his supper, did not see fit to remind his uncle of some very different observations he had heard a little while before on the same subject, when it was thought Dandy had been secured partly through Mr. Branlow's management.

"And it 's my opinion," cried Aunt Gray, nodding her head to give emphasis to her words, as she stood, portly and grim, at the end of the table,—"it 's my positive opinion that Cash Branlow is the thief!"

"No doubt on 't!" exclaimed Uncle Gray. "How could you — how could you for an instant believe he meant any good to you, with his advice and help — a notorious scamp like him!"

And, standing at the other end of the table, he scowled his blackest disapprobation upon the culprit actually at that moment tasting the precious honey!

Unconsciously tasting, it must be said. Kit knew no more that honey was in his spoon and that the spoon went to his mouth than if he had been an automaton. He was thinking; and as he thought, the blood rushed to his cheeks and brow.

For he remembered just then how he had stood looking squarely into Branlow's face and described the thief to him,— sallow complexion, smooth face, suit of dark, checked goods, narrow-brimmed straw hat, medium height,— without noticing that Branlow's own appearance corresponded, item for item, with the description, which he checked off, with so innocent an air, on his fingers!

CHAPTER XI.

WE have already heard how Mr. Cassius Branlow, when weary of the work-shop, had sometimes taken to the road as a traveling tinker. But he was never long satisfied even with that light and varied occupation; for though the experiences it yielded were large, the revenues were small; and it was a necessity of his restless nature that he must not only see the world, but also be well fed and entertained.

Hence the habit he had fallen into of supplementing his kettle-mending and soldering of tin-pans with a little industry of a less praiseworthy sort. If he stopped the leak in your boiler, you were apt to find that he had made a more serious leak in your household economies by pocketing a silver fork or a tea-bell. Discovering your losses after he was gone, you resolved to look out for him when he should come that way again; but he did not soon come that way again. The country is large, and Mr. C. Branlow distributed his favors over a large area of its territory. He was traveling over familiar ground when he chanced upon Uncle

Gray's unlocked stable. It was unaccustomed booty he got there; and though he knew of places where he could dispose of odd household articles to advantage, he was not an adept in the ways of converting horses into money.

He congratulated himself, however, on having mastered a new and important branch of his craft, when he found at the cattle-show a broad-backed farmer who agreed to purchase the stolen Dandy for seventy dollars. But the buyer had not the money in pocket, and must go out and raise it by borrowing, or collecting bills. He had come to the fair in an open buggy, and he drove off in it, promising to return at sunset, or a little later, when he would pay the money, and receive the horse from Branlow.

That worthy might have accompanied him, but he did not do so, for two or three reasons; he was tired of riding, for one thing; for another, he did not care to be showing his stolen beast about town unnecessarily; last, if not least, he was by no means sure his man would raise the needful money, and while waiting for him he might see a chance to sell Dandy to somebody else, perhaps for a larger sum.

He had not been able to effect a second bargain; and falling back upon the first, he was amusing himself, in the absence of his customer, by trying his luck with the ball and peg, when accosted by his old acquaintance, Kit.

This made an embarrassing situation for Branlow. With the stolen horse, the boy in search of him, and the purchaser who might return at any moment to claim him, the rogue found himself confronted by such a problem as the man in the riddle had to solve, with his fox and goose and corn. But he was equal to it.

His first movement was to divert Kit's attention from the cattle-pens, and at the same time separate himself from him, so as to be free to play with his other victim, in case of his reappearance. He might possibly complete his trade at the shed, secure his money, and get away in the crowd, leaving the two claimants of the horse to meet afterwards. But Kit's discovery of Dandy spoilt that game.

Then for a minute or two Branlow gave up the horse as lost, and thought only of his own escape from suspicion. To insure that, it was necessary to get Kit and Dandy out of the way as quickly as possible, before the broad-backed farmer's return. It was an after-thought, to take advantage of the gathering darkness, the position of the sheds, and Kit's youth and inexperience, in order to hustle him off at last in great haste with the wrong horse.

In playing that trick, Mr. Branlow was aware of running a risk; but he was accustomed to risks. If the purchaser of Dandy or the owner of the other animal had come up at this critical moment, the trick would have failed, with some danger to the player. But they kept away, and it succeeded.

Simply enough. There was a row of pens all very much alike, with horses in four or five of them. In the pen next to Dandy's, on the right, was a horse so nearly like him that Branlow himself had at one time been misled by the resemblance, and had offered to sell him to a stranger. It was this little mistake of his own that suggested to his cunning mind the great blunder which he finally caused Kit to commit.

The broad-backed farmer, in trying the paces of the horse he was buying, had left his saddle and bridle hanging on the boards dividing that pen from the next. The top bar leading into Dandy's shed had been let down by Kit himself; but no sooner had he started for the refreshment-stands than it was put up again by Branlow, as he stepped into the pen. Then, when Kit returned with his crackers and pie, he found the bars of the next shed down, and the saddle and bridle on the wrong horse, which he mounted and rode off, unsuspiciously, as we have seen.

If the maneuver had failed, Branlow would have been at no loss to explain away his own part in it. "What!" he would have exclaimed, "have I been such an idiot as to put your saddle on another man's horse?" The words were ready at his lips, but Kit unluckily gave him no occasion to use them.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I 'll spot the thief! I shall be sure to know him!" he chuckled, rubbing his fingers gleefully, as he saw Kit disappear under the great ox-yoke of the entrance without having detected the quickly planned exchange. "Narrow-brimmed straw hat, medium height — Great Scott! what a joke!"

A joke truly, from his point of view: Dandy left in the shed, and the thief in sole possession!

He was well aware, however, that his game was not yet completely won. On the breaking up of the crowd at the race-course, he saw a number of persons hastening toward him across the fair-ground.

"Here comes the owner of the horse that my young friend has ridden off," said Branlow to himself. But instead of guiltily trying to avoid them, he advanced with the most perfect assurance to meet the foremost of the comers.

"Did you notice anybody going out from here with a saddled horse?" he asked, assuming a countenance of great concern.

They had not noticed any one particularly, they said, to his apparent disappointment and immense secret delight.

"Or have you seen anything of a stray saddle and bridle?" he inquired. "I left mine hanging on the side of the pen, by my horse here, and they 're gone! A horse that was in the next pen is gone, too; and I 'm afraid the owner made free with my property."

The persons he addressed were in such haste to hitch up their own horses and start for home that they gave little heed to his story, until one called out, from the let-down bars of the vacant shed:

"Boys! *our* horse is gone!"

Then followed excited ejaculations, and a brisk running to and fro to examine adjacent sheds. Those who found their animals and other property safe, were still intent on getting off; but there were three stout boys who took a sudden and lively interest in what Branlow had to say.

Chapter XII.

They were the Benting boys, of Duckford; Lon and Tom and Charley. They had driven over, seven miles, with their younger sister, Elsie, to visit the county fair; and had been so fascinated by the races, in which a promising colt from a neighbor's farm was winning his first honors, that they were unexpectedly late in starting for home.

It was their horse that was missing, and the eagerness with which they turned to Branlow, now that their own interests appeared involved in the case they had no time to consider before, would have made a cynic smile.

Branlow would have smiled — he would have laughed maliciously — but for the necessity of keeping a sober face. Good fellows they were, no doubt; yet how little they cared for his lost saddle and bridle until they learned whose horse had gone with them.

They had been chatting in low, hurried tones of the triumphs of their friend's colt, and of the lateness of their start,— wondering what the folks at home would think, and who would milk the cows in their absence,— when that startling discovery put everything else out of their boyish heads.

The girl had stopped at the wagon, in which lay the loosely flung harness; but now she, too, advanced, in no little consternation, to the pens where Tom and Charley were questioning Branlow.

"How long had you been here when we came?" they demanded.

"Just long enough to find my saddle and bridle missing;" and Cassius showed where they had hung. "It 's a wonder the fellow did n't take my horse; lucky for me he preferred yours!"

"Why don't you harness this horse to our wagon and start after him as soon as you can?" Elsie said to her brothers, who proposed the plan to Branlow.

"Go along with us," said Tom; "and get your saddle when we get back our horse."

For the real thief to set off with these honest young men, driving the horse that had really been stolen, in pursuit of Kit, who was no thief at all, and the horse he had taken by mistake, struck Cassius as a funny arrangement. But it was one he might find growing serious, in case Kit should be overhauled.

"I might do it," he said, "if this horse was mine."

"You called him yours," said Tom.

"So I did; and I 'm responsible for him. I sold him to a man this afternoon, and he went off to get the money to pay for him. He was to meet me again over by the refreshment-tent; but I got tired of waiting, and — great Scott!" Branlow suddenly burst forth, apparently in vexed surprise. "Have I been duped?"

"How duped?" Tom Benting asked.

"I believe he 's the rogue! the man who wanted to buy my horse! That was only a pretense; he was just looking for a chance to steal one!"

The unsophisticated Cassius whipped his trousers with the backs of his fingers, and scowled with prodigious self-disgust.

"Somebody hang me on a tree, somewhere, to ripen," he exclaimed; "I am so green!"

As nobody volunteered to do him that favor, he continued, in his immature and verdant state, to rail upon other people's roguery and his own transparent innocence.

The boys now again urged the plan they had proposed; to which it seemed that he could have no longer any objection, if the man he awaited was indeed a cheat. But Cassius held off.

"If mine was a fast horse, and we knew just which way the fellow had gone, it might pay," he said. "But that was an old saddle, not worth taking much trouble to find, anyhow; and to start off at this time of day, to hunt you don't know where, for you don't know whom — I don't quite fancy it!"

Meanwhile, the oldest of the boys had been making inquiries for the lost horse at the entrance; and he now came back, declaring that he believed he had heard from him.

"A little fellow in a white cap rode out on just such a horse, not ten minutes ago. We must follow him up!"

"How can we?" asked Charley.

"On foot, if no other way," said Lon, resolutely.

"Elsie! I 've found a chance for you to ride with the Rawdons. Get home as soon as you can, and tell the folks what has happened, so they need n't be surprised if they don't see us before midnight."

He was a sturdy, energetic youth, and his determined voice and manner put new life into the younger boys. They told him of their plan of using Branlow's horse, and Branlow's objection to it.

"You don't care for your bridle and saddle?" said he to that reluctant young man; "nor very much for helping other folks in trouble, I suppose."

"Oh, yes!" said Branlow, smiling blandly. "Helping folks in trouble is one of my weaknesses."

"Well, then," said Lon, "accommodate us! If we don't get your saddle and bridle for you, I 'll engage to pay you for your trouble, and give you supper and lodging, in any case. What do you say? Yes or no! We 've no time to lose!"

Cassius was beginning to look upon this as a promising adventure,—trusting his ready wit to do more to hinder than to help the pursuit of Kit, if he joined in it, and to get himself out of difficulty, if it should prove too successful. Here might also be an opening for another sale of Dandy, if the one already arranged had failed, as he feared.

Moreover, he was in need of ready money, and, unless he could raise some, he did not see just what he was to do with himself and Dandy for the night.

"Well, as you say; anything to accommodate!" he finally replied to Lon's proposal. And the harness went on Dandy's back in a hurry.

Tom was putting Elsie into their neighbor Rawdon's wagon, when she said to him:

"I hope you will find General! But I don't believe in that man very much; do you?"

"He seems a clever sort of fellow," Tom replied.

Though hardly sixteen years old, she was much wiser than her big brothers, in some respects. She had watched Branlow closely, and detected in his plausible speech a tone of insincerity.

"There 's something about him I don't like," she said. "I 'm afraid he is deceiving you."

"He can't deceive us very badly," Tom answered confidently. "Three to one!"

"That is true: but look out for him!" were Elsie's parting words, as she rode off with the Rawdons.

How much cause the brothers might have had to remember her warning, if their plan had been carried out, cannot be told; for it was defeated by a circumstance as vexatious to themselves as it was agreeable to Branlow.

Dandy was harnessed to the Benting wagon, and Branlow had mounted to the front seat with Lon, while Tom and Charley sat behind. They were



"BRANLOW LEAPED TO THE GROUND AND CALLED OUT: 'HERE 'S MY MAN, AFTER ALL!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

driving out of the almost deserted fair-ground into the evening atmosphere of dew and dust that hung low over the skirts of the village, Lon looking eagerly for a policeman he had left to learn the direction the little rider in the white cap had taken, while Branlow argued that the man who had the Benting horse wore a black hat, and was by no means little; when all at once he leaped to the ground and called out:

"I 'm wrong! Here 's my man, after all!"

It was indeed the purchaser of Dandy, coming to keep his agreement.

"I had given you up," said Cassius, as they met. "Where have you been all this time?"

"I had more trouble gettin' the money than I expected; but I have it now," said the man, reining up in his buggy. "Not too late, I hope!" looking sharply at the harnessed horse.

"No; a bargain 's a bargain," said Branlow, with more satisfaction than he dared to show. "I can give you possession on the spot."

The Benting boys explained their situation, and begged permission to drive the horse, at least until they could hire another. But the buyer of Dandy was by no means so obliging a person as Branlow. He was a square-jawed, broad-shouldered, short-necked man, with a short, grizzled beard, and a way of saying, "No!" and "I can't!" which proved extremely discouraging to the Bentings. "I 'm in a hurry to get home," he said. "I dont care for the saddle; I would n't buy it, and I wont go a rod out of my way for it. Sorry to interfere with your plans, gentlemen; but that horse belongs to me, and your harness must come off."

"If you say so," replied Lon, seeing the sort of man they had to deal with, "off it comes!"

Dandy was stripped immediately, and furnished with a rope halter, by which he was to be led at the end of the buggy, the harness being thrown again into the Benting wagon, and the wagon left standing helplessly beside the street.

"This is a pretty predicament for us, boys!" Lon exclaimed, with much repressed wrath. But there was no help for it; the unaccommodating man must have his way.

"I 'm *very* sorry it has happened so," remarked the inwardly rejoicing Cassius. "I 'd stay and help you; but I must go with this man over to the store yonder, and get my money, and give him a bill of sale."

Leaving the brothers to get out of their difficulty as best they could, he mounted the buggy beside the broad-shouldered driver, calling back cheerfully as he pulled Dandy by the halter and rode away:

"It must be the little chap in the white cap that took your horse, after all!"

(To be continued.)

"CAT NANCY'S" FOLKS.

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

MARGERY TAYLOR was fond of adventure, and was continually playing she was lost in the woods, or shipwrecked, or traveling across the snow, or climbing mountains. Sometimes she was an Indian, and sometimes a king.

"I wish," said her mother, "that — just for a change, you know — you would pretend to be my helpful little girl. That would be new and interesting."

"I always help when you ask me," replied Margery.

"But you never offer," her mother replied, "and I shall never think you are really and truly obliging until you *offer* to help."

"You don't want me to be obliging to *every* one, do you, Mamma?"

"Certainly I do."

"Not to 'Cat Nancy'?"

"Why not? I am sure she needs help. She is a very poor and forlorn old woman."

"Well, I will try," replied Margery.

And so that very afternoon, with her little basket in her hand, she walked over to "Cat Nancy's" house.

This old woman was noted for two things: she never washed her face, and she had forty cats. She supported them all by begging, and she was very particular in having exactly forty in number. If any of the forty wandered off, she put on her bonnet, took a piece of fish in her pocket, and went out to coax in some more; if the cat ranks were full, she would not have accepted even a Persian puss with a tail like a squirrel, or a Manx with none at all.

She lived in a house with two rooms in it, and everything about it looked lonely and untidy.

Margery stood at the broken gate for a moment, and listened.

All was quiet.

Then she went up to the door and knocked.

A cat sneezed.

It might have been Nancy, but Margery felt sure it was a cat.

Suddenly the old woman opened the door.

"Good-afternoon," said Margery. "I came to see if I could do anything for you."

"Cat Nancy" looked at the child with surprise.

"Do anything for me?" she repeated.

"Yes," said Margery. "Mamma thinks I ought to be obliging to you."

"Your ma is a good woman," said "Cat Nancy," approvingly, "and she saves her pieces with some sense, and I never have to sort them over to pick the pickles out. That 's about the only thing my folks wont eat."

"Well," repeated Margery, "I would like to do something for you."

The old woman hesitated a moment; then she said:

"Very well. Come in."

The room was small and unswept, but the sun shone brightly in upon it, and in the window stood a scarlet geranium in full bloom.

Cats? Why it seemed to Margery that there must be a hundred there. The room was full of them. They lay curled up around the stove, on the chairs, on the wooden settee. But they were all very quiet.

"Don't they fight?" asked Margery.

"Sometimes; but I feed 'em well, and keep 'em warm, and that takes the temper out of them."

Then she took down her bonnet from the nail.

"Now," she said, "I have some business to attend to, and you can stay and keep the mush from burning."

As she said this, she took a piece of salt mackerel out of a covered stone crock, and put it in her pocket.

"If they worry you," she said, pushing away a half dozen cats who immediately crowded around her, "take down that whip from the shelf, or throw a piece of this fish into the corner. They 'll leave *you* alone quickly enough then. But you need n't be afraid. All the new ones are upstairs."

And then she went away.

Margery put her little basket down on the table by the crock, and began to stir the mush on the stove. The pot was large, the paddle was heavy, and Margery had to stand on her toes, so she soon began to be tired and stopped to rest, but the cats opened their fiery eyes and stared at her so fiercely that they frightened her.

"Oh, I wont let it burn!" she cried, and began to stir again with vigor, but she soon went slower and slower, and to amuse herself, she thought she would count the cats. At first this seemed easy, but some of them grew restless, and jumped about, and this confused her so that more than once she had to begin over again. Finally, she decided that there were twenty-eight cats there, and then she wanted to know how many were upstairs, so she tried to deduct twenty-eight from forty; but as she could not do this without the help of her fingers to count upon, she made a guess, and decided that twenty-eight from forty left twenty!

Just then a door which shut off the stairs was gently pushed ajar, and a black paw appeared. It opened wider and wider, and into the room shot a black cat, and, after her, gray ones, white ones, yellow ones; big and little, in they came, pell-mell, all in a hurry.

Up jumped the down-stairs cats! Their backs went up, their tails grew large, and angrily lashed their sides. The upstairs cats stood still, and their backs went up, and their tails grew large, and rage and defiance lighted every eye!

Then there was a loud war-cry, and with one impulse the whole troop madly rushed at each other, and poor little Margery dropped her mush-stick, and ran into the corner.

Who ever saw forty cats fighting? The din, the cries, the flashing eyes were horrible, and Margery, poor child, felt that she must stop the fray! She did not dare to use the whip, but she made one dash, she reached the crock, and pulled out a fish, and flung it as far as she could. It acted like magic on the cats; they rushed for it, they fought over it. With frantic haste she emptied the jar, and then she picked up her basket and fled. She did not notice that she had left the door open; all she cared for was to get away. She held her hat on with one hand, clutched her basket in the other, and ran like a deer.

And she had need to hurry! Suddenly she heard a noise behind her, and turning her head, she beheld all the cats in full chase!

"But I wont go back!" she screamed, and she set her teeth together and ran faster. She did not care whether the mush boiled or burned.

The cats gained on her. They surrounded her, they bounded, they cried, but Margery screamed, "No! No!" and ran on. And now she saw her mother's house, she reached the gate, she dashed in, she flew through the door, and into her mother's arms, and all the cats ran after her!

Her mother screamed; the cook ran in, and she screamed; the gardener came in, and he stood

still in amazement. Then Mrs. Taylor picked up Margery, and ran upstairs, and into her own room, and locked the door, and fell into a chair, and cried, and laughed, while Margery, all tears, tried to tell her story.

"But," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, "do put that basket down. What in the world *have* you in it?"

It was a cod-fish! A salted cod-fish. And the brine was all over Margery's dress, and the smell of it filled the room!

It must have been dropped into the basket by Margery in her haste to feed the cats.

home; she had found the door open, her "folks" all gone, the mush burning, and she at once marched off to Mrs. Taylor's to "see about it."

Talk? Why she made more noise than all her cats, and she declared Margery had let all her "folks" out on purpose. The cook told her she ought to be ashamed of herself for having left a little girl in a house with forty cats, and to this "Cat Nancy" replied she left only thirty-nine. The fortieth was in her basket that very moment. She had gone out to get it.

But the old woman was mistaken about the locality of this last cat. It was not in her basket



"SHE BEHELD ALL THE CATS IN FULL CHASE."

"Why, Mamma," she cried, "perhaps they smelled it! Perhaps that 's what they ran after!"

"Smelled it!" repeated her mother in tones of disgust; "why, my child, the very stones must have smelled it!"

By this time the cats had been driven out of the house, and in the midst of the confusion, "Cat Nancy" herself appeared. She had returned at all, but was fighting "Cat Nancy's folks" in Mr. Taylor's orchard.

And it was Margery's own cat! As for the thirty-nine, they went everywhere, and they worried all the housekeepers, and everybody begged "Cat Nancy" to take them home. But she said she did not care for cats any more; she was going to keep canary-birds.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.

By Lieut. Frederick Schwatka.

Away up near the North Pole, in that very coldest portion of the earth's surface known as the Arctic Regions; where the sun can never get very high above the horizon, although for a part of the year it does shine all day and nearly all night; where for the rest of the year it scarcely shines at all, and where, therefore, the climate is dreary, cold, and cheerless the whole year round, there live a great many people — men and women, boys and girls, and little bits of babies. And, though to us their country seems about the most dismal part of the world it is possible to find, yet they really are the most happy, cheerful, and merry people on the globe, hardly thinking of the morrow, and spending the present as pleasantly as possible.

These cheerful people, in their cheerless country of ice and snow, must, like all of us, at an early time of their life have been babies, and to describe these Arctic babies is the main object of this paper, — to tell the boys and girls what kind of toys and pleasures and picnics and all sorts of fun may be had where you would hardly think any could be had at all; also, some of the discomforts of living in this most uncomfortable country.

Right near the pole, where day and night are five or six months long, and where it is so very, very cold, none of these people live, as there are no animals for them to kill and live upon; but around about the outer edge of this region, — that is, in the Arctic circle, and sometimes far back along the sea-coast, — the greater part of them are to be found.

All over Arctic America, as you will see it in your geography, these people are of one kind, speaking nearly the same language, and very much alike in all other respects. They are called the *Eskimo;* or, as the name is sometimes spelled, *Esquimaux*. All over Arctic Europe and Asia (looking again at your geography), there are scattered many tribes of these people, speaking different languages, and differing in many other respects.

As I lived for a time among the former, the Eskimo, my descriptions will apply only to that nation, and only to those parts which I visited; for when you looked at your geography, if you did so carefully, you must have seen that the Arctic part of North America was an immense tract of land reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across the widest part of America, and that it would take a single traveler almost a long life-time to see all the Eskimo and study carefully their homes, habits, and customs. I did not merely live in a ship or a tent or house of my own *alongside* the tents and huts of the natives, and from there occasionally visit them; but I, with my little party of three other white men, lived for two years in Eskimo tents and huts, so that we made these savages' homes our own.

After a while, these Eskimo began to consider us a part of their own tribe, gave us Eskimo names, by which we were known among the tribe, invited us to participate in their games and amusements, and in cases of direst want, when their superstitions drove them to their singular rites and ceremonies to avert the threatened dangers, they even asked us to join in using our mysterious influence. We four white men did not live in the same snow-hut all the time, but for many months were living apart from each other in the different snow houses of the natives themselves, and this did much to make the natives feel kindly toward us. We made sledge journeys among them away from our home for many months, taking their best hunters with us, and found many other natives who had never before seen any white men; and when there seemed to be any danger from the wily tricks and stratagems of these wilder savages, the members of the tribe with which we lived would, as far as they could, tell us all about it and consult with us as to defense, just as if we were their brothers, and not white men, wholly different from them, while the ones they were thus plotting against were Eskimo, like themselves.

Their little children, too, played with us and around us, just as if our faces were a few shades darker and we were truly their own kind; and as it is of them you naturally desire to hear, you can see that we were in a position to find out by long experience what can be told you about them.

As soon as little Boreas (as we shall call the Eskimo baby) is born, and indeed until he is able to walk, he is always to be found on his mother's back when she is out-of-doors or making visits to other houses. All of the Eskimo's clothes are made of reindeer skins, so nicely dressed that they are as soft and limber as velvet and warmer than any clothes you have ever seen anywhere, even than the nice, warm sealskin sacques and muffs that American ladies wear in winter. They have two suits of this reindeer clothing, completely covering them: the inner suit with the reindeer's fur turned toward the body, and the outer one

with the hair outside like a sealskin sacque. The coats have hoods sewed tightly on their collars, so that when they are put on, only the eyes, nose, and mouth are exposed to the cold.

When Boreas's mother makes the hood for her reindeer suit, she stretches it into a long sack or bag, that hangs down behind and is supported by her shoulders, and this bag of reindeer's skin is little Boreas's cradle and home, where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his own first suit of clothing. When Boreas gets very cold, as when he is out-of-doors in an Arctic winter's day with the bitter, cold wind blowing,—when he gets so very cold that he commences crying about it,—his mother will take him out of the bag and put him on her back under both her coats, where he will be held by a lot of sealskin strings passing back and forth under him and around his mother's shoulders over her dress; and there he will be very warm, directly against her body and under her two fur coats, besides the four thicknesses of the hood wherein he was riding before.

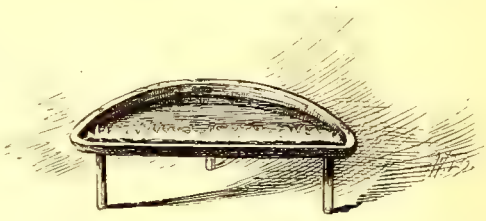
This, as I have already said, is while little Boreas is out-of-doors or his mother is making a social visit. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking



LITTLE BOREAS AND HIS MOTHER.

or doing such other work, the little baby is allowed to roll around almost without clothing, among the reindeer skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a snow-stick. This stick is much like a policeman's club, and is used for knocking snow off of the reindeer clothes; for when the Eskimo come indoors, they all take off their outside suit and beat it with this stick, to rid it of the snow that covers them.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling around to his heart's content on



AN ESKIMO LAMP.

the soft, warm reindeer skins; but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not then think so. It is so cold in the Arctic country in the winter that no timber can grow at all, just as it never grows on the cold summits of the very high snow-covered mountains. Sometimes the Eskimo, by trading with the whale-ships, get wood enough to make the sledges or the spear-handles with which they kill seal and walrus, but not enough to build houses. Sometimes they pick up a little on the bleak sea-beach, where the ocean currents have brought it for many hundreds of miles from warmer climates; but they have no tools, and they do not know how to cut the wood into boards if they had the tools. Never having seen any timber growing as in our woods and forests, they have to make guesses where it comes from. One tribe I met thought that the logs they occasionally found, grew at the bottom of the sea, and when the tree reached nearly to the surface of the water, its top became caught and frozen in the thick ice, and in the summer, when the ice broke up, the tree was pulled up by the roots and floated to the nearest shore.

Now, as little Boreas's father has neither wood nor mortar to use on the stones, he is rather at a loss, you think, for building material. But, no. He takes the very last thing you would think of choosing to make a house from in a cold winter. *That is, he builds his winter home of snow.*

"But wont the snow melt and the house tumble in?" you will ask. Of course it will, if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that the snow will not melt, even when the Eskimo burn fires in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so by closely regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. Their stone lamps look like large clam-shells, the shell holding the oil, and the flame being built along the straight shallow edge, while the wicking is the moss they gather from the

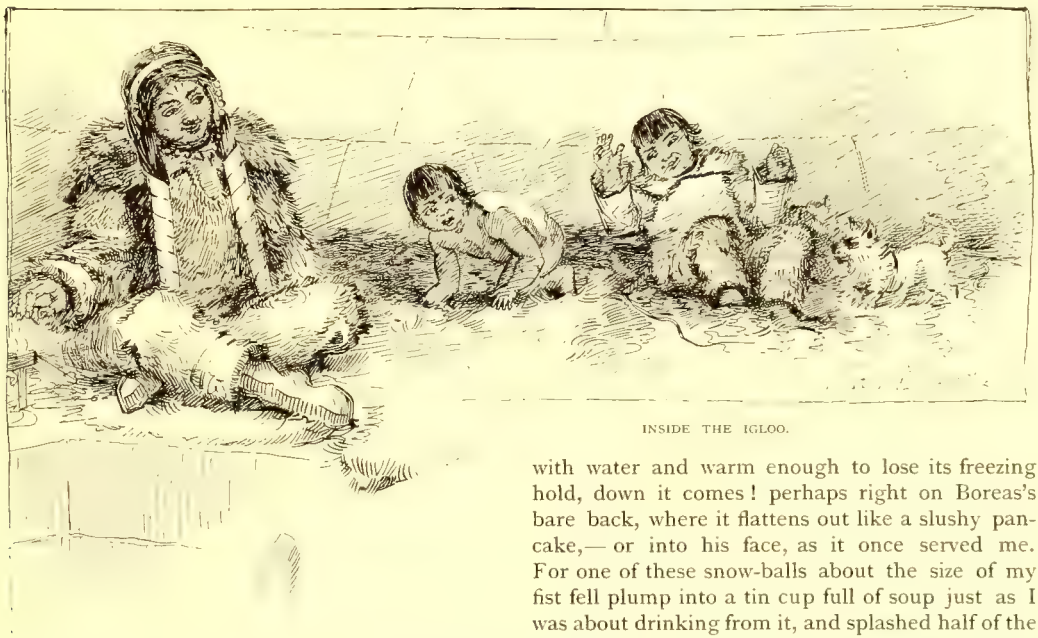
rocks. In short, it must always be cold enough in their home to freeze.

So you can see that little Boreas can not have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked nearly all day long when it is so cold. But such is the fact. Think of taking the baby of your house out for a walk or a ride in the park when the leaves have all fallen, the ground covered with snow, and the ice forming on the lake, and the little baby almost unclothed at that, and then you can imagine what the Eskimo baby has to go through.

Yet, in spite of all this, little Boreas really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun frolicking around on the reindeer skins and playing with his toys; and when I have told you some other stories about the cold these little folks can endure you can understand how they can enjoy themselves in the snow huts, or *igloos*, as they call them, when it is only a little colder than freezing.

At times, the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and then the ceiling will commence melting,—for you all perhaps have learned at school that when a room becomes warmed it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor. So with the hut of snow: it commences melting at the top because it is warmer there,—and when two or three drops of cold water have fallen on little Boreas's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds that it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dropping, the mother will often take a snow-ball from the floor, where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge until it becomes full; and then she removes it and puts on another, as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy



INSIDE THE IGLOO.

with water and warm enough to lose its freezing hold, down it comes! perhaps right on Boreas's bare back, where it flattens out like a slushy pancake,—or into his face, as it once served me. For one of these snow-balls about the size of my fist fell plump into a tin cup full of soup just as I was about drinking from it, and splashed half of the soup in my face. Once or twice I have seen these slushy snow-balls fall down the back of a person sitting upon the bed; and when the cold slush gets in between the skin and the reindeer coat, —well, you can easily believe that it does not feel agreeable.

If, when you cut your boiled egg in two at breakfast (if you are not breakfasting with a French aristocrat, who never cuts, but only chips, his egg),

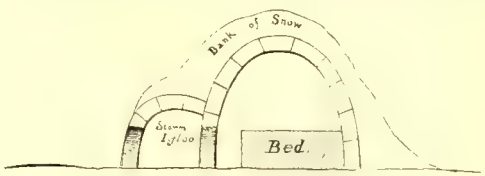


DIAGRAM OF THE PLAN OF THE ESKIMO SNOW HUT, OR IGLOO.

and have taken out the meat, you put the two shells, rims down, on the table, you will have a good miniature representation of a couple of Eskimo snow huts, or winter homes. The fuller shell, or big end of the egg, will represent an *igloo*

during the coldest weather, when the snow is frozen hard and firm, and it can be built flat without danger of falling in, and can thus be made much more comfortable. The pointed shell, or little end of the egg, will represent an *igloo*, as it must be built in the early fall or late in the spring, when it is getting warm and the *igloo* is liable to melt and tumble in.



"STANDING ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF THE BED."

If through a hole in the top you pour your model about one-third full of water and plaster of Paris mixed, or melted wax, or something that will harden, and, when it has hardened, if you take a knife and cut *down* through it so as to take off about a third, what is left will represent the bed, as in Fig. 2, which, you see, occupies nearly the whole of the room. Curious as it may seem, this bed is also built of snow, but enough reindeer robes, bear and musk-ox skins are placed over it to keep the warmth of the body from melting the bed.

If with a lead-pencil you draw a continuous spiral line on the egg-shell, far enough apart so that there will be four or five lines from bottom to top directly above each other, and then if you draw lines about twice as far apart as these almost horizontal ones, but broken so as to represent brick-work, each little block that you thus represent is a snow-block of which the *igloo* is built. The real snow-blocks are about three feet long, about a foot and a half wide, and six inches to a foot thick, which would, of course, make the thickness of the *igloo* itself. A row of these is laid on the ground, the long edge down, in the shape of a circle, and this is continued around, just as on your egg-shell, until the snow house is built, the last snow-block, of course, being then perfectly horizontal. They make most of the *igloos* just so high that, when standing on the floor in front of the bed, their heads will not be bumping against the roof, although it is hard to tell just where the house-walls stop and the roof commences. When they build their snow houses to live in a long time, however, they make them higher and flatter in the roof than when they are to be used for one or two nights only; for it must be remembered that their *igloos* in the winter time serve them the same use as tents wherever they travel, the smaller kind taking them, if they are industrious, but about an hour to build,—no one, not even an Eskimo, being able to live in a tent in the coldest weather of these polar regions.

Just in front of the bed, and not much higher, is the little door-way, where the occupants enter the house. In order to do so they must get down flat on their hands and knees and crawl in. To prevent the snow from the top of the door-way brushing off and falling down the neck and back, each Eskimo puts his skin hood over his head before entering, and just as soon as his shoulders are well in the house he shoves the legs back and begins to straighten up so as to prevent running his nose square into the snow of which the bed is made. So you will see that the *igloo* is lacking very much in the "elbow room" which the homes in warmer climates have; but, nevertheless, the lonely Eskimo and his little boy Boreas seem perfectly happy with the room they have, and wonder how in the world any person could wish for any more. The door for this entrance-way is nothing but a big block of snow stuck in the little hole which may be called the door-way, and is used as much to keep out the dogs as it is to keep out the cold. A small *igloo* of snow is often built in front of the door (as shown in the picture on next page), to prevent the wind from getting in easily, and this little storm *igloo* is always full of dogs, who crowd in here to keep away from the sharp, biting wind. The Eskimo dogs, however, will sleep right out on the hard-frozen snow-banks, if they

have plenty to eat, and never seem to mind it, even though the ice on the lakes and rivers may have frozen to a thickness of six or eight feet.

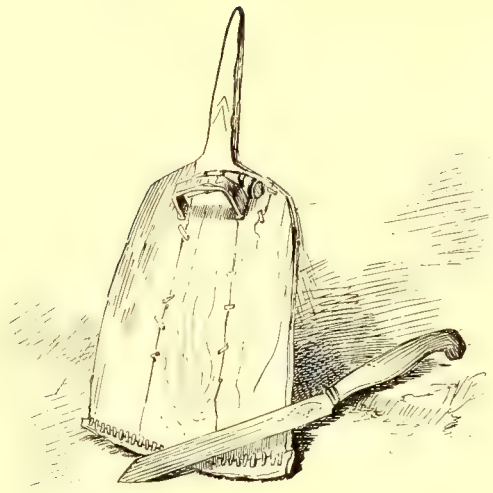
And now, as the Eskimo dogs have been mentioned, you boys who have a favorite Carlo or Nero at home will wish to know about those Arctic dogs; asking what I mean by plenty to eat, and whether, like your own favorites, they get three meals a day and any number of intermediate lunches. No doubt you will think that they really should get ever so much more on account of their hard work in pulling the sledges, and in such a cold country. Yet hard as it may seem, the Eskimo dog never gets fed oftener than every other day, and generally about every third day; while in times of want and starvation in that terrible country of cold, the length of time these poor dogs will go without food seems beyond belief.

I once had a fine team of nineteen fat Eskimo dogs that went six or seven days between meals for three consecutive feedings before they reached the journey's end and good food; and although they all looked very thin, and were no doubt very weak, none of them died; and yet they had been traveling and dragging a heavy sledge for a great part of the time. Other travelers among the Eskimo have given equally wonderful accounts of their powers of fasting. The Eskimo have many times of want and deprivation, and then their poor dogs must suffer very much. But when they are fed every other day on good fat walrus meat, and do not have too much hard work to do, they will get as fat and saucy and playful as your own dogs with three meals a day. One of the very last things you would imagine to be good for them is the best food they get; that is, tough walrus hide, about an inch in thickness, and as wiry as sole-leather. Give your team of dogs a good meal of this before they start, take along a light supply of it for them, and you can be gone a couple of weeks on a trip; when you get back, feed them up well, and they will be as fat and strong as ever in a very few days.

But to return to the *igloo*. The blocks of snow of which the house is made are, it has been said, from six inches to a foot in thickness; but after the house is thus made strong,—for a heavy man can climb or walk right over it without tumbling it in,—the native architects throw a deep bank of loose snow over it all, burying it in a covering of snow from a foot to three feet thick; so you can see, that there is a good thick wall between little Boreas inside his home and the cold weather outside. This snow is thrown up with great wide shovels of wooden boards, dexterously sewed together with reindeer sinew, and the handle in the center made of a curved piece of musk-ox horn. The inner edge of the shovel, which would soon wear off digging in the hard-frozen snows, is protected by a tip made from the toughest part of a



AN IGLOO AS SEEN FROM THE OUTSIDE.



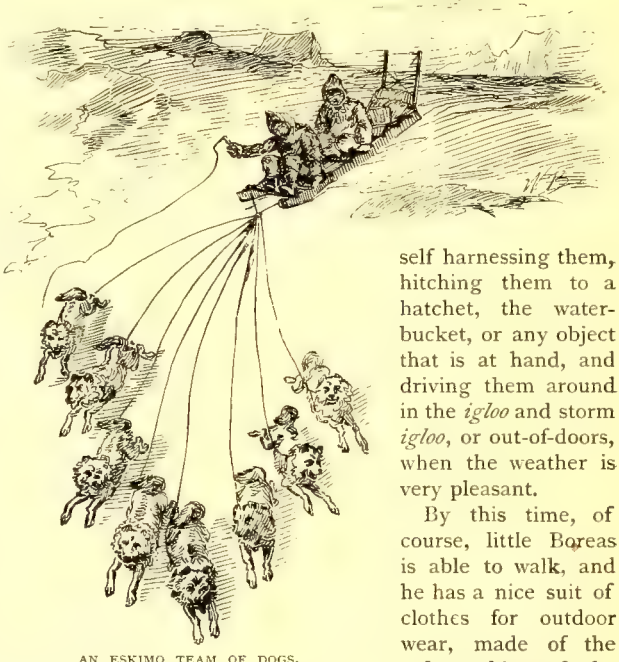
AN ESKIMO KNIFE AND SNOW-SHOVEL.

reindeer's horn. A snow-shovel is always carried by the Eskimo on their travels. The knives with which they cut the blocks of snow are like great long-bladed butcher-knives, with handles of wood long enough to be grasped easily and firmly with both hands. Sometimes they use a saw where they can get it by trading with the sailors who come into certain parts of their seas to catch whales, walrus, and seals.

But will not every one under such a thick house of snow, with the snow-door tightly fastened up to keep out the dogs and cold, smother to death for want of fresh air? And if they do not smother, where does the fresh air come from? The frozen snow is about as porous as white sugar, and all boys and girls know they can draw in air through a lump of it, or if they do not know it they can try the experiment. Well, in the same way, the cold air from the outside passes very slowly through the thick snow wall as fast as the people inside use up that in the *igloo*; not so fast but that they can warm it with their little stone lamps as it comes in, unless there is a strong gale of wind on the outside to blow it through. I was at one time in a very thick *igloo*, probably four feet through, but the snow was very hard and sandy, and would not pack down well, and as there was a very heavy wind blowing at the time, the *igloo* was so cold that we all had to go to bed under the thick reindeer robes, to keep warm. Holding a burning candle near the wall of snow on the side from which the gale was coming, the flame was bent over nearly a third or half-way toward the center of the *igloo*.

If the *igloo* becomes very warm inside by the lamp's using up too much of the air, the heat ascends to the top and soon cuts its way through the soft snow in the chinks of the snow-blocks, and these little chimneys soon afford a sufficient amount of fresh air. If they give too much, they are "chinked up" with a handful of snow taken from the front of the snow bed.

Now that you know all about little Boreas's home, let us find out what he has been doing. We left him rolling about on the reindeer skins of the snow bed, in a house built of snow, where it must nearly always be below freezing to prevent the house from melting down. Well, as the Eskimo must sometime be babies, so the dogs must at some time be puppies, and the puppies are allowed inside the *igloo* on the bed, where they are the favorite playthings of the young heir. His mother makes him a number of doll dog-harnesses for the puppies, fixes him up a dog-whip almost like his father's, and then he amuses himself harnessing them, hitching them to a hatchet, the water-bucket, or any object that is at hand, and driving them around in the *igloo* and storm *igloo*, or out-of-doors, when the weather is very pleasant.



AN ESKIMO TEAM OF DOGS.

By this time, of course, little Boreas is able to walk, and he has a nice suit of clothes for outdoor wear, made of the softest skins of the reindeer fawns, trimmed with rabbit and eider-duck skin. As soon as the puppies get a little bigger,

the larger boys take them in hand, and by the time they are old enough to be used for work in the sledges, they are almost well-trained dogs without knowing just when their schooling commenced.

And so with little Boreas; when he gets older he takes the dogs his younger brother finds unmanageable and trains them, and by the time he is a young man, he is a good dog-driver, and knows how to manage a sledge under all circumstances. This is the hardest thing that an Eskimo has to learn. I have known white men to equal them in rowing in their little seal-skin canoes; I have seen white men build good *igloos;* but I have never seen a white man who was a good dog-driver; and the Eskimo told me that they had never seen such an one, either. When they drive their dogs, it is in the shape of a letter V, the foremost dog being at the converging point, and the harness-traces running back in V-shapes, to the sledge, as shown in the accompanying sketch. The forward dog is called the "leader," or "chief," and, in trading dogs, a "leader" is worth two good followers, or ordinary workers. The Eskimo dog-driver manages the leader wholly by the voice, making him stop, go ahead, to the right or to the left, as he may speak to him; and as he acts, so do the others, who soon learn to watch him closely, and strangest of all, to obey him even after they are unharnessed, although "the leader" may not be one of the largest and strongest dogs in the team.

(To be continued.)

GROWN-UP LAND.

By Jennie E. T. Dowe.

I.

"Good-morrow, good-morrow, my bright-eyed lad,
Now what may your trouble be?"

"Good-morrow," he answered me, sober and sad;
"Here is trouble enough for me:
Say, which is the road to Grown-up Land—
The shortest, kind stranger, I pray?
For these guide-boards all point with a different hand,
In a dreadfully puzzling way.
This says: By the Town of Saving a Cent;
Another: Just follow your Natural Bent;
This points to the Road of Wisely Giving;
And that to the Turnpike of Truly Living;
A fifth straggles off here to Leap-frog Town;
And a sixth climbs the hill-slope of High Renown.
These lead to the By-ways of Bat and Ball,
And the Highways of Courage and Know It All;
Then there are the Cross-roads of Play and Fun,
And the Post-roads of Duty and Things Well Done.
Good Gracious! How *can* a boy understand
Which way is the shortest to Grown-up Land?"

"Don't fret, my lad, for the roads, you see,
Have been traveled by many like you and me;
And though each road has a different name,
To Grown-up Land they all of them came.
And hour by hour, my boy, you 'll find
That, little by little, they drop behind;
Till, almost before you know it, you stand
On the breezy summits of Grown-up Land."

II.

"Good-morrow, my lassie, with face so sweet,
Now whither away with your flying feet?"

"Good-morrow," she answered, with wave of hand,
"I am off in a hurry to Grown-up Land.
But I wish you would show me the shortest way,
For these guide-boards, I 'm certain, will lead me astray.
Just think! One says: 'T is a Stitch in Time;
And another: Through Smiles and Tears;
This says it is only: By Up-hill Work;
And that: By the Flight of Years.
Another says, Play; and another, Books;
And another: Just Dance and Sing,
And this one says, Help; and that one, Hope;
And this: Care in the Littlest Thing.
O, the roads are so many! Who *can* understand
Which way is the shortest to Grown-up Land?"

"Don't worry, my lassie, with eyes so blue,
For whichever the road that is traveled by you
It will carry you forward until you stand
On the sunlit hill-tops of Grown-up Land."

And lassie and lad
Ran off in glee,
Without so much
As "Good-day" to me.
And in Grown-up Land,
Whatever their way,
They will meet together
On Big Folks' Day.



By Austin Chapin, Jr.

One Friday afternoon, not so very long ago, there sat in one of the boxes at the Academy of Music, in New York city, two little boys with bright and eager faces, radiant with expectation and delight as they watched the great stage filled with rows of musicians who were trying their instruments and tuning them up in readiness to begin the rehearsal.

There are few boys or girls who read this who do not know what the tuning of an orchestra sounds like, and what an uninteresting and discordant medley of noises it is. Odd as it seems to us, there are people, however, who enjoy just such noises, and call them music. The Chinese are especially fond of such horrible combinations of sounds, and I remember once going to a Chinese theater, in which the orchestra plays a principal part, where the din was something fearful, and where the musicians reminded me of a lot of irrepressible school-boys who had collected all the tin horns, cans, whistles, and drums they could find, and were trying to out-scream, outwhistle, or out-toot one another. Once, so the story goes, the Shah of Persia was in London, and went to a concert in the famous Crystal Palace at Sydenham. While the orchestra was tuning up and making all manner of queer noises, his royal highness was immensely pleased and entertained, but as soon as the concert really did begin, the Shah said he could not see much beauty in it, and he soon went out. The Shah of Persia showed as good taste as many people of better education now exhibit in concert rooms. With a difference, however; the Shah was not ashamed to show what pleased and displeased him, while we often see at a concert many people who will sit through the performance of a piece, of the meaning of which they have not the slightest conception, and then at the end, while they are really thinking what a noisy and tedious thing it was, they turn to their neighbor, clasp their hands, roll up their eyes, and exclaim: "How divinely beautiful!" But let us get back to our boys. One of them held in his lap a big book, on the cover of which was printed the name "Beethoven" in gilt letters, and, beneath, the word "Symphonies," while on the programme which they held appeared the words "Symphony in E Flat Major. Heroic. Beethoven." And now, I am sure you will understand what the boys, and the book, and the Beethoven all meant. The performance was what is called a Symphony Concert. Very soon the director of the orchestra took his place, and the concert began; and in all that large audience there were no more attentive listeners than the two little boys whose bright eyes followed their score from the first to the last of Beethoven's noble Heroic Symphony. At length it was all over, and as they went out of the big building the younger boy said to the elder:

"Well, Ernie, it was just fine, was n't it? I 'd like to hear such a concert every afternoon; would n't you?"

"Well, rather, I should think," replied Ernest; "but are n't you glad we studied it up beforehand? We understood it so much better."

Ted did not reply immediately, for after he had spoken he had fallen to thinking intently about something, and so he walked along in silence for some moments. Suddenly his face brightened as if his perplexity were solved, and turning to his brother he said, excitedly:

"I say, Ernie, you know next week is the Philharmonic concert, and they 're going to give the Seventh Symphony, the one that Larry and the Professor play, and that we like so much. When we get home we 'll ask Mamma if we can't come down to the city and go, and we 'll write to Mr. Thomas and ask him to save a seat for us. We can earn money enough by doing errands and taking

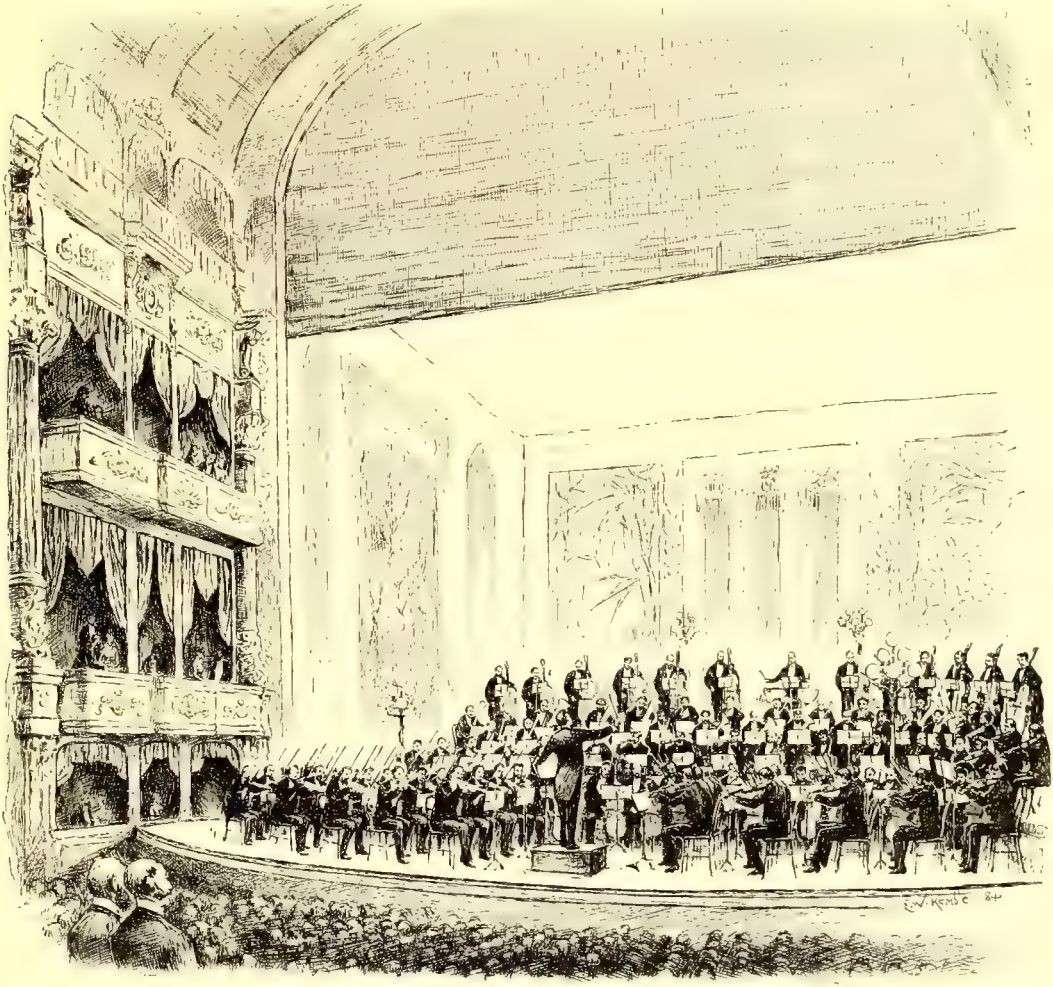
care of the chickens, and next week they 're going to put new shingles on the house and we can make something by clearing away the old ones."

"That 's a fact; and we 'll do it, too, I tell you," said Ernest, enthusiastically.

The boys' home was situated in one of the quiet little towns that border the shores of the beautiful Hudson River. They had a long car-ride to take that night; but, once at home, they told their mother of the plan, before their bed-time arrived, and asked her advice about it. Mrs. Fraser was a wise woman, and believed in encouraging all wholesome enthusiasms in her young people, and so she said, quietly:

"Yes, boys, you can try it if you wish. I am willing, and if you go, you can stay overnight at Uncle Ben's."

And, thinking it but another of those whims of childhood that would be forgotten before morning, the mother smiled gently to herself and went on with her knitting, while the boys rattled off upstairs to bed. For once the mother's judgment was at fault, however; for, notwithstanding



A PHILHARMONIC CONCERT AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK CITY.

the good laugh that she and the elders had that evening at the latest of the boys' "schemes,"— which generally numbered three a day, and ranged through all the degrees of boyish ambition, from amateur journalism to a chicken farm, and were born only to die at dusk and bed-time,— the boys themselves had no idea of abandoning a plan which was the conception of their own minds, and

which they intended to arrange and carry out unassisted by any "grown folks." Accordingly, the next morning the two lads occupied the great desk in the library, and the two brown heads were deep in a consultation which presently developed into activity as Ernest took a clean sheet of paper and dipped his pen into the ink-stand, while Ted, with elbows on the desk and chin resting in his hands, followed appreciatively and admiringly and with occasional suggestions the composition of the letter which they had decided to send to Mr. Theodore Thomas, the director of the Philharmonic concerts. And the following letter is the one that finally emerged from under the overshadowing mass of boys' heads and bodies and ink and perplexity, looking somewhat scratched and inky and uneven, to be sure, but nevertheless a letter:

"WHEATHEDGE, Nov. 6, 1882.

"MR. THEODORE THOMAS.

"*Dear Sir:* We two boys have been studying up the Seventh Symphony and we want to hear it very much indeed but we heard that there were no tickets left for Friday but we thought maybe you could find room for us two boys ten and twelve we can sit on one seat or stand up. Pleas answer as soon as you can, for we are earning up money for it yours truly

"ERNEST AND THEO. FRASER."

This was submitted to the maternal eye and to that of "the Professor," a name the boys had given their tutor, and, being approved, a fresh copy was prepared and punctuated and sent off in the afternoon mail. Then followed a day of eager hope and speculation as to whether Mr. Thomas would answer it favorably, and, under the supposition that he would, they went to work vigorously on the pile of old shingles that the men sent flying down from the roof of the house as they ripped them off with spades, and the ducks and chickens decided that the millennium was surely at hand, for never before had such peace and plenty and prosperity reigned in their kingdom.

Several days passed without a word in reply to their appeal, but on Wednesday morning there arrived a letter directed to "Master Ernest Fraser or Theodore Fraser," and bearing in one corner of the envelope the words: "Philharmonic Society of New York, Academy of Music." The boys lost no time in opening the imposing letter, and, almost beside themselves with eagerness and delight, they could hardly take in the meaning of the words that Mrs. Fraser was reading to them, as she held the letter in one hand and two pink tickets for reserved seats in the other.

"Listen to this, boys," said she, "and hear what was done with your letter."

"PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.
"ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"MY DEAR BOYS: Your letter was read to the whole Philharmonic Society to-day, and it was much applauded for its originality. You are wrong in thinking there are 'no tickets for sale.' There is 'standing-room only,' and tickets are for sale for next Friday and Saturday. By the kindness of Mr. W. G. Dietrich, you need not spend your money except for other expenses. Mr. Dietrich kindly handed me two tickets to forward to 'the Boys,' and I have no doubt that you will write him a note thanking him for his generosity. It is a sign of good taste for boys to 'study up' Beethoven, and Friday will present a good lesson. Please bring this letter with you, so we may know 'the Boys' are with us, and ask for the Secretary. Yours in all kindness,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON,
"*Secretary N. Y. P. S.*"

"There now!" she exclaimed, as she finished reading. "It seems to me you are two very fortunate boys to be so highly honored, and you must write to these gentlemen immediately and thank them."

"All right! Come on, Ted, let 's do it now, and then get our things ready for Friday," and off they went into the library like a flash, too excited to do, or think, or say anything with less moderation and speed than two young locomotives off on a holiday. Mrs. Fraser, happy in the joyous tumult of her boys, perceived that it would not do now to think of retracting her promise to them, and so, by the time the boys brought the letters to her, she had planned the arrangements for their musical pilgrimage, and settled it all in her mind. The writing and composition of their notes had somewhat sobered their enthusiasm. One was addressed to Mr. Dietrich, who sent the tickets, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. DIETRICH: We thank you very much indeed for those tickets you sent us. We did not know that we could not earn up money enough in so short a time. We don't know how to thank you for your kindness, nor tell you how glad we are to know we are going. We will look forward to meeting you Friday. Yours very truly,

"ERNEST AND THEODORE FRASER."

The other was to Mr. Johnson, the Secretary, and this is a copy of it:

"MY DEAR MR. JOHNSON: We want to thank you for the letter you sent us, which we received this morning. We were very much surprised when we read the letter; we thought very likely that there were no tickets to be had, and, above all things, we did not think of having tickets sent to us; we can not tell you how glad we were when we knew we are going. We hope to see you and Mr. Dietrich Friday. Yours truly,

"ERNEST FRASER.
"THEODORE FRASER."

There were not two prouder, nor more light-hearted boys in the land than Ernest and Theodore when on the following Friday morning they started off, alone, for the city and the concert. In their pockets was the money they had earned, and in their hands they carried the Beethoven and the valise which held the things they should need for their stay at Uncle Ben's, for it had been arranged that, instead of coming home the Saturday after the concert, they were to remain over till the Monday following. As it always is when the children are away from home, the house was wofully quiet at first, but the next day there came back stray gleams of the departed sunshine in the shape of brief postal-cards. The first was from Ernest, and read:

"DEAR MAMMA: When we went to the Academy of Music, we asked the box ticket-man if we could see Mr. Johnson, and he said: 'I don't know the gentleman.' I said I meant the Secretary; he told me to go to the other office, so I went there and asked him; he said that he (Mr. Johnson) was on the other side of the doors, and I could see him as soon as the doors were open. After they were open I asked a gentleman where Mr. Johnson was; he asked me for my tickets, and said they were not good, but he gave us two other tickets. I saw Mr. Johnson.

"ERNEST."

The second was a remarkably concise and characteristic account of the concert from Ted, who wrote:

"DEAR MAMMA: We had a very nice time at the concert this afternoon. We did not know that we cold get in or we cold get out. There was a man that sat with us, and said 'Now let 's look over OUR book.' He did not know beans about music, but he thought he did.

"From, THEODORE FRASER."

The third card was the joint production of both boys, and read:

"DEAR MAMMA: Mr. Johnson gave us the preference of sitting on the stage or sitting upstairs; we chose upstairs; he advised us to sit upstairs. Teddy told you about the young man up there. We had no trouble in finding our way about. Love to all, from

"ERNEST."

"DEAR MAMMA: We are having a very nice time here. Ernest is showing Uncle Ben about Papa's jimnast-machine. Tell the Professor we enjoyed the concert. I send love.

"THEODORE."

In the absence of the boys themselves these brief messages were the best possible substitutes, and Mrs. Fraser contented herself with the postal-cards, satisfied to know that the boys' experiment had thus far been a safe and pleasant one, yet looking forward meanwhile with some motherly solicitude and anxiety for their return on Monday evening. Monday came at last; it was a dreary, stormy day. Dr. Fraser was absent on a lecturing tour. "Sis" was away visiting one of her former school friends; the two elder brothers were at college, and so it was that Mrs. Fraser and the Professor, with little Bonnie, or "Jerusha Tittleback," as she preferred to be called, were the only ones who, at the dusk of the early-closing day, met in the bay-window that overlooked the drive, to watch, with considerable eagerness and anticipation, for the return of the carriage from the station with James and the boys. Six o'clock came. No boys. It grew too dark to watch, and the lamps were lighted. Half-past six and tea-time. No boys yet. Seven o'clock, with Mrs. Fraser and the Professsor at the lonely tea-table, the contents of which remained almost untouched, while a forced conversation strove to hide the growing anxiety of both. Half-past seven, and yet no boys, and now anxiety had grown to alarm, for the papers had of late been full of accounts of disasters on land and sea, and the railroad that joined Wheathedge with New York had been visited with more than its share of accidents.

A little after half-past seven the scarcely-tasted meal came to an end, and Mrs. Fraser and the Professor rose from the table, when, just as they were passing through the hall, there came the welcome sound of wheels on the drive, the familiar whistle and call, and in a moment more the travelers were in the warm, bright light of the hall and clasped in their mother's arms. However sudden the change from alarm to thankfulness and joy in the heart of the fond mother, the young gentlemen had no time for sentiment, and announced together and in one breath and as if they were telling the most commonplace thing in the world:

"Oh, yes! we had an accident at Peekskill. A freight train smashed up or something. That 's what made us so late. We 're terribly hungry—can't we have something to eat? Are you through tea yet?" and with this brief explanation the little group sought the tea-table, two of them with far different feelings from those with which they had left it a few moments earlier.

"Now, tell us all about it," said Mrs. Fraser when the boys had taken off the keen edge of their appetites, "and how you found Mr. Johnson."

"Well," said Ted, sputtering out the words as fast as he could, and with no thought of grammar or connection, "we got to the door all right, and showed the man our tickets, and he said they would n't do, and then we told him about it and said we wanted to see Mr. Johnson. Then he let us in, and we found Mr. Johnson and showed him

the letter, and he laughed and said: 'Well, if here are n't the boys, after all!' And then he took us inside and asked us where we wanted to sit, on the stage or in the audience. We said we thought we could hear better if we were in the audience; so he gave us two good seats and a programme, and then went away. Oh! — I forgot about the umbrella. It was raining and we were so excited that we forgot to put down the umbrella when we went into the Academy, and we kept it up until Mr. Johnson laughed and said he thought we might as well close it for a little while. And then there was a man came in and sat next to us, and he took off his coat and looked over our score and talked about Beethoven, and tried to turn the pages at the wrong place. And he had an opera-glass, and he looked straight up in the air through the little end of it. I believe he was crazy, and I don't think he knew anything about music."

"Do wait a moment, and don't go so fast, Ted," said the Professor. "And now tell us what you thought of the symphony."

"Oh! it was beautiful!" answered Ernest, who was really the more musical of the two, "and the allegretto was best of all, and we could follow every note of it. They had another one, too, called the 'Scandinavian Symphony,' and that I liked very much."

Very soon after the excitement of their return and the recital of their adventures had passed, both boys began to show their weariness, and so, after the good-nights were said, they started upstairs, dragging their feet slowly after them, keeping time with a dismal sort of funeral march which they whistled, using as a theme the melody of the allegretto which Ernest had spoken of. Mrs. Fraser and the Professor laughed as this and other sounds came down from the room above, and as the Professor picked up the letter from Mr. Johnson, which the boys had left on the piano, he said:

"I must say I think the Philharmonic Society has distinguished itself in this matter."

"Very true," answered Mrs. Fraser; "but how about the little boys?"

And with a smile, perhaps of amusement, and perhaps of motherly pride, she folded up the fifteenth pair of mended stockings and started on another.

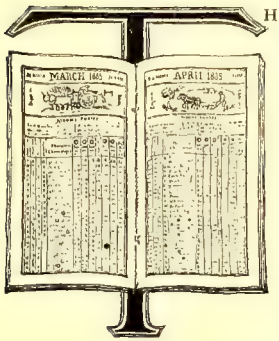


DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

By E. P. Roe.

Chapter II.

ON THE WAY TO EDEN.



THE almanac had announced spring; nature appeared quite unaware of the fact, but, as far as we were concerned, the almanac was right. Spring was the era of hope, of change, and hope was growing in our hearts like "Jack's bean," in spite of lowering wintry skies. We were eager as robins sojourning in the South to take our flight northward.

My duties to my employers had ceased on the first of March; I had secured tenants who would take possession of our rooms as soon as we should leave them, and now every spare moment was given to studying the problem of country living and to preparations for departure. I obtained illustrated catalogues from several dealers in seeds, and we pored over them every evening. At first they bewildered us with their long lists of varieties; while the glowing descriptions of new kinds of vegetables just being introduced awakened in us something of a gambling spirit.

"How fortunate it is," exclaimed my wife, "that we are going to the country just as the vegetable marvels were discovered! Why, Robert, if half of what is said is true, we shall make our fortunes!"

With us, hitherto, a beet had been a beet, and a cabbage a cabbage; but here were accounts of beets which, as Merton said, "beat all creation," and pictures of cabbage heads which well-nigh turned our own. With a blending of hope and distrust I carried two of the catalogues to a shrewd old fellow in Washington Market. He was a dealer in country produce, who had done business so long at the same stand that he was looked upon among his fellows as a kind of patriarch. During a former interview he had replied to my questions with a blunt honesty that had inspired confidence.

The morning was somewhat mild, and I found him in his shirt-sleeves, smoking his pipe among his piled-up barrels, boxes, and crates, after his eleven-o'clock dinner. His day's work was practically over; and well it might be, for, like others of his calling, he had begun it long before dawn. Now his old felt hat was pushed well back on his bald head, and his red face, fringed with a grizzled beard, expressed a sort of heavy, placid content. His small gray eyes twinkled as shrewdly as ever. With his pipe he indicated a box on which I might sit while we talked.

"See here, Mr. Bogart," I began, showing him the seed catalogues, "how is a man to choose wisely what vegetables he will raise from a list as long as your arm? Perhaps I should n't take any of those old-fashioned kinds, but go into these wonderful novelties, which promise a new era in horticulture."

The old man gave a contemptuous grunt; then, removing his pipe, he blew out a cloud of smoke that half obscured us both as he remarked, gruffly,

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

This was about as rough as March weather; but I knew my man, and perhaps proved that I was not a fool by not parting with him then and there.

"Come, now, neighbor," I said, brusquely, "I know some things that you don't. If you came to me I 'd give you the best advice that I could. I 've come to you because I believe you to be honest and to know what I don't. And when I tell you that I have a little family dependent on me, and that, if possible, I mean to get a living for them out of the soil, I believe you are man enough both to feel and to show a little friendly interest; if you are not, I 'll look farther and fare better."

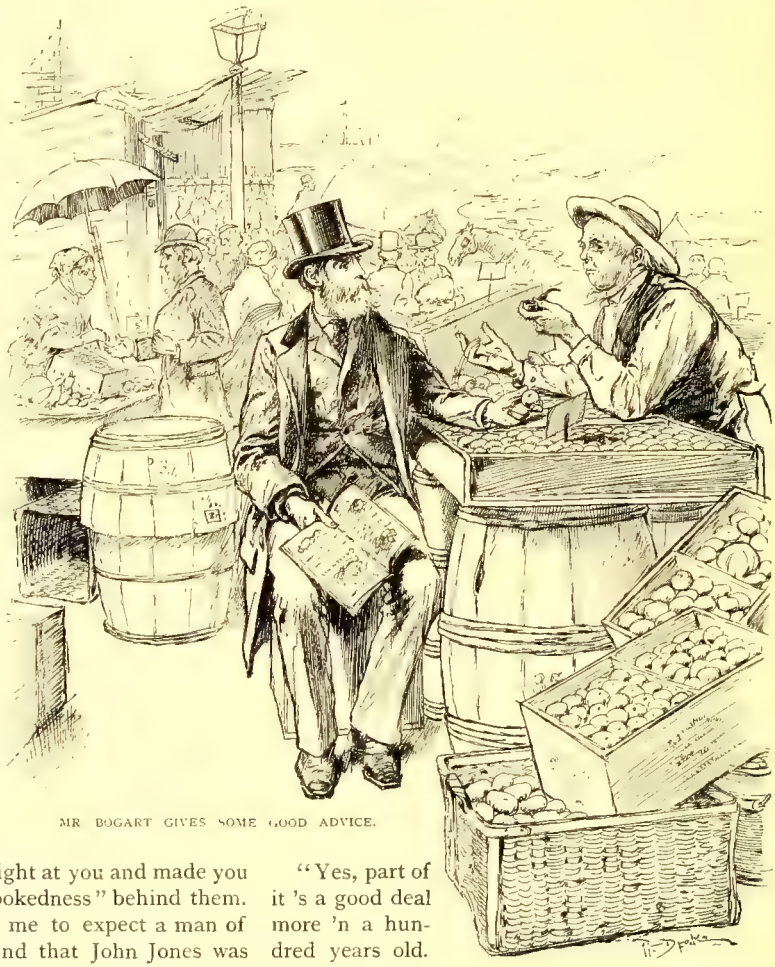
"Well, you let that new-fangled truck alone," he said, "till you get more forehanded in cash and experience. Then you may learn how to make something out of the novelties, as they call 'em — if they are worth growing at all. Now and then a good penny is turned on a new fruit or vegetable; but how to do it will be one of the last tricks that you 'll learn in your new trade. Hand me one of those misleadin' books, and I 'll mark a few solid kinds, such as produce ninety-nine hundredths of all that 's used or sold. Then you can go to What-you-call-'em's store, and take a line from me, and you 'll get the genu*ine* article at market-gardeners' prices."

"Now, Mr. Bogart, you are treating me like a man and a brother."

"No; only treating you like one who, p'raps, may deal with me. Do as you please about it, but if you want to take along a lot of my business cards and fasten 'em to anything you have to sell, I 'll give you all they bring, less my commission."

I went home feeling as if I had solid ground under my feet.

The next day, according to appointment, I went to Maizeville. John Jones met me at the station, and drove me in his box-sleigh to see the place he had written of in his laconic note. I looked at him curiously as we jogged along over the melting snow. The day was unclouded, for a wonder, and the sun proved its increasing power by turning the sleigh-tracks in the road into gleaming rills. The visage of my new acquaintance formed a decided contrast to the rubicund face of the beef-eating market-man. He was sandy, even to his eye-brows and complexion. His frame was as gaunt as that of a scare-crow, and his hands and feet were enormous. He had one redeeming feature, however, — a pair of blue eyes that looked straight at you and made you feel that there was no "crookedness" behind them.



MR. BOGART GIVES SOME GOOD ADVICE.

His brief letter had led me to expect a man of few words, but I soon found that John Jones was a talker and a good-natured gossip. He knew every one we met, and he was usually greeted with a rising inflection, like this: "How *are you*, JOHN?"

We drove inland for two or three miles, over hills and down dales, surrounded by scenery that seemed to me beautiful beyond all words, even in its wintry aspect.

"What mountain is that standing off by itself?" I asked.

"Schunemunk," he said. "Your place — well, I guess it will be yours before plantin'-time comes — is well off to the east of that mountain, and looks up the valley between it and the main highlands on the left. Yonder 's the house, on the slope of this big round hill that 'll shelter you from the north winds."

I shall not describe the place very fully now, preferring that it should be seen through the eyes of my wife and children, as well as my own.

"The dwelling appears old," I said.

"Yes, part of it 's a good deal more 'n a hundred years old. It 's been added to at both ends. But there are timbers in it that will stand another hundred years. I had a fire made in the livin'-room this mornin', to take off the chill, and we 'll go in and sit down after we 've looked the place over. Then you must come and take pot-luck with us."

At first I was not at all enthusiastic, but the more I examined the place, and thought it over, the more it grew on my fancy. When I entered the main room of the cottage, and saw the wide, old-fashioned fire-place, with its crackling blaze, I thawed so rapidly that John Jones chuckled:

"You 're positively refreshin', for a city chap. But take that old arm-chair, Mr. Durham, and I 'll soon tell you all about the place. It looks rather run down, as you have seen. Old Mr. and Mrs. Jamison lived here till lately. Last January, the old man died, and a good old man he was. His wife has gone to live with a daughter. By the will

I was app'inted executor and trustee. I 've fixed on a fair price for the property, and I 'm goin' to hold on till I get it. There are twenty acres of plowable land and orchard, and a five-acre wood-lot, as I told you. The best part of the property is this: Mr. Jamison was a natural fruit-grower. He had a lot of good fruit here, and he only grew the best. He was always a-speerin' round, and when he come across something extra, he 'd get a graft, or a root or two. So he gradually came to have the best there was a-goin' in these parts. Now, I tell you what it is, Mr. Durham, you can buy plenty of new, bare places, but your hair would be gray before you 'd have the fruit that old man Jamison planted and tended into bearing condition; and you can buy places with fine shade-trees and all that, and a good show of a garden and orchard; but Jamison used to say that an apple or cherry was a pretty enough shade-tree for him; and he used to say, too, that a tree that bore the biggest and best apples did n't take any more room than one that yielded what was fit only for the cider-press. Now, the p'int 's just here: You don't come to the country to amuse yourself by developin' a property, like most city chaps do, but to make a livin'. Well, don't you see? this farm is like a mill; when the sun 's another month higher, it will start all the machinery in the apple, cherry, and pear trees, and the small fruits, and it will turn out a crop the first year you 're here that will put money in your pocket."

Then he named the price, half down, and the rest on mortgage, if I so preferred. It was within the limit that my means permitted. I got up and went all over the house, which was still plainly furnished in part. A large wood-house near the back door had been well filled by the provident old man. There was ample cellar-room, which was also a safeguard against dampness. Then I went out and walked around the house; it was all so quaint and homely as to make me feel that it would soon become home-like to us. There was nothing smart to be seen, nothing new except a barn that had recently been built near one of the oldest and grayest structures of the kind I had ever seen. The snow-clad mountains lifted themselves about me in a way that promised a glimpse of beauty every time I should look up from work. Yet, after all, my eyes lingered longest on the orchard and the fruit-trees that surrounded the dwelling.

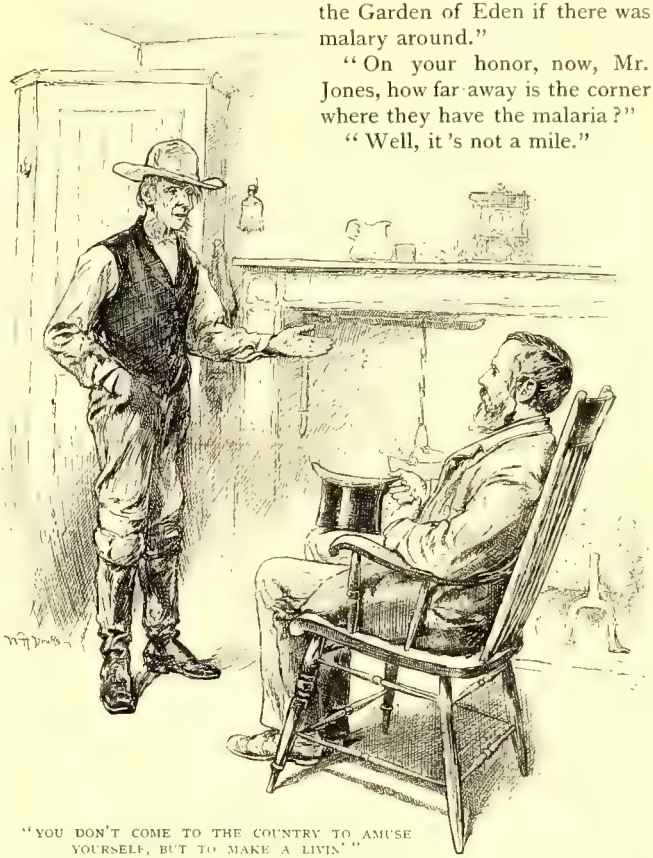
"That 's sensible," remarked Mr. Jones, who followed me with no trace of anxiety or impatience. "Paint, putty, and pine will make a house in a few weeks, but it takes a good part of a century to build up an orchard like that."

"That was just what I was thinking, Mr. Jones."

"Oh, I knew that. Well, I 've just two more things to say, and then I 'm done, and you can take it or leave it. Don't you see, the house is on a slope facing the south-east? You get the mornin' sun and southern breeze. Some people don't know what they 're worth; but I, who 've lived here all my life, know they 're worth payin' for. Again, you see, the ground slopes off to the creek yonder. That means good drainage. We don't have any malary here, and that fact is worth as much as the farm, for I would n't take a section of the Garden of Eden if there was malary around."

"On your honor, now, Mr. Jones, how far away is the corner where they have the malaria?"

"Well, it 's not a mile."



"YOU DON'T COME TO THE COUNTRY TO AMUSE YOURSELF, BUT TO MAKE A LIVIN'"

I laughed as I said, "I shall have one neighbor, it seems, to whom I can lend an umbrella."

"Then you 'll take the place?"

"Yes, if my wife is as well satisfied as I am. I

want you to give me the refusal of it for one week at the price you named."

"Agreed; and I 'll put it in black and white."

Mrs. Smith made a striking contrast to her husband, for she first impressed me as being short, red, and round; but her friendly, bustling ways and hearty welcome soon added other and very pleasant impressions; and when she placed a great dish of fricasseed chicken on the table, she won a good-will which her neighborly kindness has steadily increased.

Never was a traveler from a remote foreign clime listened to with more breathless interest than I as I related my adventures at our late supper after my return. Mousie looked almost feverish in her excitement, and Winnie and Bobsey exploded with merriment over the name of the mountain that would be one of our nearest neighbors. They dubbed the place "Schunemunks" at once. Merton put on serious and sportsman-like airs as he questioned me, and it was evident that he expected to add largely to our income by means of the game he should kill. I did not take much pains to dispel his illusions, knowing that one day's tramp would do this, and that he would bring back increased health and strength, if nothing else.

No fairy-tale had ever absorbed the children as did the description of that old house and its surroundings, and when at last they were induced to retire, I said to my wife, after explaining the whole matter:

"It all depends on you. If you wish, we will go up there together on the first pleasant day, so that you can see for yourself before we decide."

She laughed as she said, "I decided, two minutes after you arrived."

"How is that?"

"I saw you had the place in your eyes. Oh, Robert! I can read you like a book. You give in to me in little things, and that pleases a woman, you know. You must decide a question like this, for it is a question of support for us all; and you can do better on a place that suits you than on one never quite to your mind. It has grown more and more clear to me all the evening that you have fallen in love with the old place,—and that settles it."

"Well, you women have a way of your own of deciding a question."

So we chose our country home The small patrimony, to which we had added but little—(indeed, we had often denied ourselves in order not to diminish it)—was nearly all to be invested in the farm, and a debt was also to be incurred. While yielding to my fancy, I believed that I had, at the same time, chosen wisely; for, as John Jones said, the mature fruit-trees on the place would begin to yield returns very soon.

We were now all eager to get away, and the weather favored our wishes. A warm rain with a high south wind set in, and the ice disappeared from the river as if by magic. I learned that the afternoon boat which touched at Maizeville would begin its trips the following week.

I told my wife about the furniture which still remained in the house, and the prices which John Jones put upon it. We therefore found that we could dispose of a number of bulky articles in our city apartments, and save a goodly sum in cartage and freight. Like soldiers short of ammunition, we had to make every dollar tell; and when, by thought and management, we could save a little, it was talked over as a triumph to be proud of.

The children entered into the spirit of the thing with great zest. They were all going to be hardy pioneers. One evening I described the landing of the "Mayflower," and some of the New England winters that followed, and they wished to come down to Indian meal at once as a steady diet. Indeed, toward the last, we did come down to rather plain fare; for, in packing up one thing after another, we finally reached the cooking utensils.

On the morning of the day preceding the one set apart for our departure, I began to use military figures of speech, and said:

"Now we must get into marching order and prepare to break camp. Soldiers, you know, when about to move, dispose of all their heavy baggage, cook several days' provisions, pack up and load on wagons what they mean to take with them, and start. It is a trying time—one that requires the exercise of good soldierly qualities, such as prompt obedience, indifference to hardship and discomfort, and especially courage in meeting whatever happens."

Thus the children's imaginations were kindled, and our prosaic breaking up and moving became a time of grand excitement.

Bobsey, however, passed at last beyond patience and management. The very spirit of mischief seemed to have entered his excited little brain. He untied bundles, placed things where they were in the way, and pestered the busy mother with so many questions, that I hit upon a decided measure to keep him quiet. I told him about a great commander who, in an important fight, was strapped to a mast so that he could oversee everything, and then I tied the little fellow in a chair. At first he was much elated, and chattered like a magpie; but when, after a few moments, he found he was not to be released, he began to howl for freedom. I then carried him, chair and all, to one of the rear rooms. Soon his cries ceased, and tender-hearted Mousie stole after him. Returning, she said, with her low laugh:

"He 'll be good now, for a while; he 's sound asleep."

The last night in the city flat was in truth like camping out, and we looked and felt like emigrants. But the fatigues of the day brought us sound sleep, and in the morning we rose with the dawn, from our shake-downs on the floor, and eagerly and hopefully began our final preparations for departure. In response to my letters, John Jones had promised to meet us at the Maizeville landing with his strong covered rockaway, and to have a fire in the old farm-house. Load after load was dispatched to the boat; for I preferred to deal with one trusty truckman. Then, when all had been taken away, we said good-bye to our neighbors and took the horse-cars to the boat, making our quiet exit in the least costly way. I knew the boat would be warm and comfortable, and proposed that we should eat our lunch there.



THE COMMANDER GOES TO SLEEP.

The prospect, however, of seeing the wharves, the boats, and the river, destroyed even children's appetites. We soon reached the crowded dock, and the great steamer appeared to be a part of it, lying along its length with its several gangways, over which boxes, barrels, and packages were being hustled on board with perpetual din. The younger children were a little awed at first by the noise and apparent confusion. Mousie kept close to my side, and even Bobsey clung to his mother's hand. The extended upper cabin with the state-rooms opening along its sides was as comfortable as a floating parlor with its arm and rocking chairs; and here, not far from a great heater, we established our head-quarters. I made the children locate the spot carefully, and said:

"From this point we 'll make excursions. In the first place, Merton, you come with me and see that all our household effects are together and in good order. You must learn to travel and look after things like a man."

After spending a little time in arranging our goods so that they would be safer and more compact, we went to the captain and laughingly told him we were emigrants to Maizeville, and hoped before long to send a good deal of produce by his boat, and therefore we wanted him to "lump" us, goods, children, and all, and deliver us safely at the Maizeville wharf for as small a sum as possible.

He good-naturedly agreed, and I found that the chief stage of our journey would involve less outlay than I expected.

Thus far all had gone so well that I began to fear that a change must take place soon, in order that our experience should be more like the common lot of humanity. When at last I took all the children out on the after-deck to remove the first edge of their curiosity, I saw that there was at least

an ominous change occurring in the weather. The day had begun mildly, and there had been a lull in the usual March winds. Now a scud of clouds was drifting swiftly in from the eastward, and chilly, fitful gusts began to moan and sigh about us. A storm was coming, evidently, and my hope was that we might reach our haven before it began. I kept my fears to myself, and we watched the long lines of carts converging toward the gang-planks of our own and other steam-boats.

"See, youngsters," I cried, "all this means commerce. These loads and loads of things will soon be at stores and homes up the river, supplying the various needs of people. To-morrow the residents along the river will bring what they have to sell to this same boat, and by daylight the following morning other carts will be carrying country produce and manufactured articles all over the city. Thus, you see, commerce is made by people supplying themselves and each other with what they need. Just as soon as we can bring down a crate of strawberries and send it to Mr. Bogart, we shall be adding to the commerce of the world in the best way. We shall become what are called the producers; and were it not for this class, the world would soon come to an end."

"'Rah!" cried Bobsey, "I 'm goin' to be a p'oducer."

He promised, however, to be a consumer for a long time to come, especially of patience. His native fearlessness soon asserted itself, and he wanted to go everywhere and see everything, asking questions about machinery, navigation, river craft, the contents of every box, bale, or barrel we saw, till I felt I was being used like a town pump, and I pulled him back to the cabin, resolving to stop his questioning, for a time at least, with the contents of our lunch-basket.

Winnie was almost as bad, or as good, perhaps I should say; for, however great the wear and tear on me might be, I knew that these active little brains were expanding to receive a host of new ideas.

Mousie was quiet as usual, and made no trouble; but I saw with renewed hope that this excursion into the world inspired in her a keen and natural interest. Ever since the project of country life had been decided upon, the listless, weary look had been giving place to one of greater animation. The hope of flowers and a garden had fed her life like a deep hidden spring.

To Merton I had given larger liberty, and had said, "It is not necessary for you to stay with me all the time. Come and go on the boat and wharf as you wish. Pick up what knowledge you can; all I ask is that you will use good sense in keeping out of trouble and danger."

I soon observed that he was making acquaintances here and there, and asking questions which would go far to make good his loss of schooling for a time. Finding out about what one sees is, in my belief, one of the best ways of getting an education. The trouble with most of us is that we accept too much of what we see without inquiry or knowledge.

The children were much interested in scenes witnessed from the side of the boat farthest from the wharf. Here in the inclosed water-space were several kinds of craft, but the most curious in their eyes was a group of canal-boats—"queer traveling houses," Mousie called them, for it was evident that each one had a family on board, and the little entrance to the hidden cabin was like a hole, from which men, women, and children came like rabbits out of a burrow. Tough, hardy, bare-footed children were everywhere. While we were looking, one frowzy-headed little girl popped up from her burrow, in the boat, and with legs and feet as red as a boiled lobster, ran along the guards like a squirrel along a fence.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mousie, "I 'd rather live in a city flat than in such a house."

"I think it would be splendid," protested Winnie, "to live in a traveling house. You could go all over, and still stay at home."

I was glad on our return to find my wife dozing in her chair. She was determined to spend in rest the hours on the boat, and had said that Mousie, also, must be quiet much of the afternoon.

Between three and four the crush on the wharf became very great; horses and drays were so mixed up that to inexperienced eyes it would seem that they could never be untangled. People of every description, loaded down with parcels, were hurrying on board, and from our point of view it appeared that American women shared with their French sisters an aptness for trade. Among the passengers were not a few substantial, matronly persons who apparently could look the world in the face and get the better of it.

As four P. M. approached, I took the children to a great glass window in the cabin, through which we could see the massive machinery.

"Now," said I, "watch the steel giant; he is motionless, but in a moment or two he will move."

True enough, he appeared to take a long breath of steam, and then slowly lifted his polished arms, or levers, and the boat that had been like a part of the wharf began to act as if it were alive and were waking up.

"Now," I asked, "shall we go to the after-deck and take our last look at the city, or forward and see the river and whither we are going?"

"Forward! forward!" cried all in chorus.

"That 's the difference between youth and age," I thought. "With the young it is always 'forward';" but we found that we could not go out on the forward deck, for the wind would have carried away my light, frail Mousie, like a feather. Indeed, it was whistling a wild tune as we stood in a small room with glass windows all round. The waves were crowned with foaming white-caps, and the small craft that had to be out in the gale were bobbing up and down, as if possessed. On the river was a strange and lurid light, which seemed to come more from the dashing water than from the sky, so dark was the latter with skurrying clouds.

Mousie clung timidly to my side, but I re-assured her by saying:

"See how steadily, how evenly and boldly, our great craft goes out on the wide river! In the same way we must go forward, and never be afraid. These boats run every day, after the ice disappears, and they are managed by men who know what to do in all sorts of weather."

She smiled, but whispered, "I think I 'll go back and stay with mamma;" but she soon found much amusement in looking at passing scenes from the windows of the warm after-cabin — scenes that were like pictures set in oval frames.

But the other children appeared fascinated by the scene, especially Winnie, whose bold black eyes flashed with excitement.

"I want to see everything, and know everything," she said.

"I wish you to see and know about things like these," I replied; "but not such things as Melissa Daggett would show you."

I confess that I did not like the looks of the sky or of the snow-flakes that began to whirl in the air, but the strong steamer plowed her way rapidly past the city and the villa-crowned shores beyond. The gloom of the storm and early coming night was over all, and from the distant western shore the Palisades frowned dimly through the obscurity.

My wife came and, after a brief glance, shivered and was turning away, when I said, "You don't like your first glimpse of the country, Winifred?"

"It will look differently next June. The children will take cold here. Let them come and watch the machinery."



"MOST CURIOUS OF ALL WERE THE CANAL-BOATS — 'QUEER TRAVELING HOUSES.'"

This we all did for a time, and then I took them on excursions about the inclosed parts of the boat. The lamps were already lighted, and the piled-up freight stood out in grotesque light and shadow.

Before very long we were standing by one of the furnace rooms, and a sooty-visaged man threw open the iron doors of the furnace. In the glare of light that rushed forth, everything near stood out

almost as vividly as it would have done in a steady gleam of lightning. The fireman instantly became a startling silhouette, and the coal that he shoveled into what was like the flaming mouth of a cavern seemed sparkling black diamonds. The snow-flakes glimmered as the wind swept them by the wide-open window, and in the distance were seen the lights and dim outline of another boat going toward the city. Clang! the iron doors are shut, and all is obscure again.

"Now the boat has had its supper," said Bobsey. "Oh, dear, I wish we could have a big hot supper."

I made up my mind that it would be good economy for us all to have a hearty hot supper, as Bobsey had suggested; and when, at last, the gong resounded through the boat, we trooped down with the others to the lower cabin, where there were several long tables with colored waiters in attendance. We had not been in these lower regions before, and the eyes of the children soon wandered from their plates to the berths, or sleeping-bunks, which lined the sides of the cabin.

"Yes," I replied, in answer to their questions, "it is a big supper-room now, but by and by it will be a big bedroom, and people will be tucked away in these berths just as if they were laid on shelves, one over the other."



"SCENES THAT WERE LIKE PICTURES SET IN OVAL FRAMES."

The smoking-room door stood open, and we lingered near it for some moments, attracted first by a picture of a great fat ox, that suggested grassy meadows, plowing, juicy steaks, and other pleasant things. Then our attention was drawn to a man, evidently a cattle-dealer, who was holding forth to others more or less akin to him in their pursuits.

As time passed, the storm increased, and the air became so thick with driving snow that the boat's speed was slackened, and occasionally we "slowed up" for some moments. The passengers shook their heads and remarked, dolefully, "There 's no telling when we 'll arrive."

The abundant and delicious supper gave each of us solid comfort and satisfaction. Bobsey ate until the passengers around him were laughing; but he, with superb indifference, attended strictly to business.

My wife whispered, "You must all eat enough to last a week, for I sha'n't have time to cook anything;" and I was much pleased at the good example which she and Mousie set us.

Both before and after supper, I conducted Bob-

sey to the wash-room, and he made the people laugh as he stood on a chair and washed his face. But he was a sturdy little fellow, and only laughed back when a man said he looked as though he was going to dive into the basin.

Mousie at last began to show signs of fatigue; and learning that it would be several hours still before we could hope to arrive, so severe was the storm, I procured the use of a state-room, and soon Bobsey was snoring in the upper berth, and my invalid girl smiling and talking in low tones to her mother in the lower couch. Winnie, Merton, and I prowled around, spending the time as best we could. Occasionally we looked through the windows at the bow, and wondered how the pilot could find his way through the tempest. I confess I had fears lest he might not find his way, and felt that I should be grateful indeed when my little band was safe on shore. The people in charge of the boat, however, knew their business.

At last we were fast at the Maizeville landing, although long after the usual hour of arrival. I was anxious, indeed, to learn whether John Jones would meet us, or whether, believing that we would not come in such a storm, and tired of waiting, he had gone home and left us to find such shelter as we could.

But there he was, looking in the light of the lanterns as grizzled as old Time himself, with his eyebrows and beard full of snow-flakes. He and I hastily carried the three younger children ashore through the driving snow, and put them in a corner of the storehouse, while Merton followed with his mother.

"Mr. Jones," I exclaimed, "you are a neighbor to be proud of already. Why did n't you go home and leave us to our fate?"

"Well," he replied, laughing, "'t would n't take you long to get snowed under to-night. No, no, when I catch fish I mean to land 'em. I did n't know but in such a roarin' storm you might be inclined to stay on the boat and go back to the city. Then where would my bargain be?"

"No fear of that. We 're in for it now — we 've enlisted for the war. What shall we do?"

"Well, I hardly know — one thing first, anyhow. We must get Mrs. Durham and the children into the warm waitin'-room, and then look after your traps."

The room was already crowded, but we squeezed them in, white from scarcely more than a moment's exposure to the storm. Then we took hold and gave the deck-hands a lift with my baggage, Merton showing much manly spirit in his readiness to face the weather and the work. My effects were soon piled up by themselves, and then we held a council.

"Mrs. Durham 'll hardly want to face this storm with the children," began Mr. Jones.

"Are you going home?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I 'd rather travel all night for the sake of being home in the morning."

"To tell the truth, I feel in the same way," I continued, "but reason must hold the reins. Do you think you could protect Mrs. Durham and the children from the storm?"

"Yes, I think we could tuck 'em in so they 'd scarcely know it was snowin', and then we could sled your things up in the mornin'. 'Commodations on the landin' to-night' will be pretty crowded."

"We 'll let her decide, then."

When I explained how things were and what Mr. Jones had said, she exclaimed, "Oh, let us go home."

How my heart jumped at her use of the word "home," in regard to a place that she had never seen. "But, Winifred," I urged, "do you realize how bad a night it is? Do you think it would be safe for Mousie?"

"It is n't so very cold if one is not exposed to the wind and snow," she replied, "and Mr. Jones says we need n't be exposed. I don't believe we 'd run as much risk as in going to a little hotel, the best rooms of which are already taken. Since we can do it, it will be so much nicer to go to a place that we feel is our own!"

"I must say that your wishes accord with mine."

"Oh, I knew that," she replied, laughing. "Mr. Jones," she added, sociably, "this man has a way of telling you what he wishes by his looks before asking your opinion."

"I found that out, the day he came up to see the place," chuckled my neighbor. "He don't know how to make a bargain any more than one of the children there. I 'll go to the shed and get the hosses, and we 'll make a pull for home. I don't believe you 'll be sorry when you get there."

Mr. Jones came around to the very door with the rockaway, and we did tuck my wife and children under the buffalo robes and blankets, until they could hardly breathe; and then we started out into the white, spectral world, for the wind had coated everything with the soft, wet snow. On we went at a slow walk, for the snow and mud were both deep, and the wheeling was very heavy. Even John Jones's loquacity was checked, for every time he opened his mouth, the wind half filled it with snow. Some one ahead of us, with a lantern, guided our course for a mile or so through the dense obscurity, and then he turned off on another road. At first I hailed one and another in the black cavern of the rockaway back of me, and their muffled voices would answer, "All right."

But one after another they ceased to answer me, until all except my wife were fast asleep. She insisted that she was only very drowsy, but I knew that she also was very, very tired. Indeed, I felt, myself, in a way that frightened me, the strange desire to sleep that overcomes those long exposed to cold and wind.

I must have been nodding and swaying around rather loosely, when I felt myself going heels over head into the snow. As I picked myself up I heard my wife and children screaming, and John Jones shouting to his horses, "Git up," while at the same time he lashed them with his whip. My face was so plastered with snow that I could see only a dark object which was evidently being dragged violently out of a ditch, for when the level road was reached, Mr. Jones shouted, "Whoa."

"Robert, are you hurt?" cried my wife.

"No; are you?"

"Not a bit, but I 'm frightened to death."

Then John Jones gave a hearty guffaw.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"I 'm here; have n't the remotest idea where you be," replied Mr. Jones.

"You are a philosopher," I said, groping my way through the storm toward his voice.

"I believe I was a big fool for tryin' to get home such a night as this; but now that we 've set about it, we 'd better get there. That 's right. Scramble in and take the reins. Here 's my mittens."

"What are you going to do?"

"I 'm going to 'light and smell out the road. This is equal to any Western blizzard I 've heard of yet."

"How far have we got to go now?"

"Half a mile, as nigh as I can make out," was the reply; and we jogged on again.

"Are you sure you are not hurt?" Mousie asked me.

"Sure; it was like tumbling into a feather bed."

"Stop a bit," cried Mr. Jones. "There 's a turn in the road here. Let me go on a little and lay out your course."

"Oh, I wish we had staid anywhere under shelter," said my wife.

"Courage," I cried; "when home, we 'll laugh over this."

"Now," shouted Mr. Jones, "veer gradually off to the left, toward my voice — all right." And we jogged off again, stopping from time to time to let our invisible guide explore the road.

Once more he cried, "Stop a minute."

The wind roared and shrieked around us, and it was growing colder. With a chill of fear I thought, "could John Jones have mistaken the road?" and I remembered how four people and a pair of horses had been frozen within a few yards of a house in a Western snow-storm.

"Are you cold, children?" I asked.

"Yes, we 're freezing," sobbed Winnie. "I don't like the country one bit."

"This is different from the Eden of which we have been dreaming," I thought grimly. Then I shouted: "How much farther, Mr. Jones?"

The howling of the wind was my only answer. I shouted again. The increasing violence of the tempest was the only response.

"Robert," cried my wife, "I don't hear Mr. Jones's voice."

"He has only gone on a little to explore," I replied, although my teeth chattered with cold and fear. "Halloo — oo!" I shouted. The answering shriek of the wind in the trees overhead chilled my very heart.

"What *has* become of Mr. Jones?" asked my wife, and there was almost anguish in her tone, while Winnie and Bobsey were really crying.

"Well, my dear," I tried to say, re-assuringly, "even if he were very near to us, we could neither see nor hear him."

Moments passed which seemed like ages, and I scarcely knew what to do. The absence of all signs of Mr. Jones filled me with a nameless and unspeakable dread. Could anything have happened to him? Could he have lost his way and fallen into some hole or over some steep bank. If I drove on, we might tumble after him and perish, maimed and frozen, in the wreck of the wagon. One imagines all sorts of horrible things when alone and helpless at night.

"Papa," cried Merton, "I 'll get out and look for Mr. Jones!"

"You are a good, brave boy," I replied. "No, you hold the reins, and I 'll look for him and see what is just before us."

Just then there was a glimmer of light off to the left.

(To be continued.)



AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

By Edmund Alton.

Chapter VII.

CLOSE OF A CONGRESS.

When the Government gets its fingers around any money, it closes them with the grip of a giant. It goes on serenely collecting millions of dollars, but not a cent will it expend unless Congress so declare in form of law. This rule is inexorable. No matter how just may be the claims upon its treasury, however great may be the necessity of its creditors or urgency of its own wants,—it cannot buy a loaf of bread to keep the pangs of hunger from its own door. It is as helpless as a shipwrecked millionaire floating aimlessly about in mid-ocean on a broken spar. All that it can do is to balance its bank account,—and wait for help.† As Congress has the sole right to say what money shall go into the national vaults, so it has the sole right to say what, if any, shall come but. It holds the purse-strings of the treasury, and it, alone, can loosen them when it may see fit.

The enormous running expenses of the government must therefore be provided for by Congress. This is done by the yearly enactment of what are styled the General Appropriation Bills — about twelve in number. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill relates to the pay of members and employés of Congress; of the President, and the officers and clerks of executive departments; of the Judges of the Federal courts, and various incidental expenses. The Army, the Navy, the Diplomatic service, the Indians,—these and other subjects are each provided for by separate bills, and a lot of odds and ends go into the Sundry Civil Bill. As the Congressmen are not very good fortune-tellers, there is invariably a huge Deficiency Bill to meet expenses unprovided for by the appropriation laws of the preceding year. These laws provide only for the service during a single "fiscal year," and, as they cease to operate upon the 30th of every June, the failure of Congress to pass these annual bills would seriously embarrass public affairs. The President, the judges, the thousands of other officials, the law-makers themselves, would have to go without their pay.

On account of the importance of these bills, they are given precedence over all other measures, and,

† "No money shall be drawn from the Treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time." Constitution, Article 1, Sec. 9, Cl. 7.

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from the time they are reported by the House Committee on Appropriations (which attends to their preparation),* they absorb the attention of each body almost daily during the remainder of the session.

As the Forty-second Congress was to terminate on the fourth of March, 1873, both Houses became very industrious after the counting of the electoral votes in February. When the general appropriation bills were not under consideration, each House occupied itself much of the time with the "calendar;"† and private and other unobjectionable bills were passed by the wholesale, as rapidly as the clerk could read them and the presiding officer could put the necessary formal questions. By a private bill is meant one for the benefit of some individual, as distinguished from a bill affecting the interests of the general public. This distinction divides the laws of Congress into two classes — Private Laws and Public Laws, the latter being also called Statutes-at-Large. And I may here tell you another interesting fact. When a Congress expires on a fourth of March, all the bills and other matters left undisposed of become absolutely dead. The next Congress enters upon its work of legislation with a new and clear record and with hands quite free; old bills must either *stay* dead, or be re-introduced and go through the customary stages of examination in order to become laws. Some people know this to their sorrow. I still recognize bills that have been in Congress for years. Some of them would pass one House and get through the other just on the eve of the dissolution of a Congress, but too late to get the approval of the President; and they would have to begin over again in the next Congress, and probably not be able to do more than pass one House. To expedite such matters, the President always goes to the Capitol during the closing hours of a session, accompanied by his Cabinet, private secretary, and clerks, occupying a room set apart for his use near the Senate Chamber. As fast as Acts of Congress are submitted to him, he considers them, and his private secretary notifies the House or the Senate of his action concerning them, thus saving much time.

Well, as I have said, we were in the dying days of the Forty-second Congress, and in order that you may form an idea of the labor of the Senate at this time, I will give you a few statistics upon the subject.

Let us begin with the last week in February.‡ The Senate met at eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday, the twenty-fourth of that month. It remained in session until five o'clock in the afternoon, when a recess was taken until seven o'clock. After re-assembling, it sat until forty-six minutes after eleven o'clock at night. (Nearly eleven hours of actual work.) The senators evidently obtained a tolerably good night's rest, for they were again on hand, at eleven o'clock Tuesday morning, ready for business. They sat until five, took a recess for two hours, adjourning at fifty-five minutes past ten. (About ten hours of work.) On Wednesday, the twenty-sixth, they assembled at eleven, took a recess from five to seven, and adjourned at twenty-four minutes after twelve o'clock. (Eleven hours and a half of work.) Thursday, the Senate again convened at eleven, took the usual recess, and continued in session all night long, adjourning at fifty-five minutes past seven o'clock Friday morning, to meet at one o'clock the same day. (A session of eighteen hours and three-quarters, not counting the recess.) It met at one o'clock on Friday afternoon, took a recess at five o'clock for only half an hour, adjourning at twenty minutes past one o'clock at night. (About thirteen hours of severe mental application.) On Saturday, the first of March, it met at eleven o'clock, at five a recess was taken until seven in the evening, at seven it re-assembled and remained in session until twenty minutes past four o'clock Sunday morning, when it took another recess until seven o'clock that evening. Many of the senators were opposed to sitting on Sunday, but the majority considered it absolutely necessary. So, at seven o'clock (when they would otherwise have been preparing to go to evening church), they were again called to order, continuing their deliberations until fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock Monday morning, March third, adjourning to meet again that morning at ten o'clock instead of eleven. These twenty hours and thirty-five minutes of work, although made up of parts of three different days, all belonged to the session of Saturday. This session constituted a "legislative" day, and you thus see that a legislative day may really consume several of our ordinary days. It is rather confusing to talk of the proceedings of Monday morning, March third, as the proceedings of Saturday, March first, but that is the way it appears in the record.

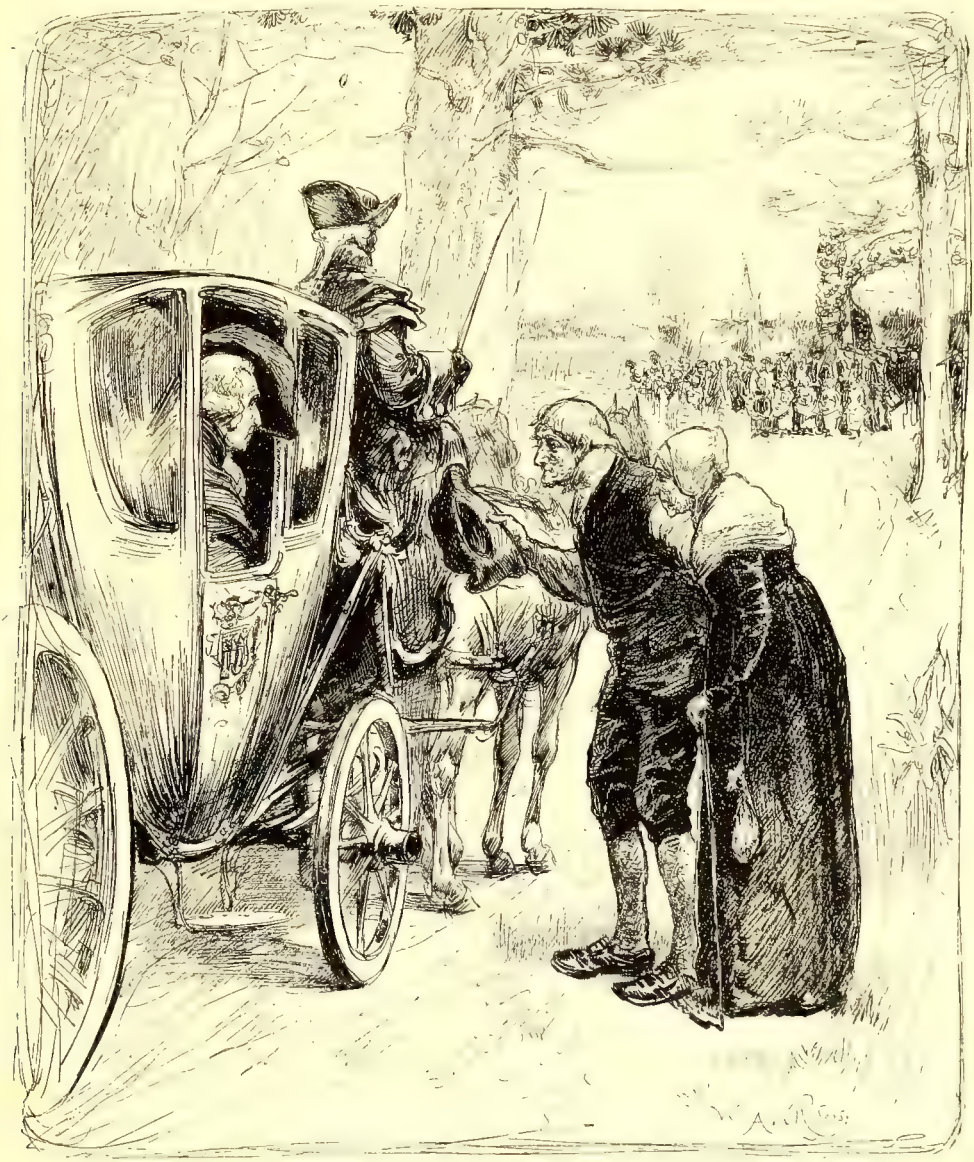
Well, at ten o'clock on Monday, March third, the Senate began its last day's session, that was destined to contain nineteen hours and a half of solid labor. At five o'clock a recess was taken

* The House, with the *acquiescence* of the Senate, has long exercised the right to originate these bills. A spirited contest, growing out of the deadlock on the Naval Bill, has been recently waged between the two bodies of Congress respecting this usage, or "right." The House now claims that it is a Constitutional power, conferred by the provision as to "revenue" measures, and that the inclination of the Senate to introduce appropriation bills is an act of usurpation.

† The "calendar" is a list of measures ready for action, upon which, unless otherwise ordered, bills and resolutions are placed, when properly reported, to be taken up and considered in their order.

‡ 1873.

until seven. Upon re-assembling, all were indeed kept busy. The members of the House were working equally as hard in the passage of bills, the clerk of that body appearing in the Senate senator struggling with might and main to secure the consideration of this or that bill in which his constituents were interested. Thus it continued all night, and at five o'clock on the morning of Thurs-



GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON ON THE WAY TO HIS INAUGURATION. (SEE PAGE 390.)

every few minutes with a large roll of paper and parchment, and announcing its progress in the business of making laws. No one slept that night. Each moment was precious, nearly every day, the fourth of March, we took a recess for four hours and a half.

When we re-assembled, it seemed as if a magician had been at work in our absence. The

Senate Chamber was filled with chairs, one being placed wherever there was space to hold it. A stream of humanity was applying for admission to the building, the doors of which were closed and guarded by officers. Finally, when the doors were opened, and those who had printed passes were allowed to enter, the crowd was so great that the galleries overflowed and the corridors became packed with people. Evidently, something unusual was about to happen.

But the proceedings of the Senate went on as busily as ever, although we had to wait a few minutes for a quorum of senators to appear. Some of them had become exhausted and had probably overslept themselves.

Very soon, distinguished officers of the army and navy, in full uniform, began to drop in quietly and take seats in the rear of the senators' desks. At about half-past eleven o'clock, Captain Bassett announced the arrival of the Diplomatic Corps, and a long line of Foreign Ambassadors filed in, headed by Blacque Bey, the Turkish minister, and "dean," or senior member, of the corps. They were assigned to seats on the Democratic side of the Chamber. They were all in court dress — dark-colored trousers with gold bands down the outer seams; coats glittering with bright buttons, lace, and gold trimmings, each Ambassador wearing a military hat, and a small straight sword like those worn by men of the upper ranks a century ago. Shortly afterward, in walked the Chief-justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, in their somber magisterial robes.

In the mean time, there were goings-on outside of the Capitol that would have interested my young readers. A monster procession was advancing like a conquering army. There were soldiers on horseback and soldiers on foot — artillery and infantry; horses dragging huge cannon, and horses dragging huge fire-engines; carriages containing men in uniform, and carriages containing men in citizens' attire; a platoon of mounted police, and a battalion of marines on foot; large bodies of men belonging to State militia, and large bodies of men belonging to civic and secret organizations — with and without the paraphernalia of their orders; cadets from the Military Academy at West Point, and cadets from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, — the former dressed in gray, the latter in blue; and at distances of every one or two hundred feet were brass-bands. All these troops of men formed one mass that filled the wide thoroughfare of Pennsylvania Avenue; — with flags and banners all around, raised aloft by people in the procession, and floating from the windows and tops of houses; the air vocal with martial music, each band playing a different tune at the same time. And from every direction, on the sidewalks, accompanying this procession, and on intersecting avenues and streets, came thousands and thousands of human beings, — men, women, and children, — while everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, were boys, boys, boys, of all sizes and colors, "some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns," — all marching toward the Capitol.

But to return to the Senate. In the course of their proceedings one of the senators offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, tendering thanks to Vice-President Colfax for the manner in which he had discharged the duties of chairman during the term in which he had presided over the deliberations of the Senate. As this resolution was read by the Clerk, a feeling of sadness swept over us all at the thought that soon the terms of many of the senators would expire, and that we would have to part with some of them — perhaps forever.*

But we were too busy to stay sad. Another resolution was offered and adopted, by which Senators Conkling and Trumbull were appointed a committee to join a similar committee of the House to wait upon the President of the United States, and inform him that unless he had some further communication to make, the two Houses of Congress, having finished the business before them, were ready to adjourn. Considerable business was done, however, after the appointment of the committee. But finally it returned, and Senator Conkling stated that, having called upon the President, the committee had been informed by him that he had no further communication to make.

After the lapse of a few minutes, Vice-President Colfax arose, and, stating that the hour had arrived for the dissolution of the Forty-second Congress, proceeded, with considerable emotion, to deliver a farewell address to the Senate. During the midst of this address, the hands of the clock reached the hour of twelve. Captain Bassett went to it and, mounting a ladder, turned back the longer hand a few minutes. This was a harmless trick that I have often seen played since, the minute hand being sometimes set back as much as half an hour. The senators and the Vice-President always look innocently some other way while it is being done, as if unconscious of the act. But every one else smiles at this subterfuge to gain time, and I think the senators themselves smile inwardly.

After continuing his speech for a short while, the Vice-President concluded:

"But the clock admonishes me that the Forty-second Congress has already passed into history; and wishing you, Senators, useful lives for your country and happy lives for yourselves, and thanking you for the resolution spread upon your Jour-

* Even as this number is going to press, the news is received of the sudden death of Mr. Colfax.

nal, and invoking the favor of Him who holds the destinies of nations and of men in the hollow of His hand, I am ready to administer the oath of office to the Vice-President-elect, whom I now introduce."

Vice-President-elect Wilson thereupon stepped forward, amid a burst of applause, and from the Secretary's desk made a brief address; and the oath of office was administered to him by the retiring Vice-President, who then said:

"The time for the expiration of the Forty-second Congress having arrived, I declare the Senate of the United States adjourned *sine die*."*

Whereupon he gave a loud rap with his gavel and descended from the chair. With the sound of the gavel, his power as Vice-President of the United States vanished into air; but before the echo died away, Vice-President Wilson had seized the gavel, and, dealing the desk a vigorous blow, he exclaimed: "The Senate will come to order!"

And the instant that elapsed between the two descents of that little piece of ivory, marked the death of one Congress and the birth of another.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INAUGURATION.

VICE-PRESIDENT Wilson, having taken the chair, directed the secretary to read the proclamation of the President convening a special session of the Senate. As you may wish to know what the proclamation looked like, I will give it here in full:

"A PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas, objects of interest to the United States require that the Senate should be convened at twelve o'clock on the fourth of March next, to receive and act upon such communications as may be made to it on the part of the Executive:

"Now, therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, have considered it to be my duty to issue this, my proclamation, declaring that an extraordinary occasion requires the Senate of the United States to convene for the transaction of business at the Capitol, in the city of Washington, on the fourth day of March next, at twelve o'clock at noon on that day, of which all who shall at that time be entitled to act as members of that body are hereby required to take notice.

"Given under my hand and the seal of the United States, at Washington, the twenty-first day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninety-seventh.

[Great seal of the United States.]

"By the President: "U. S. GRANT.

"HAMILTON FISH,

"Secretary of State."

The secretary then read the names of the newly elected senators — eight of the old members being re-elected, and fifteen of the incomers being new members. As their names were called, those who were present came forward and the oaths were administered to them, each senator-elect being escorted to the Vice-President's desk by the ex-senator to whose place he had succeeded. This was another instance of that senatorial courtesy of which one hears so much said. The roll being called, it appeared that sixty-four senators were in attendance.

Here the arrival of the President of the United States was announced, and, escorted by Senators Cragin, Logan, and Bayard, of the Committee on Arrangements, he was shown to a seat immediately in front of the secretary's desk, the members of the committee being seated on each side. His Cabinet followed and took seats near by, facing the Vice-President. As this party entered, a crowd of prominent officials and guests swarmed into the room. The House of Representatives had adjourned *sine die* at twelve o'clock. The members of that House, and many of those elected to the next, added to the throng, the chairs were rapidly filled, and many persons had to stand.

A procession was then ordered by the Vice-President to form as follows:

"The Marshal of the Supreme Court.

"Ex-Presidents and ex-Vice-Presidents.

"The Supreme Court of the United States.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.

"The Committee of Arrangements.

"The President of the United States and the President-elect.†

"The Vice-President and the Secretary of the Senate.

"The members of the Senate.

"The Diplomatic Corps.

"Members of the Cabinet and the Solicitor-General.

"Ex-members of the House of Representatives, and members-elect of the Forty-third Congress.

"Governors of States.

"Officers of the Army and Navy.

"Other persons admitted to the floor of the Senate Chamber and to the reserved seats at the left of the Diplomatic Gallery."

The column soon began to move, and would have been truly formidable in its appearance — with so many law-makers and dignitaries of the Government, not to speak of the sworded Diplomats, and the officers of the army and navy — had it not been for the ladies who joined it. Their presence, in gay creations of Fashion, and their laughter and talking, utterly prevented that im-

*These words (translated "without day" — that is, without naming a definite day for re-assembling) mean, when applied to the adjournment of a *Congress*, "forever," because every *Congress*, by what is known as the "Constitutional limitation," *must* come to an end on the 4th of March, as shown in a previous chapter. The words are also used, however, upon the final adjournment of every *session*, in which case it is understood that the body will re-assemble on the first Monday of the following December *unless sooner convened* by proclamation of the President. The House, for instance, did not meet again that year until December. The Senate *immediately* entered on a *special session*, having been convened by a proclamation of President Grant.

†As President Grant had been *re*-elected, the "President of the United States" and the "President-elect" were, at the inauguration which I am describing, one and the same individual.

pressive and ferocious effect which I had hoped to see produced, and to increase which I had joined the ranks, enveloped in wrappings that completely concealed all of me except my two eyes.

Reaching the rotunda we turned to the left and proceeded to the platform erected over the east and central steps of the Capitol. And there before our view was the mass that had been congregating during the morning — the cannon and fire-engines, horses, flags, and banners, jumbled together with the soldiers and citizens.

Advancing to the front of the platform, General Grant, with uncovered head, began to read an address. I do not suppose one person in a hundred on the stand heard a word he said. I managed — how I can not say — to get a position within a few feet of the speaker, and yet heard very little of his speech. What, then, could have interested that vast concourse assembled there, braving the inclement weather, and beyond the sound of the speaker's voice? Perched in the trees in the opposite park, like squirrels and monkeys, were the boys,— "the woods were full of them." I could understand why *they* were there, because I would have been there myself had I not been on the grand stand. I could comprehend also why the soldiers were there, because they had probably been ordered to be there and had obeyed the demands of military duty. The cannon, flags, and other inanimate and irresponsible things were, of course, not to be criticised. But I wondered what it was that had brought out so many old and young men,— American citizens,— not to speak of the women. It was a bitter cold day, the piercing wind every now and then hurling into their faces clouds of dust. Yet there they had stood patiently waiting for hours, regardless of the cold, each wedged fast in the surging, suffocating crowd, treading on one another's feet, jostling one another's elbows, and enduring pain generally. What could have been their motive? Surely not to hear. Was it to see — to see a thousand people, as miserably cold as themselves, stand, motionless, for a few minutes upon a board platform, decorated with bunting, while another man moved his lips apparently in speech? Yes, we have guessed it. That was what it actually amounted to. But, theoretically, it would be stated differently — it was to see a fellow-countryman formally assume the important trust of President of the United States. It was mingled curiosity and patriotism on the part of the populace; and, on the part of General Grant, this public ceremony was proper as an acknowledgment of the power and supremacy of the people who had again raised him to that exalted office.

Concluding his address with expressions of gratitude for the honor conferred upon him, he turned to the Chief-justice, Chase, took the oath prescribed by the Constitution,* and, having kissed the open Bible, he bowed to the multitude. It was finished. A President had been inaugurated for the twenty-second time in the history of the Union.† As a hundred thousand throats vociferated their cheers, the persons on the platform dispersed, the senators returning to the Chamber to resume the session so strangely interrupted. The military and civic procession reorganized, and, receiving into its line the carriage which the President had entered, drawn by four mouse-colored horses, it resumed its march, and, amid the booming of guns, the ringing of bells, and the huzzas of the people, it escorted him in triumph to the Executive Mansion — his residence for another term of four years, as the Chief Magistrate of the greatest and mightiest republic in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO OTHER INAUGURATIONS.

IN view of the impending inauguration on the fourth of March (the twenty-fifth in the history of the Government, and of the twenty-second President of the United States), a sketch of the first and latest of those grand events may be of interest.

The installation of a President in our day does not, after all, differ much from those of former times. Of course, we must make allowance for the advanced condition of the present era. The eighteenth century was that of stage-coaches and couriers; the nineteenth is that of railways and electricity. Then New York was a provincial, unpaved town; Washington city unknown; the western portion of our country a vast, unbroken wilderness and solitude. Now New York is the financial center, the glorious metropolis of the Union, one of the grandest emporiums in the world; Washington has budded into a fairy-like existence; the hum of industry is heard from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the golden gate of the Pacific. The day on which Washington was

* "Before he enter on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation:

"'I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.'"— CONSTITUTION, Article 2, Sec. 1, Cl. 7.

† This second inauguration of General Grant is recorded as the twenty-second, reckoned by Presidential terms of four years. He was, however, the eighteenth President — Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Lincoln, having been each elected to a second term; and Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson, succeeding, as Vice-Presidents, to the chair made vacant respectively by Harrison, Taylor, and Lincoln. Vice-President Arthur, who became Chief Magistrate upon the death of Garfield, is thus the twenty-first President of the United States.

inaugurated was given up to public rejoicings, and its evening sky was made brilliant with fire-works and bonfires. The demonstrations on the day when Garfield took the chair were equally sincere, and at night the event was celebrated by pyrotechnics and illuminations, culminating in a grand inaugural ball, attended by the President and all the notabilities of State, and lasting to the early hours of morning.

The first inauguration of President Washington took place on Thursday, the 30th of April, 1789, in the city of New York. The ceremonies of Washington's second and John Adams's first inauguration were held in Philadelphia. The seat of government was subsequently changed, and, since then, the inaugural ceremonies have been conducted in the city of Washington, the oath of office being administered (generally by the Chief-justice of the Supreme Court), sometimes in the Senate Chamber, at other times in the hall of the House of Representatives, but, from the time of Van Buren to the time of Garfield, uniformly on the eastern portico of the Capitol. True, there have been occasional departures from certain formalities. Originally the oath was taken first, the address then made; now the order is reversed. The most serious innovations were made by Jefferson. He was a rigid adherent to simplicity. He preferred that the Committee of Congress, appointed to notify him of his election, should send the notice through the mail, as being more in accordance with the Democratic institutions of the country; he rode quietly to the Capitol on his horse, tied it to a paling, entered the building, and took the oath, and thereafter followed up his queer notions by sending his messages to Congress by the first Tom, Dick, or Harry that happened to come along. 1789 was a year of knee-breeches; 1801 a year of trousers. While we may have preserved certain traces of this change in the direction of simplicity, we are still as fond as were our forefathers of martial display and cannon, of sky-rockets and brass-bands. Let me show you the resemblance and the difference.

Upon the close of the Revolutionary War, and the final drafting of our Constitution in 1787, Washington, weary of public duties and longing for rest, retired to his beautiful country-seat on the banks of the Potomac, determined there to end his days. But the people were not willing to let him gratify his fondest wish; the ship of state had been launched for an endless ocean cruise — they looked to him to guide it through the perilous waters of the bay. They elected him President by unanimous vote, and he complied, though with many a reluctant sigh, to their demands.

Setting out from Mount Vernon on his journey to New York, he was everywhere greeted with the most unbounded evidences of love and esteem. From Alexandria to the metropolis, his route was strewn with flowers, and the air filled with the musical ring of bells and the deafening roar of guns. "The old and young, women and children," writes Irving, his namesake and biographer, "thronged the highways to bless and welcome him. Deputations of the most respectable inhabitants from the principal places came forth to meet and escort him. When crossing the bridge to Trenton he had to pass beneath a triumphal arch of evergreens and laurels, erected by the ladies of the city; while the matrons bowed their heads in reverence, and little girls, with garlands on their brows and dressed in white, threw blossoms in his path and sang an ode expressive of their love and gratitude." "Never," says this gifted writer, "was ovation more graceful, touching, and sincere; and Washington, tenderly affected, declared that the impression of it on his heart could never be effaced."

Finally, however, he reached New York. Congress then met in a building on Wall street. The site is now occupied by one of the sub-treasuries of the Government. Upon its entrance-steps a statue of heroic size perpetuates in bronze the memory of that day.* The statue is of Washington — the stone upon which it rests is that on which he stood one hundred years ago and took the oath.

I will present the picture as painted by the master hand of Irving: †

> The inauguration took place on the 30th of April. At nine o'clock in the morning there were religious services in all the churches, and prayers put up for the blessing of heaven on the new Government. At twelve o'clock the city troops paraded before Washington's door, and soon after the Committees of Congress and heads of department came in their carriages. At half-past twelve the procession moved forward, preceded by the troops; next came the committees and heads of department in their carriages; then Washington in a coach of state, his aide-de-camp, Colonel Humphreys, and his secretary, Mr. Lear, in his own carriage. The foreign ministers and a long train of citizens brought up the rear.
>
> About two hundred yards before reaching the hall, Washington and his suite alighted from their carriages and passed through the troops, who were drawn up on each side, into the Hall and Senate Chamber, where the Vice-President, the Senate, and House of Representatives were assembled. The Vice-President, John Adams, recently inaugurated, advanced and conducted Washington to a chair of state at the upper end of the room. A solemn silence prevailed, when the Vice-President rose and informed him that all things were prepared for him to take the oath of office required by the Constitution.
>
> The oath was to be administered by the Chancellor of the State

* The statue was unveiled, with a few graceful words, by President Arthur in November, 1883,— the centennial celebration of "Evacuation Day."

† The account here given of Washington's inauguration is taken from Irving's "Life of Washington," by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

of New York, in a balcony, in front of the Senate Chamber, and in full view of an immense multitude occupying the street, the windows, and even the roofs of the adjacent houses. The balcony formed a kind of open recess, with lofty columns supporting the roof. In the center was a table with a covering of crimson velvet, upon which lay a superbly bound Bible on a crimson velvet cushion. This was all the paraphernalia for the august scene.

All eyes were fixed upon the balcony, when, at the appointed hour, Washington made his appearance, accompanied by various public functionaries and members of the Senate and House of Representatives. He was clad in a full suit of dark-brown cloth of American manufacture, with a steel-hilted dress-sword, white silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day, and worn in a bag and solitaire.

His entrance on the balcony was hailed by universal shouts. He was evidently moved by this demonstration of public affection. Advancing to the front of the balcony, he laid his hand upon his heart, bowed several times, and then retreated to an arm-chair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him, and were hushed at once into profound silence.

After a few moments Washington rose and again came forward. John Adams, the Vice-President, stood on his right; on his left the Chancellor of the State, Robert R. Livingston; somewhat in the rear were Roger Sherman, Alexander Hamilton, Generals Knox, St. Clair, the Baron Steuben, and others.

The chancellor advanced to administer the oath prescribed by the Constitution, and Mr. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, held up the Bible on its crimson cushion. The oath was read slowly and distinctly; Washington at the same time laying his hand on the open Bible. When it was concluded, he replied solemnly, "I swear — so help me God!" Mr. Otis would have raised the Bible to his lips, but he bowed down reverently and kissed it.

The chancellor now stepped forward, waved his hand and exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" At this moment a flag was displayed on the cupola of the hall; on which signal there was a general discharge of artillery on the battery. All the bells in the city rang out a joyful peal, and the multitude rent the air with acclamations.

Washington again bowed to the people and returned into the Senate Chamber, where he delivered, to both houses of Congress, his inaugural address, characterized by his usual modesty, moderation, and good sense, but uttered with a voice deep, slightly tremulous, and so low as to demand close attention in the listeners. After this he proceeded with the whole assembly on foot to St. Paul's church, where prayers suited to the occasion were read by Dr. Prevost, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, who had been appointed by the Senate one of the chaplains of Congress. So closed the ceremonies of the inauguration.

THE presidential candidates of 1880 were a distinguished member of Congress and a gallant officer of the army — Garfield and Hancock. It is of too recent occurrence to dwell upon this contest here. The campaign was vigorous and hot; Garfield was elected.

The preparations for the inauguration, after this belligerent and spirited election, were on the grandest scale. The same gathering of troops, of civil organizations, of private citizens, which marked the ceremony of 1873 was again repeated. If possible, the occasion was more remarkable; the demonstrations more profuse and vehement.

A year before, General Garfield could have been seen gayly sauntering along Pennsylvania Avenue, laughing, talking, nodding his head to this acquaintance and to that, without any obstruction to his progress in the shape of a sidewalk reception. Those who did not know him personally were familiar with his face and name. The ladies had heard his eloquence in the House — the street urchins had seen him at the base-ball grounds, shouting, with the eagerness of a boy, his pleasure or dissatisfaction as the game progressed. While a member of the House he often took occasion to run out into the suburbs of the city to witness this exciting sport. I remember one afternoon when he reached the stand erected on the grounds a few minutes after I did. I was leaning against the front rail of the platform, and, clapping me on the shoulder, he asked "Who 's ahead?" I gave him the information, and he thereupon became so interested in the game that he seemed unaware that his heavy weight upon my little body was, to say the least, inconvenient. He was constantly exclaiming: "Good catch!" "Fine hit!" "Oh! what a muff!" and other well-known extracts from base-ball language, and he soon grew so excited as to make me feel the effects. I thought it wise to move to a place of safety, and I finally succeeded in edging away through the crowd.

Had he worn an air of haughty mystery and exclusiveness and a perpetual frown upon his face, many people would have looked upon General Garfield as a wonderful genius. As it was, his frank, good-natured, easy ways made him merely an ordinary man in their eyes and opinions. Such is often the way of the world!

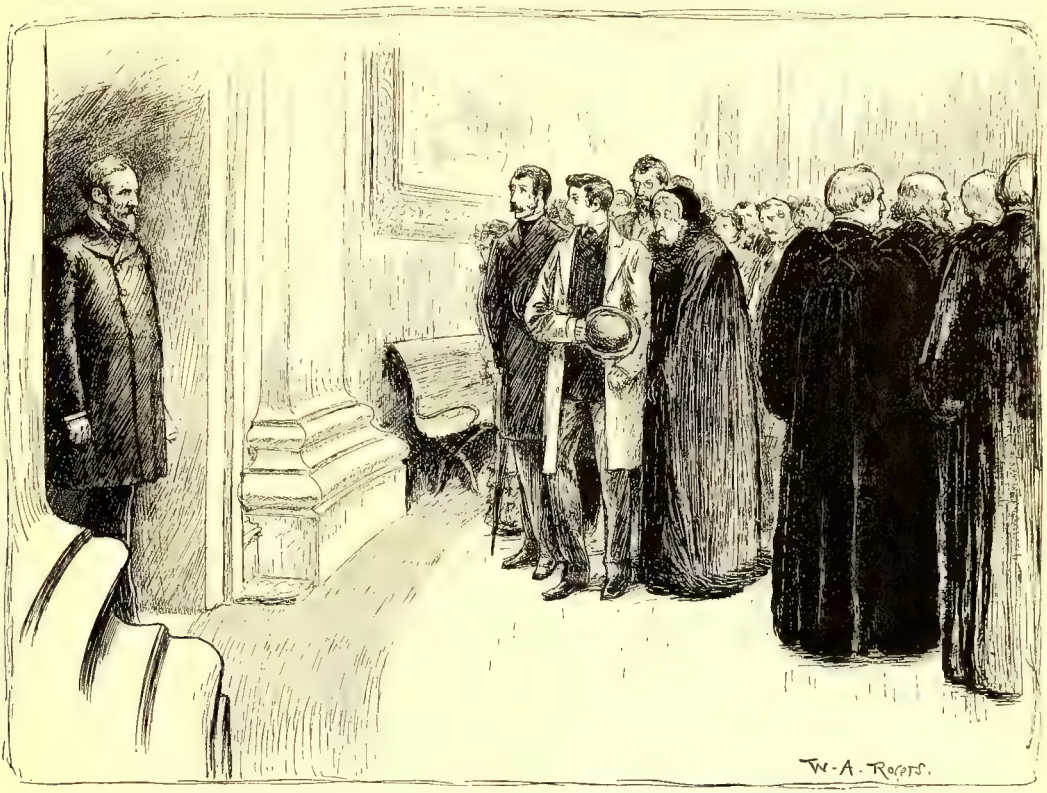
Upon his arrival in Washington as President-elect, therefore, everybody treated him as "one of themselves" — they did not fall down and worship him as a colossus of intellect; they received him with open arms as a familiar friend and associate.

His sudden elevation did not change his manners in the least. His affability was the same as ever. I saw him, only a day or two before his inauguration, stopped in a pelting storm by a crowd of people anxious to congratulate him, and he was shaking them by the hand in his hearty manner, despite the wind and storm beating into his face, his jovial voice speaking forth his thanks with equal heartiness, with no gesture of impatience, unless perhaps an occasional toss of his massive head to shake the dripping rain-drops from his hat.

The day of the inauguration — Friday — dawned in coldness. Snow, rain, sleet, — all vied with each other in rendering the air damp and miserable, the roads and walks unpleasant. But at about ten o'clock, the sun came to the rescue. It broke through the clouds, softened the vigor of the winds, and gradually melted away the accretions of the storm. The people who thronged the streets breathed a sigh of relief. It was an auspicious omen!

Soon the inaugural procession began to move

from the White House to the Capitol. A platoon of mounted police in front; General Sherman and his aids; a brass-band; some cavalrymen with yellow plumes, and several bodies of infantry next; the open presidential carriage, drawn by four beautiful bays, and containing General Garfield (with uncovered head and bowing to the plaudits of the crowd), President Hayes, and two members of the Senate Committee, and another carriage drawn by four white horses, in which sat Vice-President Arthur accompanied by another member of the committee, followed by the usual long line of soldiers and citizens, mixed up indiscriminately. All along the route stands had been erected, crowded by people; festoons of flags and banners graced the front of buildings, and pennons waved from window and from roof.



GENERAL GARFIELD ENTERING THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, ON THE WAY TO HIS INAUGURATION.

Reaching the Capitol, the distinguished members of the party entered the Senate Chamber, where were assembled the representatives of foreign powers as well as those of our own country. Vice-President Wheeler, having introduced General Arthur, the Vice-President-elect, the customary speeches having been made, the oath administered, the Forty-sixth Congress having been adjourned *sine die* by the retiring officer, the Forty-seventh having been opened by the incoming officer, and the newly elected senators sworn in, the procession was formed and the same line of march pursued as at the inauguration of General Grant.

The spectacle presented from the eastern portico was more imposing than of yore. The park had been obliterated, and, in its stead, an open space of lawns and concrete furnished "standing-room only" to the assembled spectators. The applause which broke forth upon the appearance of the party having at length subsided, General Garfield began his address. The eloquent words of his opening sentence, delivered in his clear, ringing voice, struck deep into the hearts of the people, and they listened with rapt attention during the remainder of the oration. It is unnecessary to speak of the hoarse tumult of applause which followed. Turning to the Chief-justice, he received the oath, kissed the Book, and became the twentieth President of his country.

(To be continued.)



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE Little School-ma'am and myself have received a number of letters from the boys and girls in answer to Miriam's question in the ST. NICHOLAS Letter-box of last August. The Little School-ma'am begs me to show them all to you; but as that is quite impossible in these short winter days, we must be content to read together extracts from a few of them. Meanwhile, we thank their friendly writers and all the other young folks whose letters, good and interesting as they are, may now be seen only by the Little School-ma'am, your Jack, and the birds. The information they contain is, in the main, given in the letters which we shall here take up.

Naturally there are some differences of opinion expressed in these letters, for it is impossible for so many to blow even a Golden Horn alike. But, at all events, we shall know more about it than we did before Miriam asked her question. Now for the first letter. It came from two little English girls living in London.

WHY GOLDEN HORN.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: When we were reading the letters in the August number of your beautiful ST. NICHOLAS, which we in England look for so anxiously every month, we saw the question "Why is the harbor of Constantinople, Turkey, called the Golden Horn?"

We took down "The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," off the shelf of our father's library, and there we found that the harbor was so called from its curved shape and great beauty.

Your affectionate readers,

ETHEL LEWIS (aged 12).
KATE LEWIS (aged 14).

SAN ANSELMO VALLEY, CAL.

DEAR JACK: I find in Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia" the following explanation:

"In ancient times a city called Byzantium stood on the site of Constantinople. Its fine situation gave it a large trade with Egypt and Greece, and so rich did it become that its harbor, which is shaped like a horn, was called the 'Golden Horn.'"

Yours sincerely, MAY T. H.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

DEAR JACK: The name of the Golden Horn arose, I believe, from its crescent shape, extending like two horns into the sea, and it was called the Golden Horn, from the splendid palaces that line its banks. These are for the most part roofed with copper plates, which add to their brilliant appearance.

Your faithful reader, C. M.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: De Amicis says in his book on Constantinople that the Golden Horn is "curving like the horn of an ox; whence its name of Golden Horn, or horn of abundance, because through it flowed, when it was the port of Byzantium, the wealth of three continents."

Good-bye, L. W. H.

ATCHISON, KAN

DEAR JACK: Constantinople is situated on the site that was in olden times occupied by Byzantium, on the south-western entrance of the Bosporus, upon a triangular peninsula formed by the Golden Horn (the harbor of Constantinople), an inlet of the Sea of Marmora. In olden times Byzantium was a city of great commercial importance. It had possession of the corn traffic, and its fisheries were very abundant. From the great wealth of the city its harbor was compared to a horn of plenty, and from this it was called Golden Horn.

From its harbor the city takes its name, and is therefore often called Golden Horn. Your constant reader, NELLIE JANSSEN.

BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICH.

DEAR JACK: I could not find it in any book, but I knew an old gentleman who had traveled considerably, and was pretty wise generally, so I thought I would ask him. He said the Turkish banner was called the Golden Horn on account of the crescent looking like two horns with their mouths turned together. And as Constantinople was the port of entry between the two Turkeys, and the principal refuge and resting-place for vessels bearing that banner, it was named after the banner. It was called the Golden Horn because its (the Horn's) color was yellow.

This is the explanation my friend gave me; I think it is a reasonable one, although it may be a wrong one.

Your true friend and reader, PAUL LEEDS.

MONTROSE, N. J., July 30, 1884.

MY DEAR JACK: Mamma takes you for me, and I enjoy reading you very much. I was reading the August number when I saw Miriam's question, looked it up, and found in Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia," of persons and places. It says: "In ancient times a city called Byzantium stood on the site of Constantinople. Its fine situation gave it a large trade with Egypt and Greece, and so rich did it become that its harbor, which is shaped like a horn, was called the Golden Horn. This old city used to stamp a crescent on its coins, and when the Turks took Constantinople they took this crescent for their national symbol." I will be ten years old next November.

LAWRENCE ARNOLD TANZER.

AUBURNDALE, MASS., September 18, 1884.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM: I should like to try to answer Miriam's question about the Golden Horn, because I have been on it a great many times.

The Golden Horn is really a creek of the Bosporus, fed by the waters of a small stream flowing from the European shore. In very ancient times this name was known; but as nearly as I can find out nobody can say exactly why the name was given.

One of the guide-books says that the name Golden Horn may have been given because of its beautiful curving shape, which naturally suggests the horn of plenty.

Some think that the name Golden Horn was given because of the immense wealth that was floated by ships of commerce upon its waters; for this harbor is large enough to accommodate twelve hundred sail at the same time, and is deep enough to float the largest men-of-war, which can be moored close to the shore.

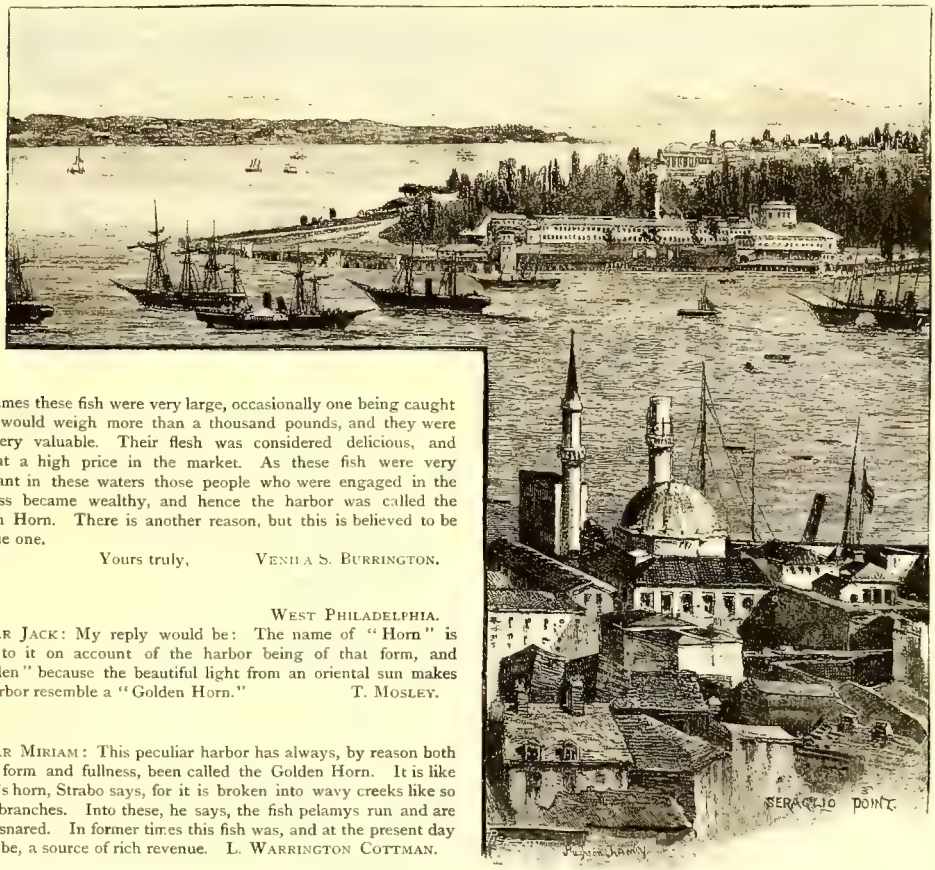
Still another explanation of the name is suggested by the fact that after a hard rain, the water is of a very yellow, muddy color, which in the sunlight sometimes really looks like shining gold.

I think I like the second reason best. Since two bridges have been built across the Horn, not nearly so many vessels enter the waters, but multitudes are anchored outside at the mouth.

Yours truly, FRED WILLIAMS.

DANVERS, MASS.

DEAR JACK: The harbor of Constantinople is called the Golden Horn because of its extensive tunny fisheries in ancient times.



THE HARBOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Sometimes these fish were very large, occasionally one being caught which would weigh more than a thousand pounds, and they were also very valuable. Their flesh was considered delicious, and brought a high price in the market. As these fish were very abundant in these waters those people who were engaged in the business became wealthy, and hence the harbor was called the Golden Horn. There is another reason, but this is believed to be the true one.

Yours truly, VENILA S. BURRINGTON.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR JACK: My reply would be: The name of "Horn" is given to it on account of the harbor being of that form, and "Golden" because the beautiful light from an oriental sun makes the harbor resemble a "Golden Horn." T. MOSLEY.

DEAR MIRIAM: This peculiar harbor has always, by reason both of its form and fullness, been called the Golden Horn. It is like a stag's horn, Strabo says, for it is broken into wavy creeks like so many branches. Into these, he says, the fish pelamys run and are easily snared. In former times this fish was, and at the present day might be, a source of rich revenue. L. WARRINGTON COTTMAN.

ERIE, PA.

DEAR JACK: I am a school girl of the city of Erie, in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania, and have to work hard to find answers to questions and get my lessons, just as Miriam in Philadelphia does. I send as an answer to her question, "Why is the harbor of Constantinople, Turkey, called the Golden Horn?" that a part of the present city of Constantinople was formerly occupied by the ancient Greek city, Byzantium. On account of its location, good harbor, abundant fisheries, and the corn traffic between the shores of the Euxine and Greece and Egypt it became of great commercial importance about the third century B. C. By reason of the wealth of its commerce the harbor of Byzantium was called the "Golden Horn." Respectfully yours, MAUDE WHITTELSEY.

These are all that I can show you, my chicks; but Deacon Green, the Little School-ma'am, ST. NICHOLAS, and myself hereby again thank many boys and girls for their interesting letters. To wit:

F. K. L.—Warren—Floy—Margaret W. Leighton—Vannah B.—J. H. M.—Howard Crawley—Charles—J. Eddie Perley—George A. B.—Julian Daggy—Lulu—G. K. G.—Mrs. L. A. H.—Violet Robinson—Azalea McClees—Kinney Smith—N. O.—S. G. Snowden—Arthur Dembitz—Palmer W.—Anna Abbott—Clara—Emily D. Scarlett—"A. Marguerite"—M. Campbell Stryker—Kitty Harris—Edith K. Harris—M. D. M.—G. B. Waggener—John—Helen M. D—Mary—Nellie—Willie M. Brydon—John R. Slater—Nannie Fraser—H. H. Eastburn—F. Randolph—Mazy Styer—Nellie Little—Amy Best—F. H. B.—"Reader and Subscriber"—Laura Blackwood.

WHY GOLDEN GATE?

DEAR JACK: So many girls will write to you in answer to Miriam's question, that I think I 'll just put in a question of my own. The Golden Horn is well named, no doubt, and for good reasons; but as soon as this far-east matter is comfortably settled, I should like to know why a certain piece of land or piece of water in the far west is called the Golden Gate? Yours truly,

JANE ELVA B.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-EIGHTH REPORT.

WE are glad to learn that the kind offers of assistance made to our members from time to time are appreciated and quite generally accepted. A young lady of California writes, "I have addressed some of the specialists mentioned in our hand-book and have met with unfailing kindness. Naturalists are all so kind. I think Nature, 'the dear old nurse,' has taught them patience." On the same subject Dr. Jones, who conducted a botanical class for us last year, writes, under date of Dec. 29, 1884:

"I have received many letters and some packages of plants from the young botanists of the A. A., and some of the stations from which I have received plants are nearly two thousand miles apart. In all this region there is not a member of the A. A. who is not likely to discover some new species of plant. I wish our young friends, as they collect plants, would use some scheme like Apgar's Plant Analysis by which to note the shape, size, color, number of parts, etc. These things are all arranged in order in my scheme published in ST. NICHOLAS, beginning with July, 1883. It is very necessary that they should be noted, for dried specimens often fail to reveal many things that the living plant would show at once. I venture to say that *all* these things are not known in more than one-tenth of the species west of the Missouri river. In sending plants for identification, they should send the whole plant, or all the important parts of it, if it is a shrub. Spring will soon be here, and I hope our young friends from Texas to Oregon will enter upon a campaign with the full determination to collect every species of plant, from the minute grasses and sedges to the great sun-flowers and trees."

MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.

Those of us who are studying minerals and rocks will be grateful for the rare opportunity afforded by Professor Alexander Winchell, of the University of Michigan, in the following letter:

MY DEAR SIR: I am deeply interested in your work. I will aid in any way practicable, and you may direct persons to me for geological information. I wonder that I had not learned more of the A. A., but I suppose it is because I have been so absorbed in my own work. I have always maintained that these studies are suitable even for very young persons. A contrary opinion has resulted from the lack of a proper treatment of geology, and too much disregard for the things right about our doors. I have tried to show that we may step out-of-doors and begin the study of geology with the same facility and delight as botany. Here at our feet are the very data of geology. Let us begin here. We can see these things and handle them. We can induce conclusions from them, and then rise by degrees to more general conclusions, and by and by acquire an interest in things far away, but illuminated by these things under our feet. But I am saying too much. My enthusiasm over a principle in education must be my excuse. I shall be glad to be a co-worker with you. Very sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

Memoranda.

Now that the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS has generously extended the space allotted to our Association, it is a good time to remind the Chapters of a few things which some of them have forgotten.

1. It is very important that every Chapter send in its report with unfailing regularity. Do not, like some of Cæsar's captives, think that in so great a multitude your defection will be unnoticed. True, we now hear from most of the Chapters, and receive far more matter than we can print; but every really good report is preserved, and is important material for our history, and sooner or later will find its place. The whole Chapter should take an interest in this and hold the secretary to his duty.

2. Do not fail to put the name and number of your Chapter at the head of each report.

3. Write on only one side of your paper.

4. Give full address in each letter.

5. Use ordinary writing-paper, and write with black ink.

6. Inclose postage if you wish an answer.

7. Classify your reports; that is, write requests for exchange, questions, natural history notes, and report of Chapter doings and condition on separate pieces of paper, or at least under separate headings, as you see them in our printed report.

8. Kindly send us any articles that may be printed regarding your Chapter.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

325, *Madison, Wis.* Our Chapter has had a year the most successful of any since its birth. We have had a number of field meetings, and have collected stock for our aquariums as well as for the cabinet. Our meeting in a neighboring wood, under the guidance of Professor Trelease, is especially to be remembered.—A. Allen, Sec.

731, *Baird's Mills, Tenn.* We have increased to 9 members. Our prospects are very bright.—H. B. Bond, Sec.

215, *Tioga Centre, N. Y.* This Chapter has prepared and printed a list of about 150 plants found within a radius of 5 miles. The list may be had on application, and most of the plants are for exchange. —Angie Latimer, Sec.

(Every Chapter should prepare a similar list of the specimens it may have for exchange.)

540, *Oskaloosa, Iowa.* An A. A. trip was talked of for a long time, and at last we decided to go to the river, all on horseback. Principal Scott, our president, volunteered to be our guard and guide. Twelve boys and four girls started with steeds of various colors and conditions. Dinner was carried in pockets and specimen-bags. Our cavalcade was a constant source of surprise to the country people, who flocked to the doors to see what was the matter. We found several good beds of fossils, and many fine specimens.

When dinner was served, your poor scribe's edibles were found to be a shapeless mass, on account of too close proximity to an eight-ounce hammer, so he subsisted on hospitality. A boat ride was taken up and down an arm of the river. As we separated to our homes after a delightful day, many an inexperienced rider sorrowfully thought of the morrow.— C. L. S., Sec.

340, *Portland, B, Oregon.* We have decided to study electricity as a course. We have divided the subject into three sections, viz., the characteristics, the effects, and the uses of electricity. Commencing with the last for the next meeting, we have subdivided it into the telephone, the telegraph, and the electric light. We have now 20 members.— H. W. Cardwell, Sec.

553, *Defiance, O.* We now have a nice room, and a library of 23 books, which were given to us by persons interested in our work. We gave a lawn fête, at which we cleared $20. Will you please inform us where we can get a life-size lithograph of Prof. Agassiz? — Emmett Fisher, Sec.

(We have had so many repetitions of this request from different Chapters that we have made arrangements by which we can furnish such pictures to those wishing them.)

595, *Oneonta, N. Y.* In astronomy I think we have now traced all the constellations in the celestial sphere visible from this place; as the constellations we traced in the west when we commenced are now rising in the east.— Jessie E. Jenks, Sec.

690, *Butler, Missouri.* Progressing nicely. Have increased to 10 members. We had an interesting time exploring five caves near here. We very much wish to correspond with other Chapters.— Harvey Clark, Sec.

331, *New Orleans, La.* Our Chapter was organized September 18, 1882, and is as bright as ever.— Percy S. Benedict, Sec.

47, *Newton Centre, Mass.* Our Chapter has 10 members, an increase of 6 in six months.— P. S. Brickett, Sec.

174. *Easton, Pa.* Our Chapter has lain idle a long time, but four of the old members have started it up anew. All take an interest in the work.— Alden Marsh, Sec.

696, *Manhattanville, N. Y.* We are a party of little girls, nearly all of Spanish extraction. We can all read English now well enough to understand the articles in ST. NICHOLAS, and we are very fond of natural history.— Carmen Rosado, Sec.

195, *Kentland, Ind.* We have not lost our love for the A. A., but are more interested than ever. We have collected and arranged mosses, ferns, flowers, sea-weed, pebbles, beetles, etc., and have made many drawings of snow-crystals. You have not heard from me for some time because mamma and I have been to Europe. Oh, how we enjoyed it all! On the Atlantic, we saw the sun rise and set; we saw the phosphorescence lighting up and silvering the waves, and the aurora far more beautiful than we ever saw it on land. It was grand and sublime. We traveled through countries where customs are so different and villages so quaint and picturesque; rambled through Versailles and the forests of St. Cloud; fed the sparrows in the old church-yard of St. Paul, where flowers bloomed in February; admired the drive through Bushey Park, where the horse-chestnuts were in bloom, where for over two miles each side seemed a mass of beautiful white and fragrant blossoms. We visited cities and castles, ancient and beautiful and full of historic interest. Although very busy with my musical studies, I had some opportunities for collecting specimens in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. In the museums the natural history departments were fine, and gave me many new ideas about preserving specimens and collecting seeds and grains. Kew Gardens, near London, is a delightful place to study. There is every kind of plant, shrub, and tree known, besides museums of curiosities and polished woods. The curator was very kind. ST. NICHOLAS is a great favorite in London, and the reports of the A. A. were read with interest. We realize more and more each day that God has filled the world with mystery and beauty to excite our curiosity and invite us to study his works, and his great book of nature is full of new and wonderful lessons.

BIRDIE BLYE, Chap. 195.

544, *Oxford, Miss.* We have done fair work in the way of observation. The following flowers have been analyzed, identified, and pressed. (Then follows a list of about eighty plants.) A flying-squirrel, a canary-bird, a blue-jay, and a sparrow have been stuffed. —C. Woodward Hutson, Sec.

734, *Detroit, Mich.* We enjoy our work very much. One of our members has brought a story for each meeting, in which he describes a man watching the growth of a very interesting insect. We have found the hand-book of very much use.— Frank Van Tuyl, Sec.

649, *Chicago, V.* Harry Crawford is president of our Chapter. His father is having a new house built, and he is going to have a room finished off for us downstairs. We are going to carpet it, have a big cabinet made, have a large library of all kinds of books and magazines, a stove in winter, and each of us is to have a key to the room.— J. H. Manny, Sec.

526, *Leavenworth, Kan.* The father of one of the boys has commenced giving us short lectures on geology. One of us found a piece of moss-agate about a mile from here. We think it quite a discovery, for we had heard that these agates are found only in chalk formations, and there is no chalk here. At the last meeting, each member brought his specimens of quartz or silica. There were over a hundred. We take great pleasure in reading the reports in ST. NICHOLAS.— H. P. Johnson, Sec.

528, *Huntingburg, Ind.* We have our meetings regularly every Friday. The per cent. of attendance is one hundred. Our monthly *Agassiz Companion* is read by the editor, and proves to be a success.— Hugh Robert, Sec.

468, *Saco, Maine.* Our Chapter was organized in April, 1883, and is still flourishing. Just before cold weather we walked to Old Orchard beach. One of the grown-up members wanted us to give up, but we like it so much that we are determined to keep on.— Genia M. Preble, Sec.

740, *N. Y. S.* We have eight active members, and quite a large collection. We intend to do some good work this winter. The A. A. is certainly a great thing for young naturalists.— H. P. Beach, Pres.

664, *Holyoke, Mass.* At one of our meetings a large moth came out of the cocoon, and we examined it. We have had a good many debates and discussions.— R. S. Brooks, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

Soil of Pa., or N. J., for that of any other State.— Alden March, Sec., Easton, Pa., B.

Beetles and Butterflies.— F. L. Armstrong, Sec., Meadville, Pa., Box 29.

Crinoid stems, cyathaxonia, and stalactites for horn-blende, trap-rock, and greenstone.— Jessie P. Glenn, Bowling Green, Ky.

Fern impressions, fine.— Harvey Clark, Sec., Butler, Mo.

Sand and gravel (not mixed) from N. J. and N. Y., for same from other States.— Philander Betts, Sec., Hackensack, N. J.

Henri M. Barber asks to exchange with us, but fails to give his address.— Sec. M. B. L., Spencer, Mass.

NOTES.

146. *Squirrels drinking.*— In answer to the question, How can squirrels get water in winter? They lick the ice and snow.— Clifton S. Hunsecker, Norristown.

158, *Broken eggs.*— In reply to question of the Sec. of 256. I found a chipping-sparrow's nest, containing one sparrow's egg and one cow-bird's egg. It was evidently deserted. On the third day I saw a crow-blackbird making a dainty meal of the two eggs. When he had flown away, I found the shells of both eggs on the ground with a small hole in the side, through which the contents had been sucked. Crows, jays, and cuckoos are equally guilty with the blackbird.— U. S. Groff, Lancaster, Pa.

159. *Insect pins.*— I make my own insect pins. Take fine needles, and head them neatly with sealing-wax.— R. S. Cross, Sec. 601.

160. *Icteria virens.*— In your report for Jan., 1885, F. H. Wilcox describes a bird that answers the description of a yellow-breasted chat (Icteria virens; var. Longicauda).— R. M. Abbott, Trenton, N. J.

161. *Fossil fish.*— One of us found the fossilized head of a fish, not over one-third of an inch long.— P. C. Pyle, Sec. 439.

162. *Strange cocoon.*— I found a small cocoon under a cedar. I opened it and found three black cocoons in it, each about three-eighths of an inch long.— E. H. Horne, Stratham, N. Y.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
755	Ashburnham, Mass. (A)	12	E. N. Vose, Cushing Acad.
756	Kirkwood, St. Louis, Mo. (A)	6	Miss Mary E. Murtfeldt.
757	Akron, O. (A)	6	Miss Pauline E. Lane, 510 W. Market St.
758	Philadelphia (D)	6	R. E. Clay, Jr., 257 S. 17th St.
759	Trenton, N. J. (C)	4	C. W. Temple and J. T. Temple.
760	Jamaica Plain, Mass. (B)	4	C. S. Greene, Rockview St.

REORGANIZED.

164	Jackson, Mich. (B)	7	Erbert Tefft, 210 2d St.
156	Peoria, Ill. (A)	20	Miss Grace Bestor.

DISSOLVED.

452	Burlington, Vt. (A)	4	H. B. Shaw.

Address all communications for this department to the President of the A. A.,

MR. H. H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Mass.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

WE hope to be able to present next month the report of the Prize-Story Committee concerning the Girls' Stories for Girls which have been received in response to the invitation given on page 68 of ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1884.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is a story composed especially for ST. NICHOLAS by a little boy of six years. It is given in exactly his own language :

A HUNTING STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who went out hunting with his gun in the woods, and saw a bird and a bear, and the bear was up the tree and he took a shot at the bear the boy did and killed the bear which frightened the bird about a 1000 miles away, and he went on a little farder until he saw two roarious lions which the lions gave a spring at him, and two other boys was behind the tree and they came out and took a shot which killed one lion, the other boy climbed up the tree with his gun and took a shot at the other lion which killed the lion so the three boys went on a little farder intil they saw ten foxes and then they pulled out three pistols which had twenty shots in them and killed the foxes, and they took the foxes and the bear home and the lions and skinned them and sold them to the indians for 3 dollars which made the cat,— when she saw them on the floor — the skin of those bears and those lions and those foxes — which made her frightened very much. The doggie heard all this racket going on and he came in and jumped on them and then they had a fight — which a kitty jumped on the dog and made him very frightened indeed. So the dog gave a bounce which killed the kitten and then the boy came in with a ball and the dog and threw the ball down ; and the doggie played with it. After that the boy went out on a wagon to a party. Ten children was in the party, and they played games. One game is ring around the rosey ; and after their lunch they played some more games and then they went home and that 's all.

Your dear little friend, OWEN.

WE are glad to lay before our readers the following very flattering tribute :

CLINTON, CONN., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : I have taken you for two months, and never thought so much of you as I do now.

Your affectionate reader, RITA E. L.

P. S. I am ten years old.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., January, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : I cannot let this season of the year pass without writing to wish you a "Happy New Year," and tell you I am ten years old, and have been taking you for five years. The historical stories I like very much, for they have given me a taste for history.

This is my first winter in the country, and we have fine fun, my little sister and myself, playing in the snow, sliding down hill, and all wild country sports. We come in with rosy cheeks and very cold fingers ; but it is capital fun. I only wish all the city children could spend a winter in the country. JEANNIE HOFFMAN D.

PHILADELPHIA., Jan., '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : Papa gave you to me five years ago for a birthday present, but I have never written to you before.

I have had three birds at different times, but one died and my cat killed the others. I have given up keeping canaries. Two other little girls and myself are going to have a fair next spring. We have been working for it ever since November, and hope to make a good deal of money.

One of my Christmas presents was a pair of skates ; so one day soon after I went to a small pond near our house to try them. I can't say my skating was a complete success though.

I think that picture in the January ST. NICHOLAS, "The Cockalorum is Ill," is very funny. The cockalorum looks so sad.

Your loving reader, CHARLOTTE G.

ITHACA, N. Y., January, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : I have taken you only this year, but I am very sure you are a good book, because I have read my cousin's books. Every time I would go there I would, the first thing, read the ST. NICHOLAS. I was always very fond of the "Spinning-wheel" stories. I am at my cousin's house now, and we have been very busy painting since I have been here, and we have great times coasting and skating on the ice. I think many times, when I am enjoying myself, how many little girls and boys have to go around the streets, and when night comes and we are warm, how they have to be cold and uncomfortable. I have a little kitten, and its name is Tessa. I named it after a little orange-girl, the story of which was in the ST. NICHOLAS. Your new little friend, MAMIE S.

HAMPTON, VA., January, '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : My papa has been taking ST. NICHOLAS for ever so long, and I like it so well that I can hardly have patience to wait for ST. NICHOLAS day to come, and when papa brings it home, I always cry out, "My first look!" Some of my friends say you don't publish their names when they answer puzzles. I tell them, may be their answers are wrong, and that I was going to try you once to see. It would be too bad after the trouble.

Yours very truly, NELLIE W.

Nellie may be sure that all solutions which reach us before the twentieth of the month will be acknowledged in the magazine, but in the *second* number after that in which the puzzles appear. Perhaps Nellie and her friends looked for their names in the magazine for the following month.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., PINE GLAYDE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : I have been intending to write you for a long time, but have not succeeded until to-day. I think you are just lovely, splendid, beautiful, magnificent, and deserve all the adjectives of our language.

Once our class in composition had for a subject to write about "The Magazine I Like Best," and most all the girls chose you, dear old ST. NICK! I hope you will live long and flourish in your splendid stories. Affec. (for I do love you),

CHARLOTTE W.

HERE is a letter, in French, sent us by a little girl. Our readers who have studied French may translate it for themselves :

ALBANY, August, 11th.

MON CHÈR ST. NICHOLAS : Je pense que je veux vous écrire une petite lettre, en Français.

Je n'ai jamais allé à l'école. Ma maman m'enseigne chez moi. J'étude le Français, l'Algèbre, la Grammaire, le Latin, la lecture, la botanique, l'écriture, et la musique.

J'ai écrit cette lettre sans le savoir de ma mère et si vous voulez l'imprimer dans votre magasin *cheri*, il lui sera un grand surpris.

Esperant de voir ma lettre imprimeé,

Je reste, votre petite amie, "BESSIE."

And as a companion-piece to "Bessie's" letter, we offer to young Latin scholars the following translation of two well-known English verses into "fair Latin," sent to us by George W. Stearns, the translator :

TRANSLATIO.

Fuit vir in urbe
Sapientissimusque
Erat, et in spineis
Ruens suis oculis
Privabatur.

Quum sentivit sese
Nunciam caecum esse,
Alteris in spineis
Ruens suis oculis
Potiebatur.

SCRANTON, PA., Dec., '84.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : I have taken you for four years, and I think you are the best of all magazines. In one of the ST. NICHOLASES there was a receipt in the Letter-box that a little girl wrote ; it was how to make a vase with a tumbler with salt and water. I

tried it, and it was quite a success. I suppose some of your other boys and girls read ST. NICHOLAS, and I hope they will try it. I am ten years old. Your faithful reader, CLARE.

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you about an entertainment given here by Miss Minhinnick's Kindergarten. There were about forty children, from three to eight or nine years old. The first part consisted of songs, choruses, nursery rhymes, and ball-play; but the second, in which you will be most interested, consisted of your "Three Somber Young Gentlemen." I think the best of the recitations was "The Stagnant"—in which a little girl is puzzled as to what kind of animal this "Stagnant" is. The bringing in of the yule-log and of the boar's head was hailed with great applause, and as a finale, Santa Claus distributed gifts to all the children. They seemed thoroughly to enjoy the performance, and it is very certain the audience did. The little mites sang and acted remarkably well, and the bright dresses and bright faces of both boys and girls made a real Kindergarten.

I cannot conclude without thanking you heartily for the monthly treat you prepare for us. American ST. NICHOLAS beats all our English papers hollow. Nevertheless, we English young folk can enjoy it, so that it belongs to us in a measure.

Hoping that I have not trespassed too much on your valuable time, believe me your sincere well-wisher, ADVENA T.

OAKLAND, CAL., Dec., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your January number, 1885, there was a picture entitled "The Brownies helping Jack Frost." It was asked if any one could count the Brownies. I did, and counted seventy-seven. I think the funniest one is the one who has fallen from the plank with his paint-pot on top of him.

Your loving friend, MAMIE McL.

WE thank our young friends whose names are given below, for the pleasant letters which we have received from them, and which we would be glad to print in the Letter-box, if there were room for them: George Candee Gate, The Quartette, Helen B., M. D. M., Grace T. Gould, Alice Bidwell, Charles Piers, Katie, Arthur E. Hyde, Jessie Caldwell, Hester Bruce, Charles W. Tague, Madge L. Palmer, Foster Ferguson, Robbie Tallman, Florence England, Florence E., John H. Lewis, Helen B. L., Florence J., Marion Kellogg, Phillips Ross, Heathie Smith, A. A. D., Flossie B., Dado England, William Calvin Reid, M. E. H., Charles H. Delany, John Brown, Joseph Jewell, Arthur M. Chase, Daisy and Gracie, Bessie Rhodes, Blossom, Clarence, Christine C., Birdie M., Sadie and Edith Wattles, and E. Eames.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CONCEALED PROVERB.

IN each of the following sentences a word is concealed. When the words are rightly guessed, and read in the order here given, they will form a familiar proverb.

1. A naughty cat ran away. 2. They found a closely written roll in gathering up the rubbish. 3. It is the best one that I have ever seen. 4. The rug at her stairway is not a valuable one. 5. He is an old acquaintance of mine. 6. Amos soon saw through the queer stratagem. "LADYBIRD."

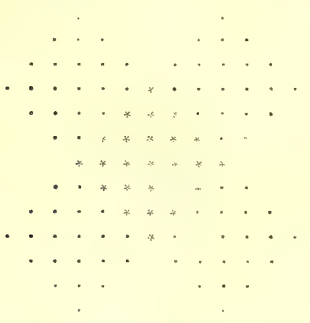
BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD the flesh of animals, and leave to consume. 2. Behead barren, and leave to free from. 3. Behead long ago, and leave metal. 4. Behead close at hand, and leave part of the head. 5. Behead a paradise, and leave a cavern. 6. Behead a contest of speed, and leave a unit. 7. Behead to discern, and leave an emissary. 8. Behead a contraction meaning "in the same place," and leave to command. 9. Behead a valley, and leave a beverage.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a well-known writer.

JOHN M. M.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. Equal value. 3. A famous city of Europe. 4. A small umbrella. 5. Ascended. 6. An heir. 7. In lapidary.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. The nickname of Philip Pirrip. 3. Part of a flower. 4. Not figurative. 5. Shaved off. 6. A boy. 7. In lapidary.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. A siesta. 3. Pertaining to one's birth. 4. Proceeding from the side. 5. Shaved. 6. A youth. 7. In lapidary.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. An edge. 3. To lampoon. 4. Generous. 5. The surname of an American naval officer prominent at the battle of Lake Erie. 6. To deposit. 7. In lapidary.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lapidary. 2. A small lump or mass. 3. To hinder. 4. Toiled. 5. Stripped of covering. 6. A color. 7. In lapidary. "LYON HART."

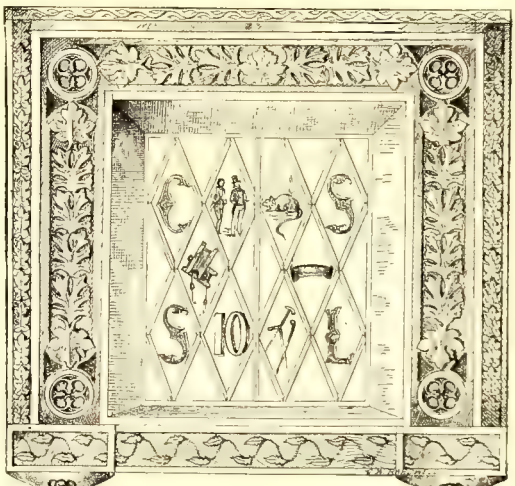
ANAGRAMS.

EACH of the following anagrams may be transposed to form the title of a book by a well-known American authoress.

1. Count Bemi's Clan.
2. Feloil's Text.
3. Miss Otrie on the Wing.
4. Flosk ton Wold.

Name of authoress,

Esther Whitoree Brace. DAISY.



DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ARRANGE the ten objects pictured above in such a way that they will form a double diamond, which is a diamond that forms new words when read across and up and down. G. B.

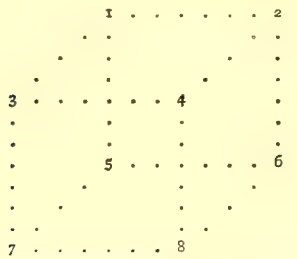
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals form the name of an illustrious painter and sculptor who was born in March.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. Insanity. 2. The act of making persons known to each other. 3. A steep, rugged rock. 4. The joint on which a door turns. 5. Uniform. 6. A game at cards.

DYCIE.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, pertaining to iron; from 2 to 6, a state of uncertainty; from 5 to 6, a small nail used by shoemakers; from 1 to 5, fictitious; from 3 to 4, drawing along the ground; from 4 to 8, a body of troops in a fort; from 7 to 8, a kind of leather; from 3 to 7, places of amusement; from 1 to 3, weak; from 2 to 4, to draw up the shoulders to express dislike; from 6 to 8, consumed; from 5 to 7, closes.

CYRIL DEANE.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A field-marshal's staff. 2. To expiate. 3. Batrachian reptiles. 4. A flying report. 5. Habitations.

II. 1. To make of a red color. 2. Possessor. 3. Beneath. 4. Domestic fowls. 5. Strayed.

The first word of each of the foregoing word-squares, when read in connection, will name a city of the Southern States.

"ALCIBIADES."

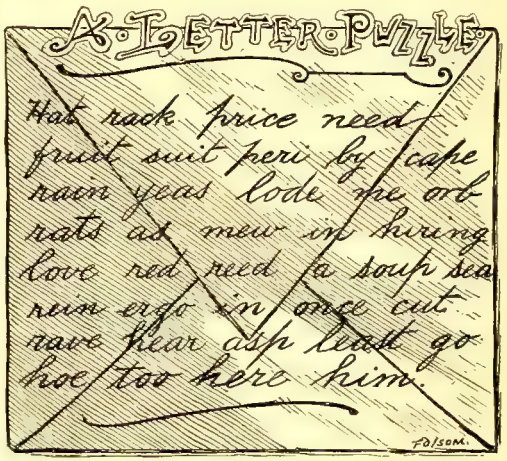
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-three letters, and form a proverb.

My 30–9–22–29–18–3 is a thief. My 8–16–26–6 is part of the face. My 15–32–21–11 is a piece of pasteboard. My 25–27–20–1–7–4 is not wavering. My 33 is as good as five hundred. My 28–10–13–19–31 is a serf. My 2–5–14–17 is to repair. My 24–23–12 is a precious stone.

C. B.

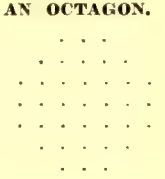
A LETTER-PUZZLE.



By starting at the right letter in one of the foregoing written words, and then taking every third letter, a maxim by *Poor Richard* may be formed.

H. V.

AN OCTAGON.



1. Woolly substance on cloth. 2. In Rome, a public place where orations were delivered. 3. Part of the face. 4. One skilled in any art. 5. Followed. 6. Very minute spiders. 7. Induced.

F. S. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

A FEBRUARY PUZZLE. Valentine. Cross-words: 1. hiVes. 2. chAin. 3. baLls. 4. crEam. 5. caNes. 6. miTts. 7. knIfe. 8. riNgs. 9. chEss.

MONUMENT PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, Devisor; 3 to 4, Nominated; 5 to 6, Relents. Cross-words: 1. N. 2. Rod. 3. Demur. 4. Elide. 5. Venal. 6. Image. 7. Satan. 8. Overt. 9. Rides.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Great. 2. Rondo. 3. Endow. 4. Adore. 5. Tower.

CHARADE. Can-did.

AN "AGED" PUZZLE. 1. Pupilage. 2. Bondage. 3. Usage. 4. Homage. 5. Patronage. 6. Brokerage. 7. Rummage. 8. Anchorage. 9. Pillage. 10. Average. 11. Tillage. 12. Shrinkage. 13. Disparage. 14. Fruitage.

HOUR-GLASS. Cape May. Cross-words: 1. chiCken. 2. frAme. 3. aPe. 4. E. 5. AMy. 6. grAce. 7. praYers.

COMBINATION ACROSTIC. From 1 to 9, message; from 2 to 10, fortune; from 3 to 11, parable; from 4 to 12, chariot. Letters from 5 to 8, tars, rats, arts, star.

BEHEADINGS. Spenser. Cross-words: 1. S-cow. 2. P-act. 3. E-spy. 4. N-ice. 5. S-can. 6. E-wry. 7. R-eel.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Pittsburgh.

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cupid; finals, Blind. Cross-words: 1. CraB. 2. UraL. 3. PerI. 4. IroN. 5. DeeD.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Grapnel, trapped. Cross-woods: 1. GallanT. 2. pRepaRe. 3. AlAbAma. 4. proPose. 5. dePeNds. 6. dEcidEd. 7. DespoiL.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the FEBRUARY number, from Fred Thwaits — Francis W. Islip, England — Hugh and Cis, England.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 20, from Harry M. Wheelock — Trebor Treblig — Harry F. Phillips — The Knight Family — Maggie and May Turrill — Francis W. Islip — No Name, New York — "Shumway Hen and Chickens."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 20, from J. S. S., 1 — A. and S. Livingston, 1 — Lillian Osborne, 1 — Howard and Joe, 6 — Max Neuburger, 1 — E. H., 1 — Willie Hutchinson, 3 — Carrie Willcox, Anton Heger, and Charles Wilkinson, 11 — Clara L. Powers, 2 — Fanny Rowley, 1 — "Vici," 3 — Sam and Gertie, 2 — "Fred and Gill," 8 — Blanche Dagenais, 1 — Paul Reese, 13 — Tiny Rhodes, 1 — "Puss and Hebe," 5 — Maud Sherwood, 9 — Helen Lanahan, 3 — "Prince Hal," 6 — Katie Throop, 1 — Arthur W. Booth, 1 — May Thompson, 3 — G. A. B. and G. L. M., 7 — Helen B. L., 1 — Helen W. Gardner, 3 — Celia Loeb, 1 — Florence E. and Mabel L., 1 — Anna Schwartz, 3 — Alice R. Douglass, 3 — Jennie F. Balch, 12 — A. L. Zeckendorf, 2 — Will Wells, 1 — Howard Wells, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — "Pepper and Maria," 12 — Josephine Casey, 7 — Ethel Matterson, 1 — Laura C. Reeves, 6 — Ida Maude Preston, 13 — Elizabeth Groesbeck, 1 — D. C., 5 — Yara, 1 — Jessie B. Mackeever, 6 — May Rogers, 2 — "Romulus and Remus," 5 — B. B. Y. V. of O., 6 — Lettie and Edith S., 4 — Nellie Wood, 5 — Mamma and Nona, 7 — Petsy and Beatie, 8 — Lillie Parmenter, 7 — Daisy and Mabel, 4 — E. B. R., 10 — "A. B. C.," 2 — Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 9 — Louise G. B., 2 — Belle and Stewart, 9 — Maggie B. Brown, 1 — Phil. O. Sophy, 9 — Elizabeth Hardee, 2 — Edith M. and Charlotte G. Pomeroy, 9 — Ted and Ote, 5 — George Habenicht, 4 — "Chimpanzee," 7 — Olive, Ida, and Lillie Gibson, 6 — Alice Westwood, 10 — Tiny Puss, Mitz and Muff, 13 — E. Muriel Grundy, 9 — Mathilde A. Morgenstern, 2 — Bob Howard, 6 — "Œdipus," 5 — M. M. S. M. V. B., 7 — Fanchon, 1 — Arthur E. Hyde, 8 — James Connor, 4 — Appleton H., 11 — Myra Hunnewell, 4 — Lucy M. Bradley, 13 — Willie Sheraton, 8 — "Pirnie," 9 — Hallie Woods, 4 — Ida and Edith Swanwick, 11.

"FLY THE FEATHERS!"

A SNOW-STORM JINGLE.

THERE was a little boy named Rob. He had a brother John and a brother Ned, and one day they said to him: "Come, Rob! It is snowing hard. Bring your sled, and we will be your horses!"



I.

FLY the feathers;
  Catch the geese!
Buy the bells,
  A cent apiece!
Feathers flying—
  Snow to-day;
Hitch the horses
  To the sleigh!

Jingle Jingle,
In the sleigh;
Hitch the horses
To the sleigh!

II.

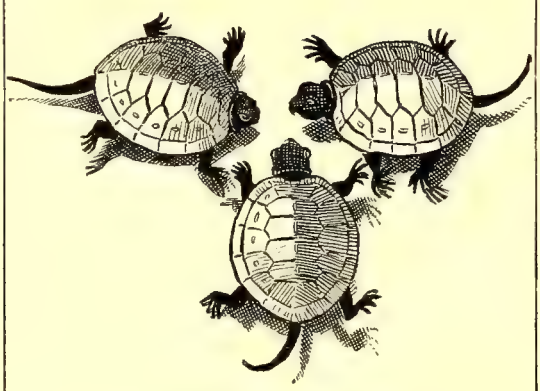
Here we hurry
  Up the hill;—
Ho! my horses,
  Whoa! be still!
Down the hill,
  Upset the sleigh;—
Stop, my horses!
  Stop! I say.

Jingle Jingle,
Off they go!
Stop my horses—
Whoa there! O!

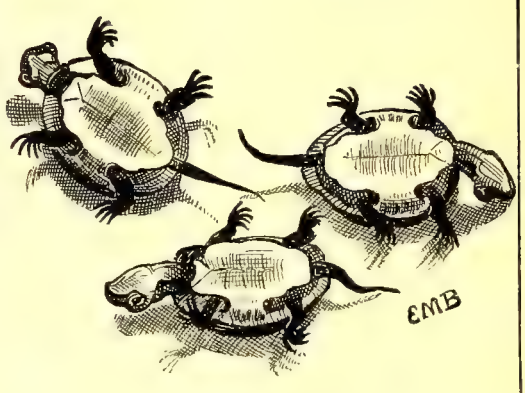




SOMETHING BETWEEN A GOOSE AND A PEACOCK.



THREE DEADLY CONSPIRATORS.



AH, HA! — FOILED!



THE GILDED BOY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XII. APRIL, 1885. No. 6.

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THE GILDED BOY.

A True Story of a Florentine Pageant in 1492.

BY R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

ON one of the obscure streets of the city of Florence, many years ago, two cavaliers stopped one day to watch a group of children engaged in play. One little half-clad fellow, with the face and form of a cherub, seemed to attract their special attention. They looked at him, and then addressed each other, smiling often, but speaking so low that no one overheard what was said.

"Come here, my child," one of them at last exclaimed.

But the child, on perceiving who called him, retreated behind one of the older boys, from under whose arm he took a sly look at the strangers.

"Come, my child," again said the cavalier, in a coaxing tone, "and I 'll give you a florin." And he held out the coin invitingly.

"Go! go!" urged the older boy; and the little fellow crept slowly forward.

"What is your name?"

"Giovanni."

"And where do you live?"

"Over yonder," said the little fellow, pointing with his finger to a small house across the way.

"Is your mother at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then lead us to her, for we wish to speak to her."

The little fellow, accompanied by his brother, immediately crossed the street followed by the two strangers, and the whole party entered the house. The visit was not a long one, and the strangers had scarcely gone before the elder of the two boys came running to his playmates, crying out:

"What do you think? Giovanni is going to the Magnifico's palace! He 's going to have a crimson cap with a feather in it, and a little cloak all covered with gold, and he 's going to ride in a grand chariot, and oh! ——"

But here he stopped for want of breath, and stood with dilated eyes and flushed cheeks, panting with excitement.

"Do you think we are all fools?" replied his companions. "What does the Magnifico want with a little beggar?"

"Giovanni 's not a beggar," retorted the boy. "Just wait until to-morrow, and you 'll see."

And, sure enough, to-morrow they did see. For about noon a carriage, as beautiful as Cinderella's, dashed up to the door of the humble home. Then, who should come out of the house but little Giovanni and his mother, both dressed in their holiday clothes; and, before the group of children around the door could recover from their surprise, the child and his proud mother had entered the carriage and were driven rapidly away.

After a short ride, the carriage drew up before the palace of the Medici, on one of the grandest streets of Florence. Alighting, the mother and child were led up a flight of steps into a large hall, where richly dressed people were coming and going continually, or standing idly by, gayly talk-

ing and laughing. Passing through this and many other apartments, they were shown into a little room, far withdrawn, where several gentlemen with plumed caps and long swords were waiting for them.

"Ah! is this the child?" cried one, as they entered; but without waiting for an answer he continued: "Come, my boy, and we 'll give you a suit of clothes such as never mortal wore."

After some gentle entreaty, still holding to his mother's hand, Giovanni drew near, and allowed the loose dress that he wore to be taken off.

"Now, my little one, let me put you on this table; I have something to show you."

And, still clinging to his mother's hand, the child was lifted to the table.

"See," said the gentleman, holding up a tiny sheet of gold that quivered and fluttered in the air, so light was it.

"Pretty," said the child, touching it delicately.

"Shall I put some on Giovanni's foot, and make it gold, too?"

"Yes," said the boy, laughing.

The gentleman had with him a peculiar liquid, into which he dipped a brush, and anointed Giovanni's plump foot; then, with a quick motion of the hand, he applied the precious material, and in a moment the child's foot looked as if it had become solid gold; even the little pink nails were covered.

"Now we 'll put some up here," said the gentleman, touching the round leg. "Make Giovanni gold all over."

And thus amusing the little fellow, he proceeded, working rapidly, until nearly half of the boy's body was covered with gold.

Before the work had advanced to this stage, however, his mother interfered.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed. "You told me Giovanni was to be clothed in a beautiful crimson satin suit, and ride in a car with other children. You did not tell me you were going to do this."

"That is true, my good woman, but you see we have altered our plan, and we will give him a golden suit instead of a satin one."

But not until ten crowns had been promised her did the mother cease her expostulation, and by that time both she and Giovanni were weeping.

At this, the gentleman grew angry, and spoke so sharply that the affrighted child choked back his sobs, and the poor mother sank to her seat, scarcely daring to breathe as she saw the work rapidly advancing, and her little boy covered with gold from the tips of his ears to the ends of his toes. When, however, the operation was completed, and she saw how beautiful he looked, and that he felt no pain, she gathered courage enough to laugh at some merry remark the gentleman made; and when he told her how all her neighbors would envy her happiness, and wish their little boys could have taken Giovanni's place, why, what else could she do but believe it, and begin to feel quite contented?

The fair city of Florence awoke early next day, and every house and palace seemed to empty its inmates into the street. Over many of the principal thoroughfares great arches of antique and elaborate design had been thrown, while pennons, banners, and flags fluttered in silken folds on every side. Rich carpets and wondrous pieces of tapestry were flung over the balcony-railings and drooped from the windows of many dwellings, and everything was done that ingenuity could suggest to give the city a festive appearance. For Lorenzo de Medici, called the "*Magnifico*," or the "Magnificent," the powerful and wealthy chief magistrate of Florence, had promised the people a "triumph," as it was called, such as they had never before seen; and as they had witnessed innumerable cavalcades, masquerades, and mythological pageants, much wonder was expressed as to what could be done to make this one surpass the last, which in general estimation had exceeded all others. So the whole city was on the very tip-toe of expectation.*

"Here they come!" was at last passed from lip to lip, and there they came indeed. Heading the column was a cavalcade of noble gentlemen clothed in silver armor, with long plumes drooping from their helmets, while the trappings of their horses sparkled with jewels.

Rumbling on behind them, drawn by two oxen with gilded horns and hoofs, and covered with leaves, came a magnificent car, on which sat figures representing certain gods of ancient mythology. Accompanying the car were twelve shepherds, clad in costly robes of ermine, with sandals on their feet, bearing baskets of fruit and flowers, and crowned with garlands of leaves. The horses on which these shepherds were mounted had for saddles the skins of lions, tigers, and lynxes, whose claws were gilded. The spurs were shaped in the form of the heads of rams, dogs, and other animals; the bridles consisted of tresses of silver and leaves.

Thus car after car, accompanied by bands of music, rolled by, each differing entirely from the others, and in many points surpassing in magnificence those that preceded it.

On one, drawn by four elephants, sat a person dressed to represent Julius Cæsar, the greatest of the Roman generals. This car was covered with pictures of the most famous achievements of the conqueror. Here he was seen landing

* A sketch of one of these pageants of Lorenzo the Magnificent was given in St. Nicholas for March, 1884, in the series of "Historic Boys."

on the shore of Britain, his soldiers around him, his war-galleys on the sea, the throngs of barbarians in front. In another, he rode his horse into the waters of the Rubicon; in another, he sat enthroned in the Roman senate. Twelve cavaliers, whose brilliant arms were enriched with gold, followed this car. Each cavalier carried a great lance, and was accompanied by his squire, who bore a torch in his right hand.

But now the crowd gazed in silent amazement, for approaching them was a car that excited their highest admiration and wonder. It was drawn by twelve winged horses. Their harnesses were gilded, as were their hoofs, while even their shoes were yellow with the precious metal. The sides of the car they drew were covered with elaborately carved figures, all overlaid with gold. Among others were four female figures representing Faith, Hope, Charity, and Humility. In the middle of the car was an immense golden globe, on the top of which was stretched the effigy of a knight clad in old and rusty armor. Close beside this, and as if issuing from it, the people saw a chubby boy, with his bare body gilded from head to foot. His hair, glistening with diamond dust, looked as if each thread were of spun gold; and, shining in the sunlight, it made a halo about his beautiful face. The little boy was full of life. He was constantly in motion, turning this way and that to gaze down on the crowd or up at the balconies. Often, in answer to some expression of admiration and endearment, his lips parted with a smile, displaying his pearly teeth. Several times he stretched out his hands to the crowd, with the grace that only childhood knows.

It was Giovanni.

And so the car rolled on; it was intended to symbolize that the Iron Age — the age of war, want, and ignorance — was dead, and that from its body had sprung the Golden Age — the age of peace, plenty, virtue, happiness, refinement, and learning.

But where was Giovanni's mother? She set out in the morning, determined to keep near her boy throughout the whole march. Indeed, it was only with this assurance that she succeeded in quieting his fears, and persuading him to remain on his elevated seat. For a while she found no difficulty in carrying out her purpose, and walked along with no little feeling of pride and pleasure as she saw how bravely Giovanni was playing his part, and what unfeigned admiration he excited. When, however, the long procession entered the chief thoroughfares, it passed through such dense masses of people that she found it impossible to advance a step. The crowd, pressed back against the houses, stood still, and there was nothing for the poor woman to do but stand still also, until the whole pageant had gone far beyond her.

Once released, she sped on rapidly, though rudely jostled by the crowd, and becoming, as the day advanced, very foot-sore and weary. Once she missed her way altogether, by turning down a by-street in the direction in which she thought the procession was passing, but only to find, to her dismay, that it had taken an opposite course, and that all her labor was for nothing.

When at length she regained her place, a little incident occurred that amused her, in spite of her fatigues. She found the car brought to a stop, the winged horses pawing the ground impatiently. Giovanni, who till that time had borne up bravely, began to grow weary and impatient at such unaccustomed confinement in one spot, and not seeing his mother in the crowd or any friendly face he began to cry. So the car was stopped, and some one mounted to the top of the golden globe by means of a ladder, and tried to soothe him.

"What do you want, my child?" said the man.

"I want my Mamma," replied he, between his sobs.

"Well, don't cry; we 'll take you to your Mamma as quickly as possible. Don't you want something to eat? Don't you want a piece of cake?"

"Yes," said the boy.

So the little Golden Age sat on his car with a huge piece of cake in his chubby hands, which he ate greedily, to the great diversion of the crowd.

The men laughed.

The women said, "Dear little fellow!" and wanted to kiss him.

The boys mimicked him.

"I want my Mamma!" bawled a great fellow, with legs as long and slim as a grasshopper's.

"Don't you want a piece of cake?" piped a shrill voice behind him.

"Yes," was the answer.

And, for several days after, the boys were heard calling thus to each other on the streets of Florence, until Lorenzo the Magnificent himself heard it, and laughed heartily when told what it meant.

At length the long day came to a close, and the weary and anxious mother clasped her boy to her heart.

"Now take off the gold, and let us go home," she cried. "Take it off! Take it off!" she reiterated vehemently.

But when the attempt was made, the work of removing the gold was found to be a difficult one. The child, already overtasked, could not or would not endure it. His restless efforts ended in frantic struggles to free himself; and at last the gentle-

man who had the matter in hand rose impatiently, saying: "Take him home, good woman. When he has rested, I 'll come and remove the gold. Take him home; it is useless to think of removing it now."

So the mother took her boy in her arms and returned to her home.

All that night there was feasting and dancing in the Magnifico's palace. But in the humble home of Giovanni there was neither mirth nor joy. The little fellow was wakeful, and tossed about on his cot in feverish restlessness, calling repeatedly for a drink of water, and taking only a sip when it was offered him. And when the gentleman came, in accordance with his promise, though late in the day, the child was in a raging fever.

"He is sick with over-excitement and fatigue," said the gentleman, "and he will soon recover. But we can not remove the gold to-day; we must get him well first, then the other will be a matter of small concern."

But it was not a matter of small concern. For when the leech or doctor was called in he looked at the little Gilded Boy very seriously, knit his brows, shook his head, opened a vein in the chubby arm, and, administering some powders, promised to call the next day. But the next day was too late. The gold-leaf that had shone so brightly all over the body of the little boy was really doing deadly work. It closed the pores or tiny openings of the skin, and, as all you young students of physiology know, these can not be closed without endangering health and life. As the gold could not be removed, the fever of the Florentine boy increased, and before many hours had passed poor little Giovanni died.

It was a sad ending to all the brilliancy and beauty of that grand procession in which the little fellow played so important a part; but in those old days human life was not held so highly as now, and one street boy the less made slight difference to the proud and ambitious rulers who studied only their own pleasure and desires. There were then no societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, such as we now have — societies that look after poor children, and protect and care for those who are exposed to ill-treatment. And although this Lorenzo de Medici, whom men called "the Magnificent," boasted that his was an age of prosperity and progress, we know how much better a day we live in, when no one, however rich or powerful he may be, would dare to do so cruel a thing as was done to the poor little Gilded Boy of Florence four hundred years ago.



THE CONSCIENTIOUS CAT.

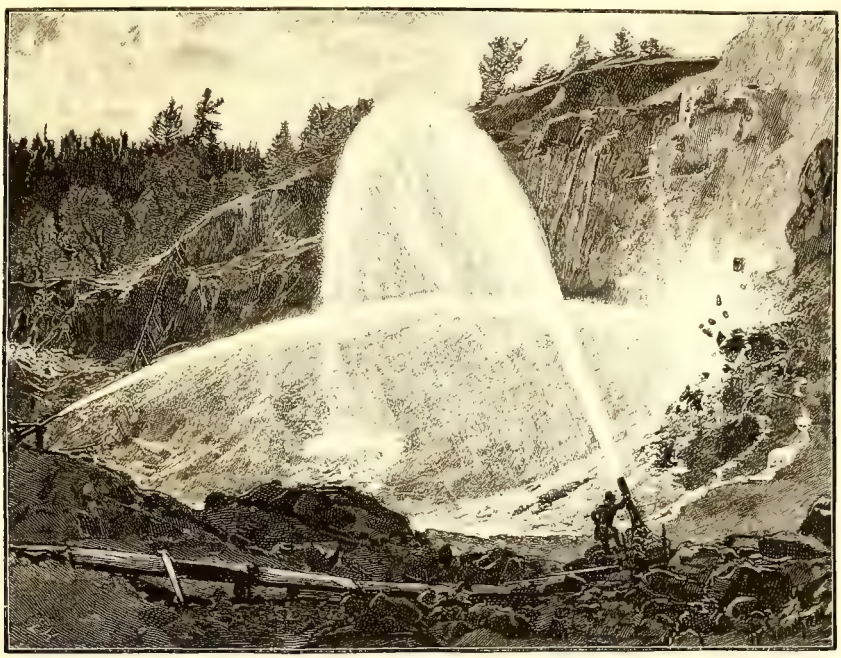
By Agnes A. Sandham.

It was a curious place for a cat—the lonely "Hydraulic Mines," on the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. Where she came from, no one could tell. My acquaintance with her was made in a singular and altogether startling manner. It was in this wise: I was visiting the mines, and, under the guidance of the superintendent, had just passed over the brow of a great hill crowned with a thick growth of magnificent sugar pines, when suddenly we came upon the Hydraulic Mines—so lonely, so dreary, so utterly uninviting in appearance and situation, that I could not help asking, "Could anything but a gold-hunting man be induced to live in such a place?"

"Wait and see," replied the superintendent as he walked in the direction of a rough shanty used by the miners as a place of shelter.

Just then I was startled at seeing a white cat come dashing toward us at full speed, her tail puffed out to an enormous size, and apparently pursued by a number of men armed with picks and crowbars.

Full of sympathy for the poor cat making such a wild race for her life, I glanced toward the shanty which must be her only refuge. As I did so a dog's head was thrust cautiously out—only the head—and then stopped. Round the corner of the hut dashed the flying cat, and, before the dog's head could be drawn in, there came a violent collision, and a perfect storm of howls and hisses which marked the meeting of the angry cat and the much astonished dog. In spite of my sympathy, I could not help laughing heartily at this ludicrous collision—and my laugh was echoed by the cruel men who, as I supposed, were chasing poor pussy with murderous designs. But my laughter was suddenly cut short as I saw what seemed to be the great mountain sliding directly upon me, and, following the example of the cat, I turned and fled for shelter to the hut, while the men redoubled their laughter.



HYDRAULIC MINING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.

"What under the sun is the matter?" I asked, perplexed alike by the cat, the rushing men, and the moving mountain.

And then, with many jokes and much laughter, the whole matter was explained.

It appears that one cold and stormy night,

about a year before my visit to the mines, the men were startled by a pitiful mewing outside the camp. One of the miners, following up the sound of distress, soon returned with a most forlorn and miserable-looking kitten, more dead than alive. How she came to that desolate camp and

late spot, brought back memories of their boyhood and the old homes far to the east in Maine woods or on New Hampshire hills, and called up, for all of them, a picture of the happy childhood days before the fever of adventure had led them so far from the dear old home in the mad race for gold.



"A WHITE CAT DASHED TOWARD US APPARENTLY PURSUED BY A NUMBER OF MEN."

where she came from was a mystery, but the miners, naturally tender-hearted, and welcoming anything that brought a change in the monotony of their daily life, took pity on the foundling and at once adopted her. Perhaps, too, the sight of such a home-body as a cat, away off in that desolate spot, brought back memories of their boyhood and the old homes far to the east in Maine woods or on New Hampshire hills, and called up, for all of them, a picture of the happy childhood days before the fever of adventure had led them so far from the dear old home in the mad race for gold.

Well, whatever their thoughts, they adopted the cat and made her so warm and comfortable, with plenty of milk to drink and a warm fire to curl before, that pussy was soon purring away as contentedly as if she had never been a homeless wanderer.

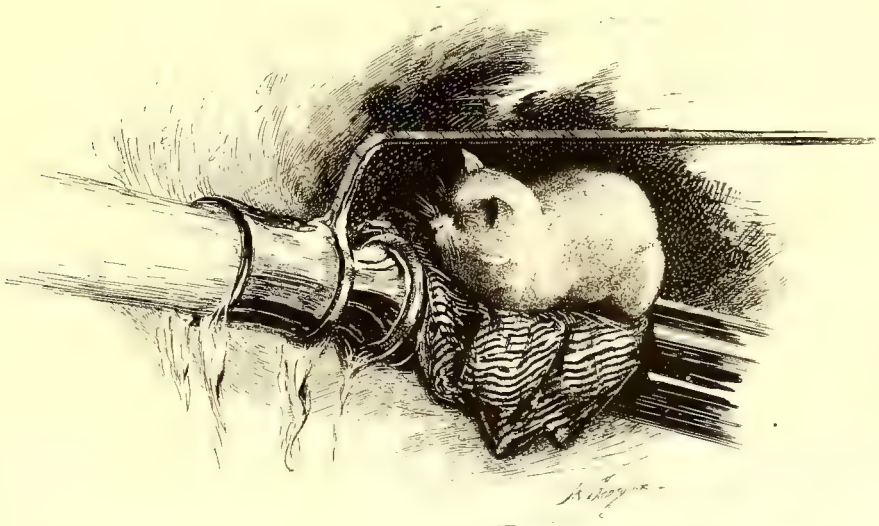
There is no such thing as stopping work in the

mines. Day and night the work goes on, and the men are divided into day and night gangs, each of which works for a certain length of time, relieving the other at regular intervals. So it happened that pussy, dozing before the fire, was aroused by a stir in the room, and glancing up saw the miner who had rescued and cared for her preparing to go out to his work. Determined not to lose sight of her preserver, she jumped up and followed him. When the men arrived at their destination, pussy at once took up her position near her friend and carefully watched the proceedings.

A hydraulic mine, my young readers must know, is one in which water is made to take the part of pick and shovel. A tremendous pressure forces the water through a great iron pipe three or four feet in diameter, and sends it in a torrent against the bank of dirt in which the gold is hidden. This mighty stream of water washes away the bank and brings it caving and tumbling down,



THE "MONITOR" AT WORK.



"WHEN THERE WAS NO DANGER, PUSSY WOULD TAKE A COMFORTABLE NAP ON HER CUSHION."

while it separates the gold from the gravel, and with the occasional assistance of blasting powder does a vast amount of mining work.

It was at one of these hydraulic mines that the fugitive cat had found friends; and as after several visits she lay watching their operations, she



THE CONSCIENTIOUS CAT ON GUARD AT THE NOZZLE OF THE "MONITOR."

seemed to reason it all out in her own mind that as soon as the great dirt-bank opposite her showed signs of giving way under the action of the water forced against it, the men would rush for shelter to the shanty near by, to which, of course, she too would scamper to escape the falling earth. So, reasoned pussy, if these kind friends of mine are always in danger from these tumbling-down banks, why cannot I, in return for their kindness, watch the dirt-banks and give them proper warning?

Now, as you all know, there is nothing a cat dislikes so much as water; just watch your kitty shake her paws daintily when she steps into a puddle, and see how disgusted she is if a drop of water falls on her nose or back. But this Sierra Nevada pussy was a most conscientious cat. She felt that it was her duty to make some sacrifice for her friends, and so, after thinking it all over, she took her place right on top of the nozzle of the "monitor" (as the big iron pipe through which the water is forced is called), and here, in spite of occasional and most unwelcome shower-baths, she would watch for the first movement of the falling bank, when away she would go like a flash with all the miners at her heels until they all reached the shelter of the hut. So faithfully did she perform her self-imposed task that, in a little while, the men gave up their precaution of keeping one eye on the dangerous slide and waited for puss to give the signal. As soon as they saw her spring down from the comfortable bed which the miners had made for her on the "monitor," they would all cry, "The cat; the cat!" and start on a run for the shanty. And it was at just such a moment that I came to the mine and encountered this most conscientious cat leading her friends to safety.

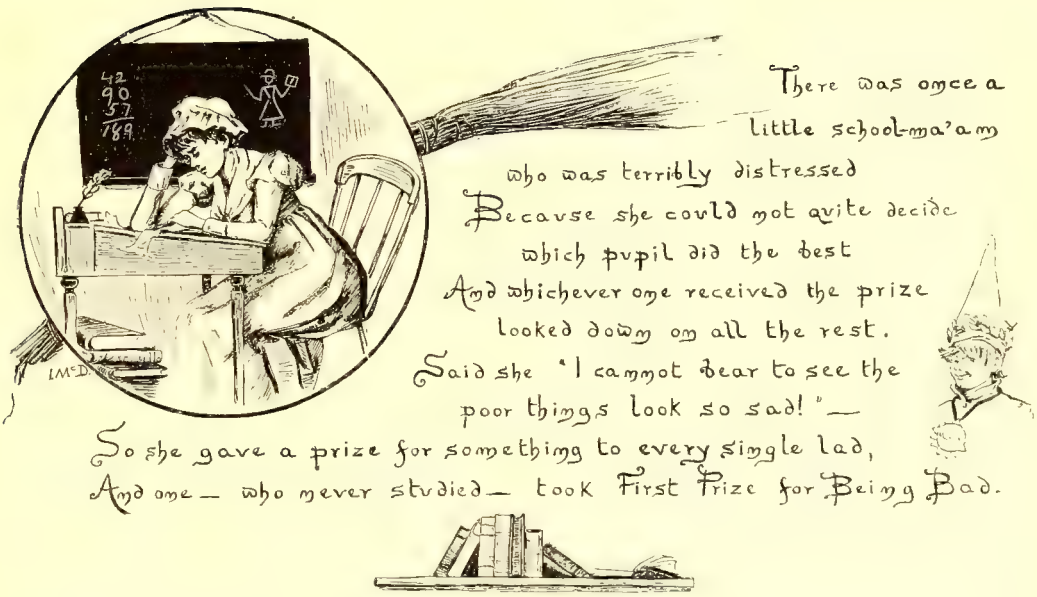
She soon learned also to distinguish between the various phases of hydraulic mining; and when the "monitor" was being used simply for washing the gold or for general "cleaning up" purposes, she knew that there was no danger, and would serenely close her eyes and take a comfortable nap on her cushion, regardless of what was going on around her, until by some strange instinct she knew that the "monitor" was turned upon the bank again, and was awake and watchful in an instant. Her very color, too, was a help to her friends, as, being a white cat, she served on dark nights as a guide to the men who came to relieve the gang to which pussy belonged, and which no consideration would induce her to desert.

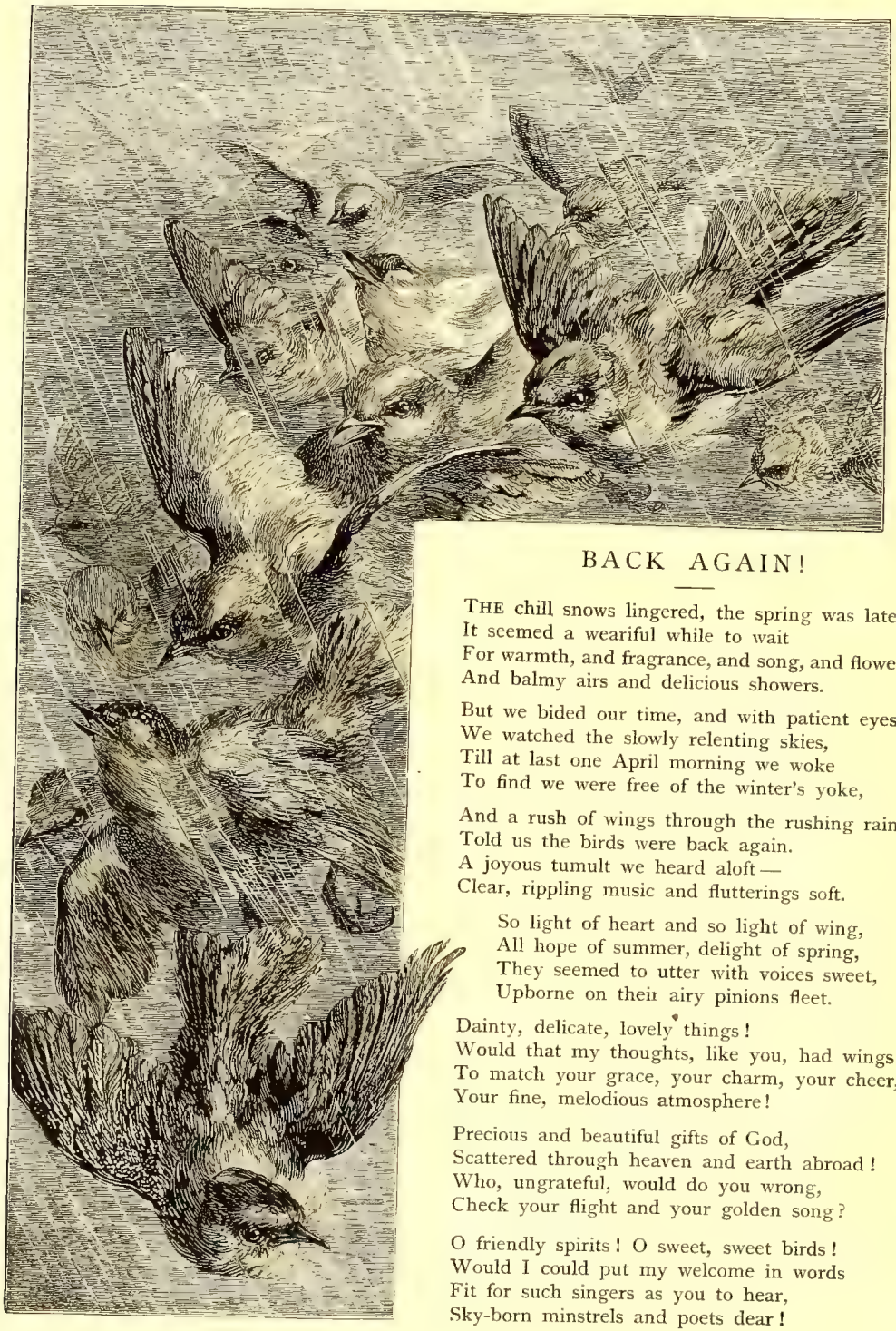
Now, it happened that about the time of pussy's appearance at the mine a very unprepossessing mongrel pup had been left at the camp, as not worth taking away, and so he too was adopted by the kind-hearted miners. But alas! the dog proved as great a coward as the cat was a heroine. His only thought was to look out for number one, and he did that so thoroughly that when he too had learned that a sudden move on the part of the men meant danger, he would scud into the hut in an agony of fear, and, like the dastardly dog he was, retreat into the farthest corner with his tail between his legs. Evidently, when I first made his acquaintance, he had not heard them rushing toward the hut and had thus been caught napping, and hence the collision I had witnessed. He was such a good-for-nothing that the men called him "Tailings"—which also means the refuse gravel and dirt out of which every speck of gold has been taken. And in such awe did he stand of Pussy that, though they took their meals together, "Tailings" always waited

until pussy had finished before he presumed to take a bite, wagging his tail until the ground was swept clean, and whining meanwhile with hunger and impatience. Once, and once only, he endeavored to assert himself and take a bite before his betters. Pussy stopped eating, looked the culprit sternly in the eye, and then, slowly lifting her paw, brought it down with a sudden blow exactly in the center of the dog's nose. "Tailings" gave such a howl that the miners thought the whole mountain was caving in, and rushed out to see what was the matter. Pussy went on calmly finishing her dinner, and "Tailings" never again presumed to eat at the first table, to rebel against Pussy's rules.



You don't know, boys and girls, how greatly this story of the miners' cat pleased me. All my life I had been taught to look upon the dog as the type of nobility, faithfulness, and courage, from the big St. Bernard to the pet pug or poodle, almost too fat to waddle by his mistress's side. And I had always been told that the cat was the embodiment of treachery, selfishness, and cunning—although, between you and me, I had always really loved the cats the best. And here on the Sierra Nevada Mountains I had a new revelation, and I left the Hydraulic Mines well pleased with my visit, and especially pleased that my favorite animal had been so completely vindicated.





BACK AGAIN!

THE chill snows lingered, the spring was late,
It seemed a weariful while to wait
For warmth, and fragrance, and song, and flowers,
And balmy airs and delicious showers.

But we bided our time, and with patient eyes
We watched the slowly relenting skies,
Till at last one April morning we woke
To find we were free of the winter's yoke,

And a rush of wings through the rushing rain
Told us the birds were back again.
A joyous tumult we heard aloft —
Clear, rippling music and flutterings soft.

So light of heart and so light of wing,
All hope of summer, delight of spring,
They seemed to utter with voices sweet,
Upborne on their airy pinions fleet.

Dainty, delicate, lovely things!
Would that my thoughts, like you, had wings
To match your grace, your charm, your cheer,
Your fine, melodious atmosphere!

Precious and beautiful gifts of God,
Scattered through heaven and earth abroad!
Who, ungrateful, would do you wrong,
Check your flight and your golden song?

O friendly spirits! O sweet, sweet birds!
Would I could put my welcome in words
Fit for such singers as you to hear,
Sky-born minstrels and poets dear!

HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Chapter XIII.

Late to bed that night, the harassed and weary Christopher slept until a late hour the next morning; Aunt Gray thinking it best he should not be called.

"Let him sleep when he can," said that really pitying lady, adjusting her cap for the day. "He has trouble enough before him!"

"He, trouble! What do you think of *me?*" said Uncle Gray, wheezing with asthma over a narcotic weed he was burning in a saucer. "But let him sleep! I don't want anything more of the services of a boy like that! I should n't have this attack if it had n't been for ——"

Wheeze! cough! A fresh attack stopped his speech; while the puffs of smoke curled upward, past the craggy brow and thickets of stiff iron-gray locks, filling the air with a bluish cloud and a pungent odor.

It must have been the odor which finally awakened Kit in his attic. He knew it meant asthma, or "azmy," as the old folks termed it; and he started up instantly with a guilty consciousness of his situation. Uncle Gray was always crabbed and exacting, as short of temper as he was short of breath, even on ordinary occasions of his attack; what then must he be after such a night as Kit had caused him to pass?

With sickening recollections of the strange horse in the barn, and misgivings as to the time of day, the boy got up, and, with gasps and tremors of anxiety, began to put on his clothes. He felt that he was an outcast wretch, no longer of any account in the household; not suspecting that it was partly owing to his aunt's kindness that he had not been called.

He was surprised at her gentle manner toward him when he appeared in the kitchen; telling him to sit down to his breakfast, taking it from the oven, where she had been keeping it warm.

"Abram has done the chores," she said,—a piece of news which did not much tend to lighten the weight of condemnation under which he felt himself bowed to the dust. The day was dull and foggy, and it was even later than he had surmised. "Your uncle is n't well this morning."

"I smelt the smoke," Kit murmured miserably. "It 's all owing to last night, I suppose."

"Partly to that, I guess, and partly to the change in the weather. Mental trouble 's often wus for him than a damp air. But eat your breakfast, and don't worry," said Aunt Gray.

"I can't help worrying," said Kit, with starting tears at her kind words.

He had little appetite, yet he felt that he must eat for strength in the day's business before him. He must go and look at that horse first, however, a duty from which he shrank. It seemed to him that he could never look at a horse again without a spasm of conscience.

He went out heroically, however, and re-examined the beast by daylight, wondering more and more at himself for having mistaken him, even in his haste and in the dusk, for Dandy Jim. He watered and fed him, reviewing at the same time all the circumstances of the evening before, and then returned to the house, fully resolved upon what he was to do.

"Can I see Uncle?" he asked, after forcing himself to eat the breakfast awaiting him.

"I 'm afraid 't wont be any great satisfaction to you," Aunt Gray replied, "but you can see him."

Kit knocked timidly at the bedroom door, and a gruff "Come in!" ushered him into a room full of smoke, in the midst of which sat his uncle at a light stand, burning his weed again, with his face over the saucer.

"Wal, f'r instance!" growled the old gentleman, barely giving him a glance through the thick cloud. "What do you think of yourself this mornin'?"

His voice ended in a cough, which tapered to a wheeze, made as deep and long-drawn and distressing as possible, in order to show Kit what suffering he had caused his poor old phthisicky uncle.

Kit made no direct reply to the question, but said humbly:

"I suppose that horse must go back."

"Go back! Of course he must go back. I wish he could stay! I want a hoss to —— I hoped the weather w'd gra'jally clear up — so I could — ventur' out — hire a horse, and drive over tu — tu Peaceville — leadin' the one you ——" Here his words were quite lost for a moment in the tumult of his broken breathing — "and see what I could hear of Dandy."

"It does n't look much like clearing up," Kit suggested.

"No," buzzed Uncle Gray, bending lower over the smoking saucer.

"It wont do to wait," Kit went on. "I meant

to have the horse half-way back there by this time; and I should if I had n't overslept myself."

"You!" said his uncle, scornfully.

"Yes, sir," said Kit, firmly. "I took the horse, and I ought to take him back. I can ride him, and maybe get Dandy yet."

"Nonsense!" hummed Uncle Gray. "I would n't trust you with ——"

"You need n't trust me with anything," answered Kit, "unless it is a bridle. I can ride bareback, if you are afraid to let me have the saddle."

The truth is, Uncle Gray had decided objections to letting the new horse go until the old one had come. It seemed a pretty good swap, but for the slight irregularity attending it, and he had been studying how it could be reconciled to right and conscience. He coughed noisily for some time over the problem, with his nose in the smoke; then, hearing Kit's hand on the latch, he snarled out,—

"Wal! it 's a bad job! I s'pose the hoss has got to go. And I can't go with him to-day, as I see!"

Kit did not wait to hear more, but opened the door quickly, and shut it again after him, escaping at once from the smoke he disliked and the interview which was not, in a strict sense, delightful.

He had found the base-ball cap comfortable the day before; it was at hand as he went out through the kitchen, and he put it on. Then he curried and bridled the new horse, and led him from the stable.

He did not mean to take the saddle, not knowing what he should do with it if he did not have Dandy to ride home, a happiness he could hardly hope for; but he found himself so lame and sore when he came to mount, with only an old meal-bag between him and the equine back-bone, that he readily listened to Aunt Gray's earnest counsel.

"If you must go," she said, "don't think of riding without the saddle. It 's of no great account, anyway, if it never comes back."

She also made Kit take a little of her own money for necessary expenses; and sent him off with her best wishes, and a strict charge not to "blunder into any more trouble."

The horse's walk was torture enough to Kit at first; and a trot was excruciating. But the lad forced himself to bear the exercise, and found his stiff joints limbering up to it before long.

He could not endure to have his mother see him, after the false good tidings he had brought her the night before; so he took another street through the village and, passing beyond, was soon retracing, with rather less of joy and triumph in his soul, the course of his recent moonlight ride from Peaceville.

The horse was quite as free as he wished him to be at first. But as the soreness of his own limbs wore off, the animal's paces began to relax, and much clucking, and urging with heels and reins, at length became necessary.

The more he dreaded meeting the owner whose beast he had ridden off so unceremoniously, confessing his error, and suffering he knew not what reproaches and retribution, the more anxious Kit was to have it all over with; his conscience, which was strong, spurring his courage — which was by no means weak in serious things, timid and sensitive boy as he was.

He had made about half the distance, when he stopped to water the horse at a wayside trough. Near by grew a walnut-tree with boughs overhanging the pump, from the top of which he reached up and cut a stout twig, for use as a riding-whip in making the rest of the journey. Then, after stretching his legs a minute, he remounted, and went on at a quicker pace.

He had not gone far, however, when he discovered that he had, with his usual heedlessness, left his knife lying on the top of the pump. He was very much incensed with himself for falling into the same old fault, after all his recent lessons; and he hardly knew at first whether to suffer the loss of the knife or the pain and chagrin of riding back for it.

"It 's a full half mile," he said, looking back, and miles were important to him just then. "If I was sure of coming this way with Dandy ——"

But he felt the great uncertainty of his returning with Dandy either by that or any other way. He could not afford to lose so good a knife; and this was one that had been his father's.

"I 'll go back!" he exclaimed, after a little reflection; "and then make up for lost time by riding faster."

It was the first knife he had ever been able to keep long in his possession; and he had even mislaid this one, two or three times. He resolved to recover it now, and then see if he could not carry it safely in his pocket at least as many months as his father had carried it years.

As he approached the trough, he noticed a light wagon coming down another road, which joined the one he was on at a point not far beyond. It carried two lads, who, looking across at him, touched up their horse.

Something in the excited looks they gave him made Kit almost wish he had not returned for his knife. The roads converged rapidly; and, when he reined up at the pump, the rattling wagon would not have been more than three or four rods away, if it had not already passed.

The faces in it looked back rather wildly at Kit; and, after taking his knife from the pump, without dismounting, he saw with growing alarm, as he turned about, that, instead of keeping the more direct road beyond the fork, the wagon made a short

turn into the road he was on, and was coming toward him.

He endeavored to act like the innocent boy he was, and began to ride away again, as if nothing uncommon was happening. But as the wagon followed with increasing racket, he could not forbear trying his new whip, and striking into a pace that might have kept those too-eager faces awhile longer at a distance, but for a startling circumstance.

Chapter XIV.

Behind a low wall, which bounded the upper side of the triangular field separating the forked roads, a sturdy youth was seen running. His parted lips and his crooked arms, flying quickly back and forth in time with his vibrating legs, indicated strenuous effort. He had evidently left the wagon just before Kit sighted it, and had struck across the lot in order to get behind Kit, while his companions at the same time whipped forward so to head off Kit in front.

He was himself heading him off now, since Kit had turned back from the pump. He leaped over into the road, and made a rush at his bridle-rein, while the wagon clattered close behind.

"What do you want of me?" Kit gasped out in some trepidation, no longer trying to escape.

"We 'll show you what we want!" cried Lon, — for the seeming highwayman was none other than the eldest of the Benting boys.

He appeared very much excited, seizing Kit's leg with one hand, while he clung to the rein with the other.

"Get off your stolen horse!"

"Is this — your — horse?" inquired Kit.

"Rather!" said Lon, with wild glee. "Here, boys!"

Tom and Charley tumbled from the wagon; and Kit, half-paralyzed by the suddenness of the onset and the rude manner of his capture, was pulled to the ground before he fairly had time to dismount.

"Don't tie my hands!" he pleaded, as they whipped a halter out of the wagon and were proceeding to bind him with it in no gentle fashion. "I did n't steal him; I took him by mistake."

"Oh, yes!" said Lon, with gruff sarcasm. "No doubt!"

"That 's what they all say," added Charley.

"Always a mistake!" exclaimed Tom.

"But it 's so!" Kit insisted, with pale and trembling innocence, which appeared more like guilt to the elated Benting boys than guilt itself would probably have done. "I was taking him back to Peaceville."

"Of course!" said Lon.

"Which way is Peaceville?" cried Charley. "The way you were going when we first saw you, or the way you went after we got in ahead of you?"

Then Kit saw how unfortunate had proved the blunder of leaving his knife and having to go back for it. But for that, he might have passed out of sight before being descried by the boys from the other wall, and might have returned the horse to his shed at the cattle-show, in a manner which would have left no doubt as to his honest intentions; or, if overtaken, he would, at least, have been found on his way thither. Who would believe his story now?

Not the Benting boys, evidently. They tied his hands behind him, and hustled him into the wagon, Tom and Charley guarding him, seated between their knees on the wagon-bottom, as if he had been some desperate character (poor Kit!), while Lon mounted the recovered horse and rode near, ready to lend assistance in case the horse-thief, slipping his bonds, should attempt to overpower them and get away.

They had traced the little rider in the white cap but a short distance out of Peaceville, the night before, and had been all the morning scouring the country roads for news of him. No news had they been able to get; but here was something better still — the horse and the little chap himself!

Passing the pump and turning at the fork, they took the road by which they had come, talking hilariously of their good luck, and now and then questioning Kit, without, however, giving the least apparent credit to anything he had to say.

"Whose saddle and bridle are these?" Lon demanded, riding beside the wagon.

"They belong to my uncle," replied Kit.

"Uncle! Oh, yes!" exclaimed Lon, sarcastically.

"The horse I was after belongs to him, too," said Kit, from his ignominious seat on the wagon-bottom.

"No doubt of that, either!"

Lon did not have a bad heart, by any means; but he was young, and exhilarated by what seemed to him a great triumph, and he could not help showing his amused incredulity.

"Who was the other rogue in league with you when you stole this horse?"

"I tell you I did n't steal him," Kit insisted. "And there was nobody in league with me."

"No use of your saying that," Tom retorted. "He pretended somebody had stolen his saddle and bridle; but we found afterward you and he had been seen together, and that he helped you get away with our horse. What do you say to that?"

"I say what I 've been trying to say all along; only you would n't hear me!"

Once more Kit endeavored to make it plain that there was but one rogue in the transaction, and that Branlow was the man. But his protestations fell on unbelieving ears. The evidence they had gathered, after Branlow left them outside the fair-grounds, that he was an associate of the little chap in the white cap, appeared to the boys so conclusive that they only laughed at their prisoner's indignant denials.

"I hope you caught him!" exclaimed Kit.

"Of course!" replied Tom, who thought it wise to pretend to have caught the supposed accomplice, in order to induce their captive to tell them all about himself.

"If he owned up everything, he told you the only stolen horse was the one he stole from my uncle,—the one I meant to take when he hurried me off with yours. If he told you that, he told the truth; if anything different, he told you what was false."

Kit spoke passionately, with swelling heart and starting tears.

"He wont dare to say anything else to *my* face!" he added, struggling in vain to bring up one of his tied hands to his filling eyes. "Where is he now?"

"Don't say anything more to him," spoke up Lon, who did not altogether approve of Tom's fiction.

Yet he himself had one more question to ask.

"You 've been expecting to meet your pal somewhere this morning, have n't you?"

"If you mean the horse-thief," replied Kit, "he 's the last person I 've expected to meet; he will keep as far away from me as he can! Bring us together; that 's all I ask. And let me know what became of his stolen horse. Have you got that, too?"

"I can't tell you now," Lon replied, trying to give his words a dark significance. "You 'll find out all you want to know, and maybe a good deal more, when you are hauled up before the court. No more talk, boys; but come along!"

CHAPTER XV.

A RIDE of four or five miles brought the Benting boys and their captive in sight of a small maple-grove by the road-side and a large white farm-house, gleaming behind the screen of foliage and the colonnades of gray trunks.

The grove was in place of the common country door-yard, and it was unfenced; a short drive-way among the trees led directly to the doors of the house. One of these was open, and in it stood the most radiant figure Kit had ever beheld.

All the morning had been dull and overcast; but now the sunshine flashed through broken clouds, lighting up the maples variegated with the hues of early autumn, the house-front half in shadow (it stood back from the grove a little), and that figure in the door.

Charley, the youngest of the brothers, had exchanged his seat in the wagon for Lon's in the saddle, and he now rode forward under the trees, swinging his hat, and shouting:

"Good news! Good news, Elsie!"

This was in fact the home of the Bentings, which Elsie, with poetical school-girl fancy, had named "Maple Park." The figure in the door was Elsie herself, radiant with joy at sight of Charley on the recovered horse, and of the captive he pointed out, following with his brothers.

"Oh! you 've got him, too?" she said. "So you have!" noticing the white cap, which had been much talked of as the distinguishing mark of the little rider last seen with the missing horse.

Rogue as they deemed him, the boys in the wagon had taken pity on Kit, in his painful posture, on the bottom-board, and had put him up on the seat between them; though they had not untied his hands. As they brought him to the door, Elsie's countenance lost something of its radiance, though nothing of its beauty. She was really a very pretty, fresh-complexioned blonde. She had the brightest, sweetest eyes poor Kit had ever seen, and now at sight of him, dejected, bound, and blushing in her presence, they began to deepen with compassionate concern.

"Where 's father?" asked Lon, jumping from the wagon.

Mr. Benting had also been in quest of his horse that morning, and finding, on his return home an hour before, that the boys had not been heard from, he had started off again.

"Mamma went with him the last time," said Elsie. "He was going to town, to get notices in the papers, and offer a reward."

"That wont be necessary now," said Lon proudly. "How soon can we get a bite to eat?"

When told that dinner would be ready in half an hour, he exclaimed:

"We can't wait! Give us some bread and milk, cold meat, pie, and cheese; anything in the house! We are hungry as wolves, but we must be off again in five minutes."

Elsie could not keep her eyes away from the prisoner; her brow knitted with an expression of pity and dread, as she thought how young he was, and yet how wicked.

"Where are you going?" she inquired.

"To town, to get out a warrant and give our horse-stealer over to the constable," was the reply.

"Must you?" murmured Elsie, with another intensely serious glance at Kit in the wagon.

"Of course we must. What else can we do with him? Charley," cried Lon, "put the other seat into the wagon, then we can all ride in that, and leave General at home."

"We 'd better take General along," suggested Charley. "We may need him to put in the evidence."

"Nonsense!" said Lon. "But if you 'd like to ride him, all right. I was thinking of the saddle and bridle; they probably belong to somebody."

"You 'll find they belong to somebody!" said Kit. "Talk about my stealing your horse! Look at your own selves; what are *you* doing?"



KIT SUFFERS HUMILIATION.

"Does he deny it?" Elsie whispered to Tom, in the hall-way.

"Of course he denies it! Do you suppose he is going to own up, like a good boy? See what a surly, hang-dog look he has!"

"He does n't look very amiable, to be sure," said Elsie. "I don't wonder he appears angry and ashamed! He has been crying, has n't he?" she added, as she noticed the streaks on Kit's face, where the dust of the road had settled on the tracks of tears he had been unable to wipe away.

"Yes; he cried, and pleaded, and told all sorts of stories, to make us let him off. But we don't go a-hunting such game every day in the year," said Tom; "do we, boys?"

"He must have been led into it by some older person," Elsie declared. "I expected to see a hardened wretch, with a bad, wicked face; and I never was more surprised! If he had n't been caught with the horse in his possession,

I could n't believe that he had a hand in stealing him!"

"Of course you could n't!" said Tom, who had followed Elsie to the kitchen. "Girls don't know about such things, anyway. But now let 's see what there is to eat."

He washed his soiled hands and dusty face at the sink; while Elsie, with the aid of a stout serving-woman, set out a hasty luncheon in the large middle room of the farm-house.

Tom, having made an imperfect toilet, was going out to stand guard over the prisoner and let his brothers come in, when his eye rested on the table, where Elsie was placing knives and forks and plates.

"Are you going to eat with us?" he asked.

"No, indeed!" she replied. "It is all I can think of doing to feed you."

"Then what is that for?"

He pointed at a fourth plate, arranged, with its knife and fork, at a discreet distance from the other three, on the end of the large table.

"You will give him something to eat, wont you?" said Elsie.

"If we do, it will be in the wagon," said Tom. "Do you suppose we are going to sit at the same table with a horse-stealer?"

"I will put his plate on the kitchen table, if you object to his company," said Elsie. "I think you ought to let him get out of the wagon; he looks very tired, sitting there, with his hands tied!"

"Well! he 'll have to sit there, with his hands tied, looking tired, till we take him to Judge Sweet," muttered Tom.

Elsie said no more, but quietly removed the objectionable plate to the kitchen table, where she had it placed, flanked with the knife and fork, when Lon came in.

He, too, noticed it and frowned at her foolishness when told for whom it was designed. But he was older and more reasonable than Tom, and she had her little argument ready for him.

"Of course you will give him something to eat," she said. "You would n't wish to be cruel to him, if he was the worst person in the world; and anybody can see he isn't that. He isn't as old as Charley; I don't believe he is much older than I am! How absurd, to keep him tied there in the wagon, as if you were afraid of him; afraid he will knock you all down, and run away from you, I suppose—three great boys like my big brothers!"

Lon scowled again, but finally responded, rather ungraciously:

"Do as you please; I 'm not afraid! only it will waste a little time. We can just as well watch him in here as out there."

Kit was accordingly brought into the kitchen, where, again seeing Elsie, he bashfully begged for permission to wash his hands at the sink, after Charley had got through with the basin.

"Of course you can!" cried Elsie, hastening to fill it with fresh water, while Lon reluctantly untied the prisoner's hands.

As he could not very well eat with them tied again, Tom thought they ought, at least, to bind his legs, and perhaps make him fast to the chair he sat on at table. But Elsie treated this proposal with merry scorn.

"What are you three great boys thinking of?" she whispered, behind Kit's back, as he bent over the wash-basin. "I believe *I* could keep him from running away, without help from either of you!"

"You don't know anything about the tricks of these rogues," replied Lon, who, however, relaxed his vigilance sufficiently to let the prisoner sit unlashed at the kitchen table, where the brothers, from their places in the next room, could watch him through the open door. They were ready to start up and spring upon him at the first movement he might make to escape; and Lon had a stout cane within reach.

Elsie went to and fro between the rooms, performing the office of table-girl with graceful alacrity, but stood, at last, watching with almost fascinated eyes the captive as he ate, or tried to eat.
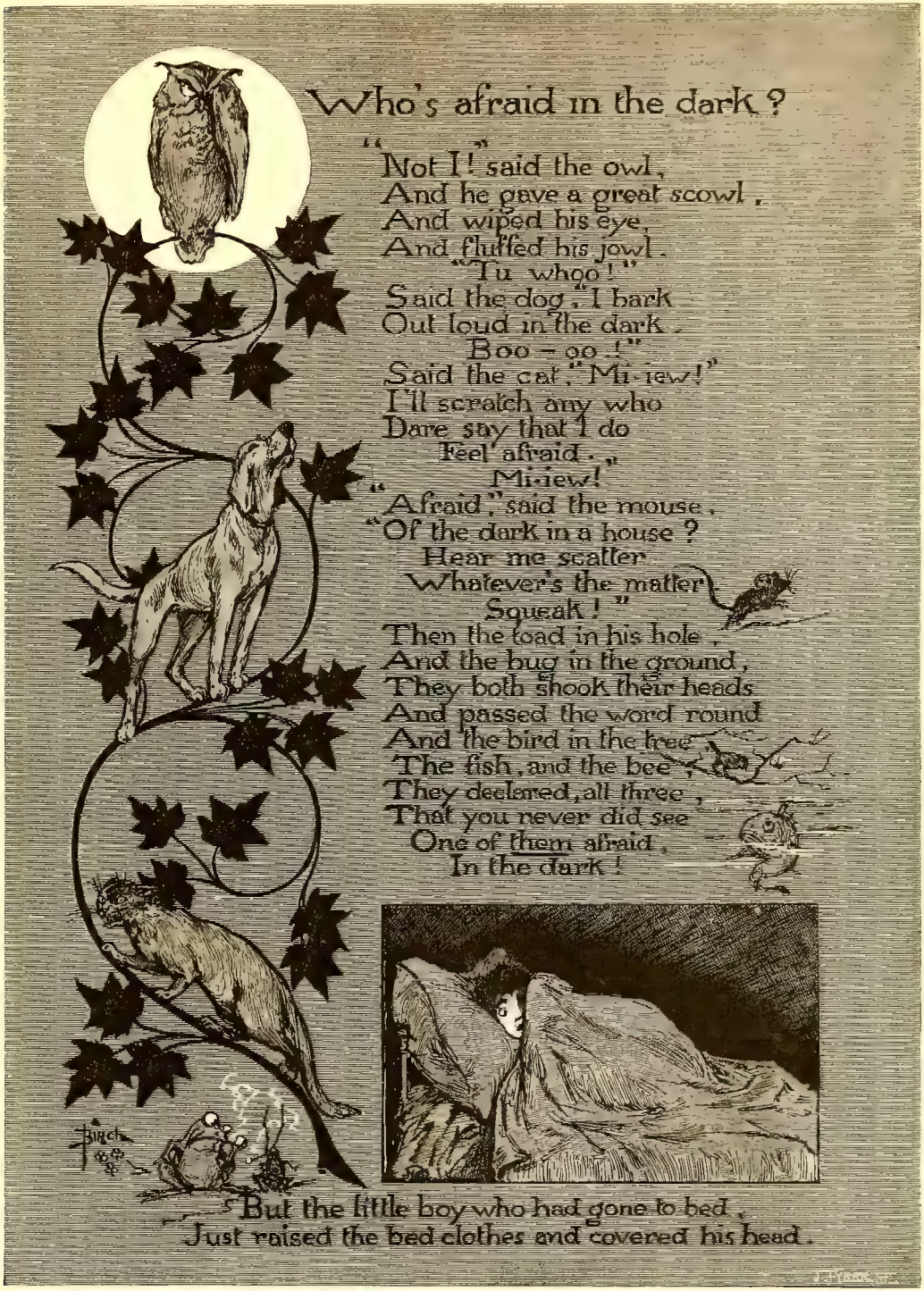
A little soap and water, and a careless brushing back of the hair from the forehead with his wet fingers, had wonderfully improved Kit's appearance. He had a full, fair brow, a good nose, a chin with an interesting dimple, and ruddy, brown cheeks, which were blushing again with uneasy consciousness of a pure girl's searching gaze. He kept his eyes downcast, but she could see that they were full of gentle expression: and his sensitive lips were quivering in a way that excited her sympathy.

"You don't look like such a person!" she said, impulsively.

He forgot his bashfulness in a moment, and raised his eyes to her face with a look in which there was a gleam of proud defiance.

"Don't I?" he said. "Well, I am about as much *such a person* as your brothers are highwaymen!"

(To be continued.)


Who's afraid in the dark?
"Not I!" said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And wiped his eye,
And fluffed his jowl.
"Tu whoo!"
Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark.
Boo-oo!"
Said the cat, "Mi-iew!
I'll scratch any who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid."
Mi-iew!
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in a house?
Hear me scatter
Whatever's the matter
Squeak!"
Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round
And the bird in the tree,
The fish, and the bee,
They declared, all three,
That you never did see
One of them afraid,
In the dark!
But the little boy who had gone to bed,
Just raised the bed clothes and covered his head.

LITTLE SAILOR JACK IN ENGLAND.

BY W. THORNTON PARKER, M. D.

PERHAPS it may interest the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to read about a little American boy who visited England, and what he saw of ships and sailors while there.

In England it has for several years been the fashion for boys from five to thirteen years of age to wear *real* sailors' suits; that is, suits made at the naval outfitter's, just like those of the man-o'-war's men. These suits are made of the dark-blue royal naval serge, with broad collar, sailors' black silk handkerchief, and lanyard of snow-white braided cord attached to either whistle or knife. The breeches are very large about the feet, or else worn short, reaching only to the knee.

The cap is of dark-blue cloth. On hat or cap there is always a black silk ribbon bearing the name of some ship of Her Majesty's navy in gold letters. The name is selected according to choice, or by accident, though sometimes because the lad's father is or was attached to the ship bearing the name on the ribbon; and again, because the ship named was the one first visited by the wearer of the cap.

It is indeed a pretty sight at the sea-side towns and "resorts," to see so many of these little tars running about, rowing, sailing, etc., just like a ship's crew at play on shore. Many look and act as if they were indeed young sailors, and I am certain that many would, in fact, like to be members of the "Queen's navee."

Well, our little Jack, though an American boy, had to have his sailor-suit, and he first wore it at a summer resort on the beautiful Isle of Wight.

Although countless sail were in sight daily, and he could at any hour meet the vigilant coast-guardsman on his rounds on the high cliffs, yet many weeks went by before Jack saw an armed ship of any kind.

The coast-guardsmen are excellent sailors, picked men, in fact, who have been long at sea. They are posted all along the English coast, and they carry powerful spy-glasses so as to spy out smugglers and vessels in distress. They are very kind-hearted and fond of children, and, I believe, especially of boys dressed, just like themselves, in man-o'-war costume. The coast-guardsman has no ship's name on his hat-ribbon, but simply the words, "COAST-GUARD." Our little Jack made friends with some of them, and one day the sailors asked his papa to let them take the little sailor out to sea in their coast-guard boat, for a few hours, to board a cutter. It was hard to decide what to do about it, but a reluctant consent was given, and off Jack started with his new-found friends.

The guardsmen had a fine large boat, painted black outside and oil-finished inside, with handsome brass fittings. They placed Jack in the stern, giving him the tiller-ropes to hold, then they shoved off, and were soon out of sight, the sailors rowing and little Jack steering as composedly and happily as if he actually belonged to the service.

After a long pull, they reached the cutter; and you can well believe that the crew on the cutter were surprised to find such a young coxswain in the guards' boat.

Many kind invitations were given to the little sailor to come on board and make the cruise of the English coast. But soon the business of the guards with the cutter was over, and, the transfers made, the boat steered back for Ventnor, where all arrived safely and where Jack found his papa waiting to welcome him after his voyage.

Jack left the island after a while for Southsea, which is a part of Portsmouth, a celebrated place for English ships and sailors. A fine beach and esplanade extend all the way from Southsea to Portsmouth, and between the two places is a great common, where reviews and parades take place frequently. Sometimes thousands of soldiers parade at once on this great common. It makes a fine play-ground for boys, and every afternoon you will find large crowds of them enjoying the games, or playing on the beach close by.

The harbor of Portsmouth is always full of ships, and many of them are war-ships and school-ships for young sailors. There is a famous dockyard where war-ships are built and repaired, and where are vast stores of shot and shell and cannon and arms of every description. In the channel are anchored several ships, among them the "Excellent," where sailors are taught all kinds of gunnery, and where they receive their certificates of proficiency in firing. Gun-boats and torpedo-boats practice nearly every day, in the lower harbor, at targets floating at regular distances. Below the "Excellent" is the great school-ship, "St. Vincent," where young English sailors learn the first principles of seamanship, and near by are other ships used as receiving-ships for sailors. In the harbor opposite the dock-yards are anchored two old-fashioned war-ships, the "Duke of Wellington" and the grand old "Victory." In the outer harbor are usually

more modern war-ships at anchor, like the "Minotaur," "Sultan," "Hercules," some of which distinguished themselves in the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. Very often great white troop-ships, like the "Malabar," will arrive loaded with soldiers coming home from the distant colonies.

One day, while we were at Portsmouth, Queen Victoria was expected to arrive from France in her beautiful yacht, the "Victoria and Albert." Large crowds assembled all about the neighborhood of the dock-yard where the Queen was to land. The ships in the harbor were covered with flags from the water at the bow and over the high masts to the water under the stern; this is called "dressing ship." The yards were manned with sailors standing in line, and every one seemed anxious to make the sight as beautiful as possible for the beloved Queen. The crowds waited patiently some hours, and at last the signals from the high tower of the dock-yard announced the approach of the yacht. Slowly the "Victoria and Albert" moved to the dock, and then the Queen stepped on shore, under a pavilion of flags. An address was read to her, and then she entered her beautiful railway-carriage and started, amid cheers from the assembled crowds, for Windsor Castle.



JACK, IN HIS SAILOR'S SUIT.

Our Jack never wearied of visiting ships and sailors, and our first visit in Portsmouth harbor we decided should be paid to the old ship "Victory." How many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have read of that illustrious naval commander, Lord Nelson, and the remarkable battle of Trafalgar? Very many, I have no doubt; but I feel quite sure that few American boys have visited Lord Nelson's flag-ship in that famous battle, the glorious old "Victory," on whose deck the gallant admiral received his death-wound, October 21, 1805, in the Bay of Trafalgar. The "Victory" led the attack against the combined navies of France and Spain. It was Lord Nelson's mightiest victory, and the power of France on the ocean was destroyed. The good old ship still presents a fine appearance, and looks strong enough for another sea-fight. Few of her original timbers remain, however. The "Victory" floats high out of water, and her ports, from which the cannon have so often proclaimed England's victories, are mostly closed, and the few guns on board are used only for firing salutes. The British flag still waves from the mast and a small company of sailors guard the ship.

After coming on board, an escort is provided. Visitors are requested to register their names and contribute a trifle toward paying for this escort duty by the crew, whose chief employment is to show visitors the interesting places on board. We first went on to the main-deck. A brass plate set in one part of this deck is inscribed, "Here Nelson fell." Our guide said that "Lord Nelson had no right to stand near this spot," and

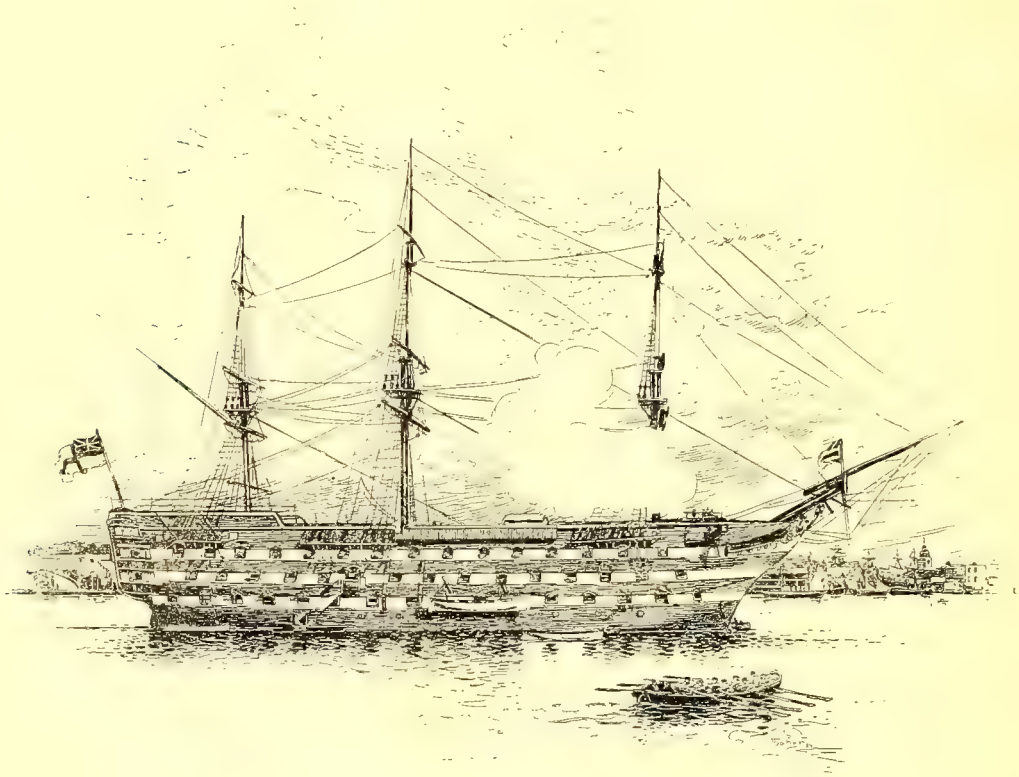
that "he was killed by one of his own men, who shot him from the cross-trees"; but we did not care to listen to such a story, believing, rather, as indeed is the truth, that Nelson was killed by the enemy. His showy uniform made a brilliant target for their riflemen stationed aloft.

The great deck, as it now appears without a single gun, looked lonely enough, and we descended, by way of the decks between, to the cock-pit, where the gallant sailor died. It is a damp, gloomy, and silent place, where, on that eventful day, and at the close of Nelson's greatest battle, the great chief was tenderly carried. The gallant sailor had requested that a mantle be thrown over him, so that, as they passed through the decks, he might not be recognized, lest his crew should lose heart in the desperate struggle. Around him, in the moment of death and of victory, stood a few of his faithful officers waiting for his spirit to take its flight. It was at Southsea that the hero had embarked to fight the enemies of his country. The spot is now marked by one of the "Victory's" old anchors; and to the same spot, later, came the returning boats in solemn procession, one of them bearing the remains of the hero of Trafalgar. What a contrast! England can well afford generous honors to such a naval chief.

Our Jack enjoyed with deep interest all he saw on the "Victory," and rowed back evidently much impressed. The next morning he came into his papa's bedroom, and had a great battle on the bed with his sleepy parent. English beds are very high, and in the midst of the frolic Jack fell off the bed and upon the floor, with a heavy thump. Of course, Papa was rather afraid that the little fellow might be hurt, but Jack scrambled quickly to his feet and said:

"Papa, please have a brass plate put in this floor to mark the spot where *I* fell, for it was a hard fall."

Many other ships-of-war our little six-year-old sailor visited, and many forts he built under the shadow of Southsea Castle; but, in spite of all these happy days, Grandpa's seemed the best place, after all, and his patriotism still insisted that "there is no place like America."



LORD NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "VICTORY."

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

By E. P. Roe.

Chapter III.

GETTING TO RIGHTS.



All that the poets from the beginning of time have written about light, could not express my joy as I saw that welcome glimmer on the left. Before its advent I had been awed by the tempest as, benumbed with cold and shivering in my wet clothes, I had waited — a prey to many terrible fears and surmises; but now I cried:

"Cheer up; here comes a light!" Then in my gladness I shouted the greeting that everywhere hailed Mr. Jones:

"How *are* YOU, JOHN?"

"Guess you did n't know what had become of me?" was the reply.

"You 're right. Or what was to become of us, either. Are n't we nearly home? We are all half frozen."

"Just let me spy round a bit with the lantern, and I 'll soon tell you everything." He bobbed back and forth for a moment or two like a will-o'-the-wisp. Then he said: "Now turn sharp to the left and follow the light."

A great hope sprung up in my heart and I hushed Winnie's and Bobsey's crying by saying, "Listen, and you 'll soon hear some good news."

Our wheels crunched through the deep snow for a few moments, and then suddenly I saw a gleam of ruddy light shining from the window of a dwelling. Then Mr. Jones shouted:

"Whoa! Light down, neighbors; you 're at your own door."

There was a chorus of delighted cries. Merton half tumbled over me in his eagerness to get out. A door opened, and out poured a cheerful glow. Oh! the delicious sense of safety and warmth given by that open door!

I caught Mousie in my arms, floundered knee-deep through the snow, and placed her in a big rocking-chair. Mr. Jones followed with Winnie, and Merton came in with Bobsey on his back. The little fellow was under such headway in crying that he could n't stop at once, although his tears were rapidly giving place to laughter. I rushed back and carried in my wife, and then said, in a voice a little unsteady from deep feeling:

"Welcome home, one and all!"

Never did the word mean more to a half-frozen and badly frightened family. Safety, warmth, and comfort were, of course, uppermost in our thoughts, but as wraps were taken off and all gradually thawed out, eager-eyed curiosity began to explore. Taking Mousie on my lap and chafing her hands, I answered questions, and enjoyed to the full the exclamations of pleasure.

Mr. Jones lingered for a few moments, then gave one of his big guffaws by way of preface, and said:

"Well, you do look as if you were at home and meant to stay. This scene makes me homesick; so I 'll say good-night, and I 'll be over in the mornin'. There 's some lunch on the table, that my wife fixed up for you. I must go, for I hear John junior callin' me."

His only response to our profuse thanks was another laugh, which the wind swept away.

"Who is John junior?" asked Merton.

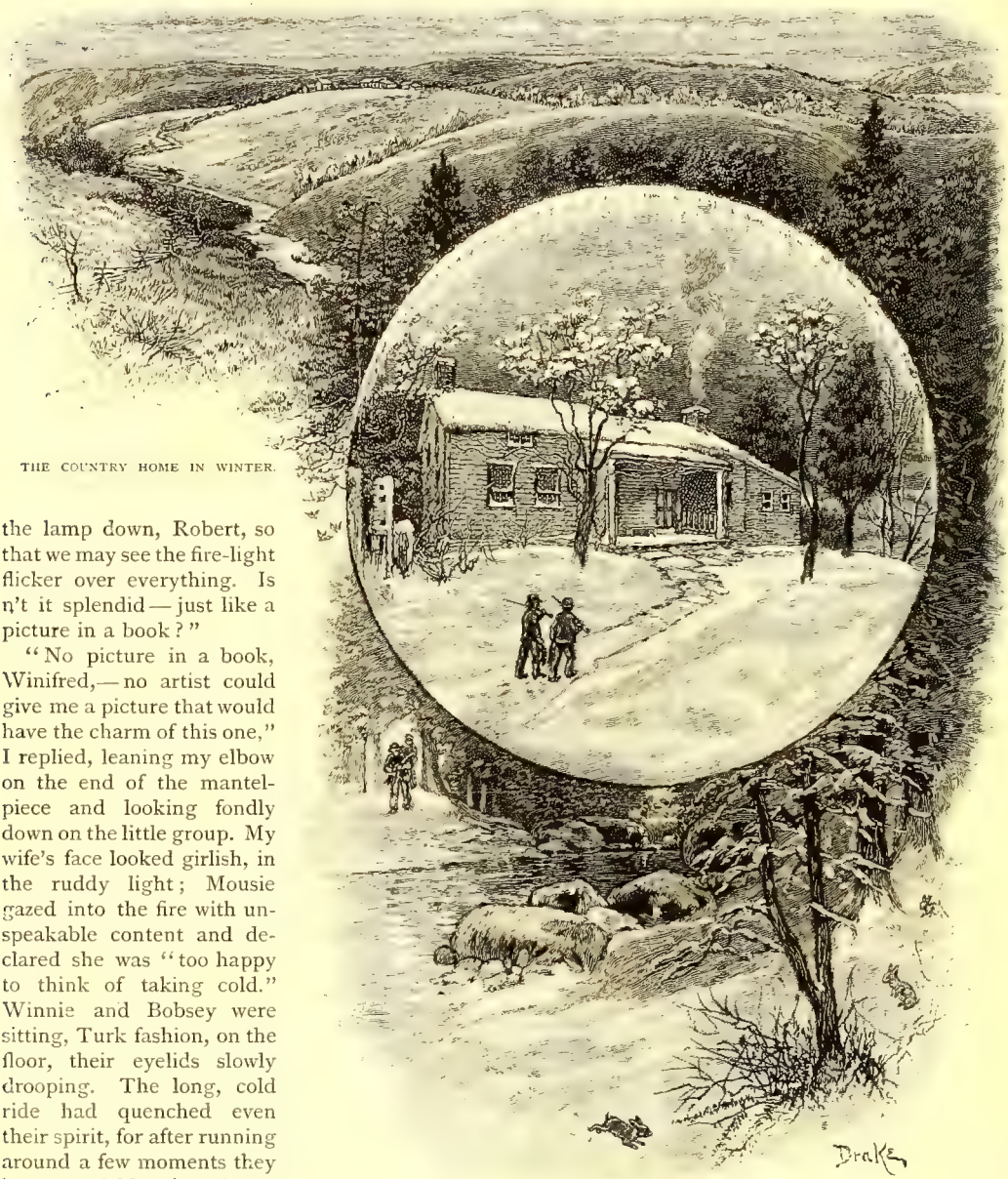
"Mr. Jones's son, a boy of about your age," I replied. "He was here, waiting for us and keeping the fire up. When we arrived he came out and took the horses, and so you did n't see him. He 'll make a good playmate for you. His father says 'he 's a fairish boy as boys go,' and that, from John Jones, means that he 's a good fellow."

Oh, what a happy group we were, as we gathered around the great, open fire, which I piled high with wood!

"Do you wish to look around a little?" I asked my wife.

"No," she replied, leaning back in her rocking-chair. "Let me take this in first. Oh, Robert, I have such a sense of rest, quiet, comfort, and *homeiness* that I simply wish to sit still and enjoy it all. The howling of the storm only makes this place seem more like a refuge, and I 'd rather hear it than

the Daggetts tramping overhead and the Ricketts children crying downstairs. Oh, is n't it nice to be by ourselves in this quaint old room? Turn the lamp down, Robert, so that we may see the fire-light flicker over everything. Is n't it splendid — just like a picture in a book?"



THE COUNTRY HOME IN WINTER.

"No picture in a book, Winifred, — no artist could give me a picture that would have the charm of this one," I replied, leaning my elbow on the end of the mantelpiece and looking fondly down on the little group. My wife's face looked girlish, in the ruddy light; Mousie gazed into the fire with unspeakable content and declared she was "too happy to think of taking cold." Winnie and Bobsey were sitting, Turk fashion, on the floor, their eyelids slowly drooping. The long, cold ride had quenched even their spirit, for after running around a few moments they began to yield to drowsiness. Merton, with a boy's appetite, was casting sundry wistful glances at the table which held the bountiful lunch, of which roast chicken was the chief feature.

There seemed to be no occasion for haste, and I wished to let the picture sink deeply into my heart. At last my wife sprang up and said:

"I 've been sentimental long enough. You 're not of much account in the house, Robert," she said, with one of her brightest looks — "I must see to things, or Winnie and Bobsey will be asleep on the floor.

I feel as if I could sit here till morning; but I 'll come back after the children are in bed. Come, show me my home, or, at least, enough of it to let me see where we are to sleep."

"We shall have to camp again to-night," I answered. "Mrs. Jones has made up the one bed left in the house, and you and Mousie shall have that. We 'll fix Winnie and Bobsey on the lounge; and the youngsters can sleep in their clothes, just as soldiers do. Merton and I will doze in these chairs before the fire. To-morrow night we can all be very comfortable."

I took the lamp and led the way, my wife, Mousie, and Merton following, first across a little hall, from which one stair-way led to the upper chambers and another to the cellar. Opening a door opposite the living-room, I showed Winifred her parlor. It looked cozy and comfortable, even now, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Jones's kind offices. A morning-glory stove gave out abundant warmth and a ruddy light which blended genially with the red colors of the carpet.

"Oh, how pretty I can make this room look!" exclaimed my wife. "But there 's no place to sleep here."

"Come to the room over this, warmed by a pipe from this stove," said I.

"Ah! this is capital!" she cried, looking around an apartment which Mrs. Jones had made comfortable. "Was n't I wise when I decided to come home? It 's just as warm as toast. Now let the wind blow.— Why, I don't hear it any more."

"No, the gale has spent itself. But see, connected with this room is another, for Mousie and Winnie. By leaving open the door between, it will be warm enough for them. So, you see, this end of the house can be heated with but little trouble and expense. The open fire in the living-room is a luxury that we can afford, since there is plenty of wood on the place. On the other side of the hall there is a room for Merton. Now, do me a favor: don't look, or talk, or think any more to-night. It has been a long, hard day. Indeed," looking at my watch, "it is already to-morrow morning, and you know how much we shall have to do. Let us go back and get a little supper, and then take all the rest we can."

Winifred yielded, and at the word "supper," Bobsey and Winnie were awake at once. Then we knelt around our hearth and made it an altar to God, for I wished the children never to forget our need of His fatherly help and care.

"Now I will take the children upstairs to bed, and then I must come back, for I cannot leave this wood fire just yet," my wife remarked.

She soon joined me at the hearth again. Merton, meanwhile, had stretched himself on the rag carpet with his overcoat for a pillow, and was in dreamless sleep. My wife's eyes were full of languor. She did not sit down, but stood beside me for a moment. Then, laying her head on my shoulder, she said softly:

"I can't give you any new theories ro such things, but I will try to make you all happy here."

"Dear little wife," I laughed, "when has woman hit upon a higher or better wisdom than that of making all happy in her own home? And you half asleep, too."

"Then I 'll bid you good-night at once, before I say something stupid."

Soon the old house was quiet. The wind had utterly ceased. I opened the door a moment and looked on the white, still world without. The stars glittered frostily through rifts in the clouds. Schunemunk mountain was a shadow along the western horizon, and the eastern highlands banked-up and blended with the clouds.

I stole silently through the house. There, too, all seemed in accord with nature. The life of a good old man had quietly ceased in this home; new, hopeful life was beginning. Evil is everywhere in the world, but it seemed to me that we had as safe a nook as could be found.

I remember little that followed until I was startled out of my chair by a loud knocking. The sunlight was streaming in at the window and John Jones's voice was at the door.

"I think we have all overslept," I said, as I admitted him.

"Not a bit of it. Every wink you 've had after such a day as yesterday is like money put in the bank. But the sleighing is better now than it will be later on," he said. "The sun 'll be warm by noon, and the snow 'll soon be slush. Now 's your chance to get your traps up in a hurry. I can have a two-hoss sled ready in half an hour, and, if you say so, I can hire a big sleigh of a neighbor, and we 'll have everything here by dinner-time. After you 're fixed up to your satisfaction, you wont care if the bottom does fall out of the roads for a time. Well, you *have* had to rough it; Merton might have come and staid with us."

"Oh, I 'm all right," said the boy, rubbing his eyes open as he rose from the floor, at the same time learning from stiff joints that a carpet is not a mattress.

"Nothing would suit me better, Mr. Jones, than your plan of prompt action," said I. "I 'm the luckiest man in the world in having such a long-headed, fore-handed neighbor to start with. I know you 'll make a good bargain for the other team, and before I sleep to-night I wish to square up for everything. I mean, at least, to begin business in this way at Maizeville."

"Oh, go slow, go slow!" said Mr. Jones. "The town will mob you if they find you have ready money in March. John junior will be over in a few minutes, with a pot of coffee and a jug of milk, and we 'll be off sharp."

There was a patter of feet overhead, and soon Bobsey came tearing down, half wild with excitement over the novelty of everything. He started for the door as if he were going head first into the snow. I caught him, and said:

"Do you see that chair? Well, we all have a busy day before us. You can help a good deal, and play a little; but you must n't hinder and pester. You must either obey orders or else be put under arrest and tied in the chair."

To go into the chair then would have been torture indeed, and the little fellow sobered down at once.

The others soon joined us, eager to see everything by the broad light of day, and to enter upon the task of getting settled. We had scarcely come together before John junior appeared with the chief features of our breakfast. The children scanned this probable playmate very curiously, and some of us could hardly repress a smile at his appearance. He was even more sandy than his father. Indeed, his hair and eye-brows were nearly white, but out of his red and almost full-moon face his mother's black eyes twinkled shrewdly. They now expressed only good-will and bashfulness, and every one of us shook hands with him so cordially that his boy's heart was evidently won.

Merton, to break the ice more fully, offered to show him his gun, which he had kept within reach ever since we left the boat. It made him feel more like a pioneer, no doubt. As he took it from its stout cloth cover, I saw John junior's eyes sparkle. Evidently a sympathetic chord was touched. He said excitedly:

"To-day 's your time to try it. A rabbit can't stir without leaving his tracks, and the snow is so deep and soft that he can't get away. There 's lots of 'em right on your own place."

"O Papa!" cried my boy, fairly trembling with eagerness, "can't I go?"

"I need you very much this morning."

"But, Papa, others will be out before me and I may lose my chance!" and he was half ready to cry.

"Yes," I said, "there is a risk of that. Well, *you* shall decide in this case," I added, after a moment. "It is rarely best to put pleasure before business or prudence. If you go out into the snow with those boots, you will spoil them and very probably take a severe cold. Yet you may go if you will. If you will help me now, we can be back by ten o'clock, and I will get you a pair of rubber boots as we return."

"Will there be any chance after ten o'clock?" he asked quickly.

"Well," said John junior, in his matter-of-fact way, "that depends. As your pa says, there's a risk."

The temptation was too strong for the moment.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Merton; "I may never have so good a chance again. The snow will melt soon, and there may not be any more till next winter. I 'll tie my trousers down around my boots, and I 'll help all the rest of the day after I get back."

"Very well," I said quietly, and he began eating his breakfast — the abundant remains of our last night's lunch — very rapidly, while John junior started off to get his gun.

I saw that Merton was ill at ease, but I made a sign to his mother not to interfere. More and more slowly he finished his breakfast, then took his gun and went to the room that would be his, to load and prepare. At last he came down and went out by another door, evidently not wishing to encounter me. John junior met him, and the boys were starting, when John senior drove into the yard. Then I heard him call out:

"John junior, come here for a minute!"

The boy returned slowly, Merton following.

"You have n't said anything to me about goin' off with that gun," said Mr. Jones severely.

"Well, Merton's pa said he might go if he wanted to, and I had to go along to show him."

"That first shot was n't exactly straight, my young friend John," said I. "I told Merton that it was n't best to put pleasure before business, but that he could go if he would. I wished to let him choose to do right instead of making him do right."

"Oho, that 's how the land lies, is it?" said John senior. "Well, John junior, you can have your choice too. You may go right on with your gun, but you know the length and weight of that strap at home. Now, will you help me, or will you go after rabbits?"

The boy grinned pleasantly and replied: "If you had said I could n't go, I would n't; but if it 's choosin' between shootin' rabbits and a strappin' afterward,— come along, Merton!"

"Well, go along then," chuckled his father. "You 've made your bargain square, and I 'll keep my part of it."

"Oh — pshaw for the rabbits! You sha'n't have any strapping on my account," cried Merton; and he carried his gun resolutely to his room and locked the door on it.

John junior went quietly to the old barn and put away his gun.

"Guess I 'll go with you, Pa," he said, joining us.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Jones. "It was

rather a poor bargain you made for yourself. Come, now, let 's all be off as soon as possible. Neighbor Hollins down the road will join us as we pass."

"Merton," I said, "see if there is n't a barrel of apples in the cellar. If you find one, you can fill your pockets."

He soon returned with bulging pockets and a smiling face, feeling that such virtue as he had shown had soon brought reward. My wife said that, while we were gone, she and the children would explore the house and plan how to arrange everything. We started in good spirits.

"Here 's where you thought you were cast away last night," Mr. Jones remarked, as we passed out of the lane.

The contrast made by a few short hours was indeed wonderful. Then, in dense obscurity, a tempest had howled and shrieked about us. Now, in the unclouded sunshine, a gemmed and sparkling world suggested beauty everywhere.

Merton munched his apples, but his eyes were busy, and I saw that he was impressed by winter scenery such as he had never before looked upon. Soon, however, he and John junior were deep in the game question, and I noted that the latter kept a sharp lookout along the roadside. Before long, while passing a thicket, he shouted, "Tracks! tracks!" and floundered out into the snow, Merton following.

The boy truly was showing good woodcraft. Restraining Merton, he cautiously approached the tracks, which, on account of the lightness and depth of the snow, were not very distinct.

"He can't be far away," said Junior, excitedly. "Don't go too fast till I see which way he was a-p'intin'. We don't want to follow the tracks back, but for'ard. See, he came out of that old wall there, he went to these bushes and nibbled some twigs, and here he went,—here he went,—here,—here,—yes, he went into the wall again just here. Now, Merton, watch this hole while I jump over the other side of the fence and see if he comes out again. If he makes a start, grab him."

John Jones and I were now almost as excited as the boys, and Mr. Hollins, the neighbor who was following us, was standing up in his sleigh to see the sport. It came quickly. As if by some instinct, the rabbit believed Junior to be the most dangerous, and made a break from the wall almost at Merton's feet, with such swiftness and power as to dash by him like a shot. The first force of its bound ended, it was caught by nature's trap,—snow too deep and soft to admit of rapid running.

John Jones soon proved that Junior came honestly by his passion for hunting. In a moment he was floundering through the bushes with his son and Merton. In such pursuit of game my boy had the advantage, for he was as agile as a cat; but a moment or two elapsed before he caught up with the rabbit and threw himself upon it, then rose, white as a snow man, shouting triumphantly and holding the little creature aloft by its hind legs.

"Never rate Junior for hunting again," I said, laughingly, to Mr. Jones. "He 's only a chip of the old block, it seems!"

"I rather guess he is," my neighbor acknowledged, with a grin. "I own up I used to be pretty hot on such larkin'. We all keep forgettin' we were boys once."

As we rode on, Merton was a picture of exultation, and Junior was on the sharp lookout again. His father turned on him and said, "Now, look-a-here, enough 's as good as a feast. I 'll blindfold you if you don't let the tracks alone. Mrs. Durham wants her things, so she can begin to live. Get up there!" and a crack of the whip ended all further hopes on the part of the boys. But they felt well repaid for coming, and Merton assured Junior that he deserved half the credit, for only he knew how to manage the hunt.

Before we reached the landing I had invested a goodly sum in four pairs of rubber boots, for I knew how hopeless it would be to try to keep Winnie and Bobsey indoors. As for Mousie, she would have to be prudent until the ground should become dry and warm.

There is no need of dwelling long on the bringing home of our effects and the getting to rights. We were back soon after ten, and found that Winnie and Bobsey, having exhausted the resources of the house, had been permitted to start at the front door, and, with an old fire-shovel and a piece of board, had well-nigh completed a path to the well, piling up the snow as they advanced, so that their overshoes were a sufficient protection.

After we had carried in the things, I interceded with Mr. Jones, and then told the boys that they could take their guns and be absent two or three hours if they would promise to help faithfully the rest of the day.

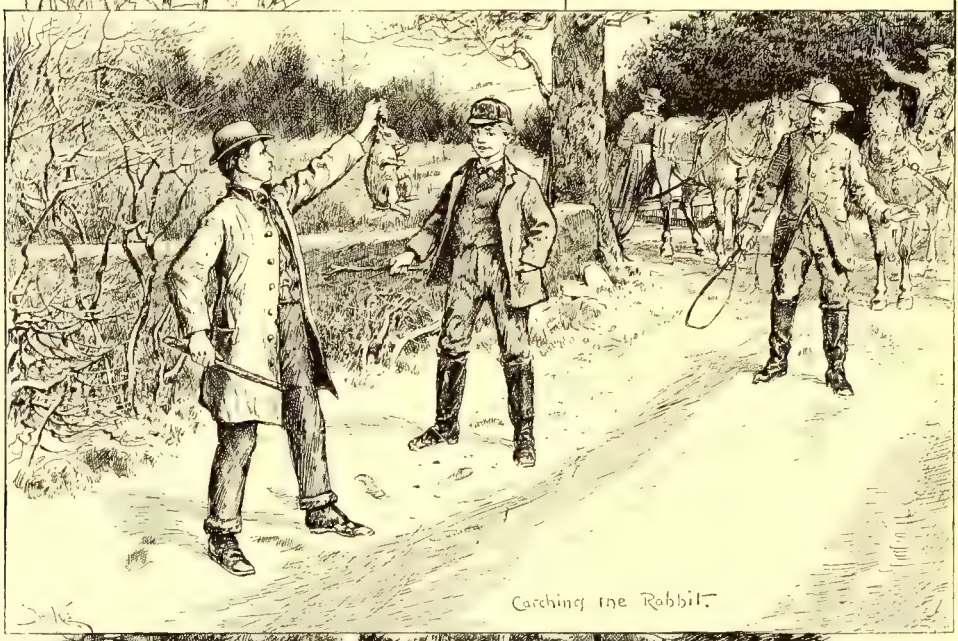
As I had bought at the Maizeville landing such provisions, tools, etc., as I should need immediately, I did not worry because the fickle March sky was clouding up again with the promise of rain. A heavy down-pour now with snow upon the ground, would cause almost a flood, but I felt that we could shut the door and find the old house a very comfortable ark.

"A smart warm rain would be just the best thing for you," said Mr. Jones, as he helped me carry in the furniture and put up the beds. "It would take the snow off. Nat'rally you want to get out on the bare ground, for there 's always a

lot of clearin' up to be done in the spring; and old man Jamison was so unwell the last year that he could n't keep things up to the mark."

"Yes," I replied, "I am as eager to get to work outdoors as the boys were to go after rabbits. I believe I shall like the work; but that is not the question. I did not come to the country to amuse myself, like so many city people. I don't blame them. I wish I could afford farming for fun. I came to earn a living for my wife and children, and I am anxious to be about it. I 'll not appeal to you for anything except what you can easily give me—advice. I've only had a city training, and my theories about farming are perhaps calculated to make you smile. But I 've seen enough of you in these few days to feel that you are inclined to be kind and neighborly, and the best way to show this will be in helping me to good, sound, practical, common-sense







advice. But you must n't put on airs, or be impatient with me. Shrewd as you are, I could show you some things in the city."

"Oh! I 'd be a sight queerer there than you here," said Mr. Jones. "I see your point, and if you 'll ask my advice, I 'll not let you make any blunders I would n't make myself,— though p'r'aps that is not saying a great deal."

By this time everything had been brought in and either put in place or stowed out of the way until my wife could decide where and how she would arrange things.

"Now," I concluded, as Mr. Jones drove off, "please carry out our agreement."

He gave me a wink and jingled away.

Our agreement was this: first, that he and Mr. Hollins, the owner of the other team, should be paid in full before night; and second, that Mrs. Jones should furnish us our dinner, in which the chief dish should be a pot-pie from the rabbit caught by Merton, and that Mr. Jones should bring everything over at 1 P. M.

My wife was so absorbed in unpacking her china, kitchen utensils, and groceries, that she was unaware of the flight of time; but at last she suddenly exclaimed:

"I declare it 's dinner-time!"

"Not quite yet," I said; "dinner will be ready at one o'clock."

"It will? Oh, indeed! Since we are in the country, I suppose we are to pick up what we can, as the birds do. Perhaps you intend to invite us all down to the apple barrel."

"Certainly, whenever you wish to go; but we 'll have a hot dinner at one o'clock, and a game dinner into the bargain."

"I 've heard the boys' guns occasionally, but I have n't seen the game, and it 's after twelve now."

"Papa has a secret — a surprise for us," cried Mousie. "I can see it in his eyes."

"Now, Robert," said my wife, "I know what you 've been doing; you have asked Mrs. Jones to furnish a dinner. You are extravagant, for I could have picked up something that would have answered."

"No, I 've been very prudent in saving your time and strength, and saving these is sometimes the best economy in the world," I replied. "Mousie is nearer right. The dinner is a secret, and it has been furnished chiefly by one of the family."

"Well, I 'm too busy to guess riddles to-day," my wife replied; "but if my appetite is a guide, it is nearly time we had your secret."

Mr. and Mrs. Jamison had clung to their old-fashioned ways, and had done their cooking over the open fire, using the swinging crane, which is now employed chiefly in pictures. This, for the sake of the picture it made, we proposed to keep as it had been left, although at times it might answer some more prosaic purpose.

At the eastern end of the house was a single room, added unknown years before, and designed to be a bedchamber. The room was quite large, having windows facing the east and south, and therefore it would be light and cheerful, as a kitchen ever should be, especially when the mistress of the house is cook. There Mr. Jones and I set up the excellent stove that I brought from New York — one to which my wife was accustomed.

"It cheers one up to enter a kitchen like this," she said.

"It is to be your garden for a time, also," I explained to Mousie. "By this last window I shall soon have a table with shallow boxes of earth, and in them you can plant some of your flower-seeds. I only ask that I may have two of the boxes for early cabbages, lettuce, tomatoes, etc. You and your plants can take a sun-bath every morning until it is warm enough to go out-of-doors; and you 'll find the plants wont die here as they did in the dark, gas-poisoned city flat."

"I feel as if I were going to grow faster and stronger than the plants," cried the happy child.

Junior and Merton now appeared, each carrying a rabbit. My boy's face, however, was clouded, and he said a little despondingly:

"I can't shoot straight — missed every time, and Junior shot 'em after I had fired and missed."

"Pshaw," cried Junior, "Merton 's got to learn to take a quick, steady sight, like every one else; he gets too excited, that 's all."

"That 's just it, my boy," I said. "You shall go down by the creek, Merton, and fire at a mark a few times every day, and you 'll soon hit it every time. Junior's head is too level to think that anything can be done well without practice. Now, Junior," I added, "run over home and help your father bring us our dinner, and then you stay and help us eat it."

Father and son soon appeared, well laden. Winnie and Bobsey came in ravenous from their path-making, and all agreed that we had already grown one vigorous Maizeville crop,— an appetite.

The pot-pie was exulted over, the secret of its existence explained, and we all congratulated Merton as the one who had provided our first country dinner.

Before the meal was over I said, seriously, "Now, boys, there must be no more hunting until I find out about the game-laws. They should be obeyed, especially by sportsmen. I don't think that we are forbidden to kill rabbits on our own place when they threaten to be troublesome; and the hunt this morning was so unexpected that I

did not think of the law, which might be used to make us trouble. You killed the other rabbits on this place, Junior?"

"Yes, sir, both of 'em."

"Well, hereafter you must look after hawks and other enemies of poultry. Especially do I hope you will never fire at our useful song-birds. If boys throughout the country would band together to protect game when out of season, they would soon have fine sport in the autumn."

In the afternoon we let Winnie and Bobsey expend their energy in making paths and lanes in every direction through the snow, which was melting rapidly in the south wind. By three o'clock the rain began to fall, and when darkness set in there was a gurgling sound of water on every side. Our crackling fire made the warmth and comfort within seem tenfold more cheery.

A hearty supper, prepared in our own kitchen, made us feel that our home machinery had fairly started, and we knew that it would run more and more smoothly. March was keeping up its bad name for storm and change. The wind was again roaring, but laden now with rain, and in gusty sheets the heavy drops dashed against the windows. Our old ark of a house, however, kept us dry and safe, although it rocked a little in the blasts. They soon proved a lullaby for our second night at home.

After breakfast the following morning, with Merton, Winnie, and Bobsey, I started out to see if any damage had been done. The sky was still clouded, but the rain had ceased. Our rubber boots served us well, for the earth was like an overfull sponge, while down every little incline and hollow a stream was murmuring.

The old barn showed the need for many nails to be driven here and there, and no little repairing. That done, it would answer very well for corn-stalks and other coarse fodder. The new barn had been fairly built, and the interior was dry. It still contained as much hay as would be needed for the keeping of a horse and cow until the new crop should be harvested.

"Papa," cried Winnie, "where is the chicken place?"

"That is one of the questions we must settle at once!" I replied.

The new barn had been built on a side hill, and it had an ample basement, from which a room extending well into the bank had been partitioned. The entrance to this basement faced the east, and on either side of it was a window. To the right of the entrance were two cow-stalls, and to the left was an open space half full of mouldy corn-stalks and other rubbish.

"See here, Winnie and Merton," I said, after a little examination, "I think we could clear out this space on the left, partition it off, make a door, and keep the chickens here. After that window is washed, a good deal of sunlight can come in. I've read that in cold weather poultry need warmth and light, and must be kept dry. We can soon secure all these conditions here. Having a home for ourselves, suppose we first set to work to make a home for the chickens."

This idea delighted Winnie and pleased Merton almost as much as hunting rabbits.

"Now," I resumed, "we will go to the house and get what we need for the work."

By eleven o'clock we had the basement cleaned, and Winnie had washed the windows. Then John Jones's thin figure darkened the door-way, and he cried:

"Hello, neighbor, what ye driving at?"

"Look around and see, and then tell us where to get a lot of chickens."

"Well, I declare!" said Mr. Jones. "How you 've improved things! You 're not goin' to scrub the dirt floor, are you? This looks like business—just the place for chickens. I wonder old man Jamison did n't keep 'em here; but he did n't care for fowls. Now I think of it, there is to be a vandoo next week, and there 's a lot of chickens goin' to be sold at auction. I 'll bid 'em in for you if they 're a good lot. If you, a city chap, was to bid, some straw-bidder would be raisin' the price for you. I know what they 're worth, and everybody there 'll know I do, and they 'll try no sharp games with me."

"That will suit me exactly, Mr. Jones," I replied.

"Have you looked into the root-cellar?" inquired my neighbor.

"Yes; we opened the door and looked in, but it was as dark as a pocket."

"Well, I don't b'lieve in matches round a barn, but it 's damp as a well in that room. I 'll show you something"; and he opened the door, struck a match, and, holding it aloft, revealed a heap of turnips, another of carrots, five barrels of potatoes and three of apples. The children pounced upon the last with appetites sharpened by their morning's work.

"You see," resumed Mr. Jones, "these were here when old man Jamison died. You can have the lot at a low figure" (which he named).

"I 'll take them," I said promptly.

"The carrots make it look like a gold-mine," cried Merton.

"You 're wise to take 'em," continued Mr. Jones. "You 'll have to get a cow and a horse soon, and perhaps I can pick them for you too, at the vandoo. You can go along, and if anything strikes your fancy, I 'll bid on it."

"Oh, Papa!" cried the children in chorus, "can we go with you to the vandoo? But what is it?"

I explained that a "vandoo," as Mr. Jones called it, was a "vendue," or auction sale of farm and household things, and I added: "Yes, I think you can go. When does it take place, Mr. Jones?"

"Next Tuesday. That 's a good breed of potatoes. Jamison always had the best of everything. They 'll furnish you with seed and supply your table till new ones come. I should n't wonder, too, if you could sell a barrel or so of apples at a rise."

"I 've found a market for them already," said I. "Look at these children, and I 'm good for a half a barrel myself if they don't decay too soon. Where could we find better or cheaper food? All the books say that apples are fattening."

"That 's true of man and beast, if the books do say it. They 'll keep in this cool, dark cellar longer than you 'd think — longer than you 'll let 'em, from the way they 're disappearin'. I guess *I 'll* try one."

"Certainly," I said; "help yourself."

"This is the kind of place for keeping apples cool," he remarked, as he munched the fruit with a relish; "dark, even temperature. Why, they 're as crisp and juicy as if just off the trees. I came over to make a suggestion. There 's a lot of sugar-maple trees on your place, down by the brook. Why not tap 'em and set a couple of pots bilin' over your open fire? You 'd kill two birds with one stone. The fire 'd keep you warm and make a lot of sugar in the bargain. I reckon, too, the children would like the fun."

They were already shouting over the idea, but I said, dubiously:

"How about the pails to catch the sap?"

"Well," said Mr. Jones, "I 've thought of that. We 've a lot of spare milk-pails and pans that we 're not usin'. Junior understands the business, and, as we 're not very busy, he can help you and take his pay in sugar."

The subject of poultry was forgotten, and the children scampered off to the house to tell of this new project.

Before Mr. Jones and I left the basement he said, "You don't want any partition here at present, only a few perches for the fowls. There 's a fairish shed, you remember, in the upper barnyard, and when it is not very cold or stormy, the cow will do well enough there till next winter. The weather 'll be grow'n' milder 'most every day, and in rough spells you can put her in here. Chickens wont do her any harm. Law sakes! When the main conditions are right, what 's the use of havin' everything just so? It 's more important to save your time and strength and money. You 'll find enough to do without one extra stroke." Thus John Jones fulfilled his office of mentor.

I restrained the children until after dinner, which my wife hastened. By that time Junior was on hand with a small wagon-load of pails and pans.

"Oh, dear! I wanted you to help me this afternoon," my wife had said. But seeing the dismayed look on the children's faces, she had added, "Well, there 's no hurry, I suppose. We are comfortable, and we shall have stormy days, when you can't all be out in the open air."

The horse was put in the barn, for he would have mired in the long spongy lane and the meadow which we must cross. So we decided to run the light wagon down by hand.

"I tapped the trees last year, as old Mr. Jamison did n't care about doin' it," said the boy, "an' I biled the pot of sap down in the grove; but that was slow, cold work. I saved the little wooden troughs I used last year, and they are in one of the pails. I brought over a big kettle, too, which mother let me have, and if we can keep this and yours a-goin', we 'll soon have some sugar."

Away we went, down the lane, Junior and Merton in the shafts, playing horses. I pushed in some places and held back in others, while Winnie and Bobsey picked their way between puddles and quagmires. The snow was so nearly gone that it lay only on northern slopes. We had heard the deep roar of the Moodna creek all the morning, and had meant to go and see it right after breakfast; but providing a chicken home had proved a greater attraction to the children and a better investment of time for me. Now from the top of the last hill-side we saw a great flood rushing by, with a hoarse, surging noise.

"Winnie, Bobsey, if you go near that water without me, you march straight home," I cried.

They promised never to go, but I thought Bobsey protested a little too much. Away we went down the hill, skirting what was now a good-sized brook. I knew the trees, from a previous visit; and the maple, when once known, can be picked out anywhere, so genial, mellow, and generous an aspect has it, even when leafless.

The roar of the creek and the gurgle of the brook made genuine March music, and the children looked and acted as if there were nothing left to be desired; but when Junior showed them a tree that appeared to be growing directly out of a flat rock, they expressed a wonder which no town museum could have excited.

But scenery, and even rural marvels, could not keep their attention long. All were intent on sap and sugar, and Junior was speedily at work. The moment he broke the brittle, juicy bark, the sap began to flow.

As fast as he inserted his little wooden troughs into the trees, we placed pails and pans under them and began harvesting the first crop from our farm.

This was rather slow work, and to keep Winnie and Bobsey busy I told them they could gather sticks and leaves, pile them up at the foot of a rock on a dry hill-side and we would have a fire. Meanwhile I picked up the dead branches that strewed the ground, and with my axe trimmed them for use in summer when only a quick blaze would be needed to boil the supper kettle. To city-bred eyes wood seemed a rare luxury, and although there was enough lying about to supply us for a year, I could not get over the feeling that it must all be cared for.

There are few greater delights to children than that of building a fire in the woods, and on that cloudy, chilly day our blaze against the rock brought solid comfort to us all, even though the smoke did get into our eyes. Winnie and Bobsey, little bundles of energy that they were, seemed unwearied in feeding the flames, while Merton sought to hide his excitement by imitating Junior's stolid, business-like ways. Finding him alone once, I said:

"Merton, don't you remember saying to me once—'I 'd like to know what there is for a boy to do in this street?' Don't you think there 's something for a boy to do on this farm?"

"Oh, Papa!" he cried, "I 'm just trying to hold in! So much has happened, and I 've had such a good time, that it seems as if I had been here a month; then, again, the hours pass like minutes. See, the sun is low already."

"It 's all new and exciting now, Merton, but there will be long hours,—yes, days and weeks,—when you 'll have to act like a man and do the work because it must be done."

"So there would if we staid in town," he said.

But soon I decided that it was time for the younger children to return, for I meant to give my wife all the help I could before bed-time. We first hauled the wagon back, and then Merton said he would bring what sap had been caught. Junior had to go home for a time to do his evening chores, but he promised to return before dark and help carry in the sap.

"There 'll be frost to-night, and we 'll get the biggest run in the morning," was his encouraging remark, as he harnessed up and made ready to depart.

Mrs. Jones had been over to see my wife, and they bade fair to become good friends. I set to work putting things in better shape and bringing in a good pile of wood. Merton soon appeared with a brimming pail. A kettle was hung on the crane, but before the sap was placed over the fire all must taste it, just as it had been distilled by nature. And all were quickly satisfied. Even Mousie said it was "too watery," and Winnie made a face as she exclaimed, "I declare, Merton, I believe you filled the pail from the brook!"

"Patience, youngsters; sap, as well as some other things, is better for boiling down."

By the time it was dark we had both the kettles boiling and bubbling over the fire, and fine music they made. With Junior for guest we greatly enjoyed our supper, which consisted principally of baked apples and milk.

When the meal was over, Junior went out on the porch, and returned with a mysterious sack.

"Butternuts!" he ejaculated.

Junior was winning his way truly, and in the children's eyes was already a good genius, as his father was in mine.

"O Papa," was the general cry, "can't we crack them on the hearth?"

"But you 'll singe your very eyebrows off," I said.

"Mine are so white, 't would n't matter," said Junior; "nobody 'd miss 'em. Give me a hammer, and I 'll keep you goin'."

And so he did, on one of the stones of the hearth, with such a lively rat-tat-snap! that it seemed a regular rhythm.

"I 've cracked well-nigh on to fifty bushel in my life, I guess," he explained, in answer to our wonder at his skill.

And so the evening passed around the genial old fire-place, and before the children retired they smacked their lips over syrup sweet enough to satisfy them.

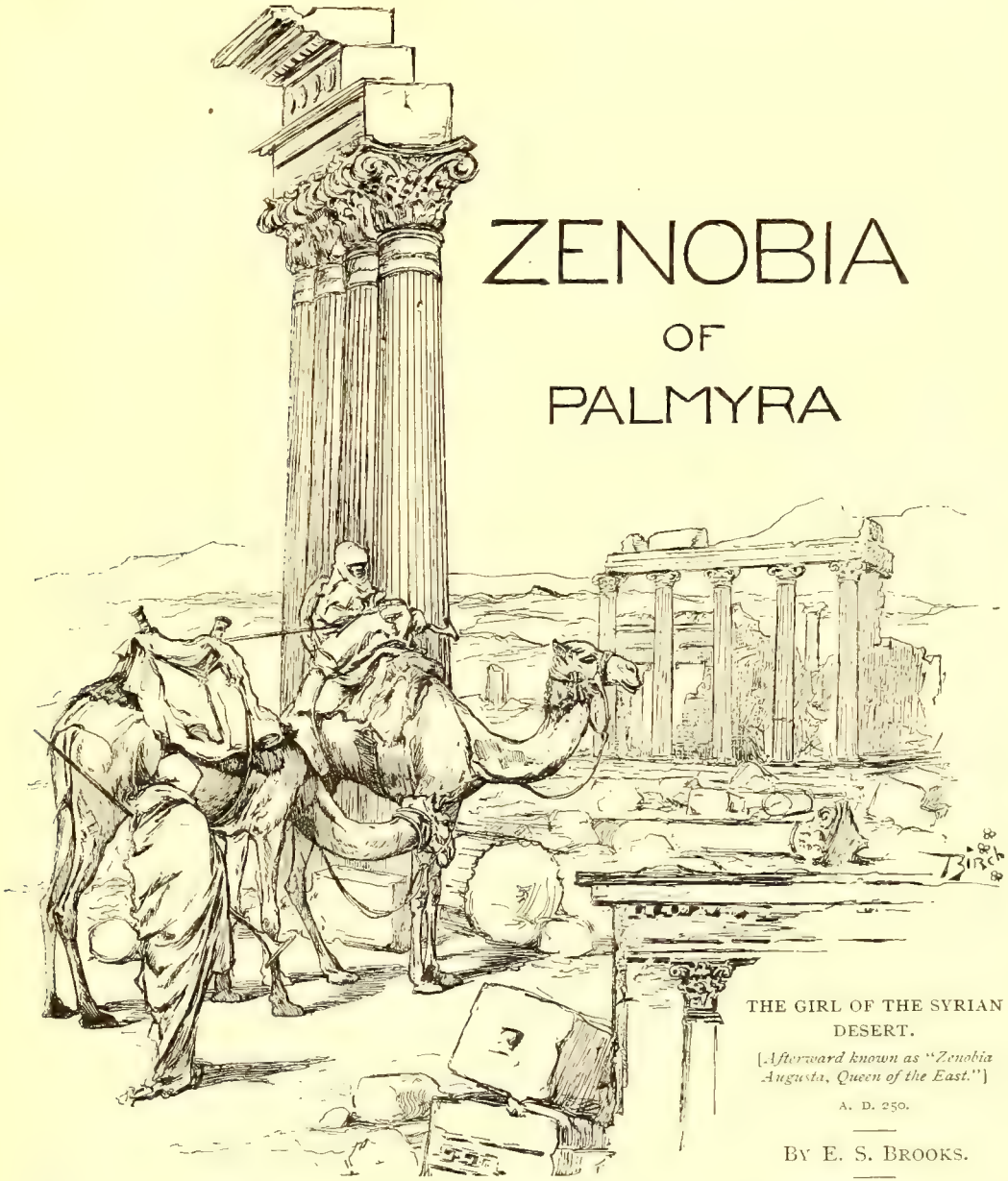
The following morning—Saturday—I vibrated between the sugar-camp and the barn and other out-buildings, giving, however, most of the time to the help of my wife in getting the house more to her mind and in planning some work that would require a brief visit from a carpenter, for I felt that I must soon bestow nearly all my attention on the outdoor work. I managed to keep Bobsey under my eye for the most of the time, but in the afternoon I left him for a few moments only at the sugar-bush while I carried up some sap. A man called to see me on business and I was detained. Knowing the little fellow's proneness to mischief and forgetfulness of all commands, I at last hastened back, with a half-guilty, half-worried feeling.

I reached the brow of the hill just in time to see him throw a stick into the creek, lose his balance, and fall in.

With a terrified call, his own cry forming a faint echo, I sprang forward frantically, but the swift current caught and bore him away.

(To be continued.)

ZENOBIA OF PALMYRA



THE GIRL OF THE SYRIAN DESERT.

[*Afterward known as "Zenobia Augusta, Queen of the East."*]

A. D. 250.

By E. S. Brooks.

Many and many miles and many days' journey toward the rising sun, over seas and mountains and deserts,—farther to the east than Rome, or Constantinople, or even Jerusalem and old Damascus, —stand the ruins of a once mighty city, scattered over a mountain-walled oasis of the great Syrian desert, thirteen hundred feet above the sea, and just across the northern border of Arabia. Look for it in your geographies. It is known as Palmyra. To-day the jackal prowls through its deserted streets and the lizard suns himself on its fallen columns, while thirty or forty miserable Arabian huts huddle together in a small corner of what was once the great court-yard of the magnificent Temple of the Sun.

And yet, sixteen centuries ago, Palmyra, or Tadmor as it was originally called, was one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Nature and

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art combined to make it glorious. Like a glittering mirage out of the sand-swept desert arose its palaces and temples and grandly sculptured archways; aqueducts and monuments and gleaming porticoes; countless groves of palm-trees and gardens full of verdure; wells and fountains; market and circus; broad streets stretching away to the city gates and lined on either side with magnificent colonnades of rose-colored marble. Such was Palmyra in the year of our Lord 250, when, in the soft Syrian month of Nisan, or April, in an open portico in the great colonnade and screened from the sun by gayly colored awnings, two young people—a boy of sixteen and a girl of twelve—looked down upon the beautiful Street of the Thousand Columns, as lined with bazaars and thronged with merchants it stretched from the wonderful Temple of the Sun to the triple Gate-way of the Sepulchre, nearly a mile away.

Both were handsome and healthy—true children of old Tadmor, that glittering, fairy-like city which, Arabian legends say, was built by the genii for the great King Solomon ages and ages ago. Midway between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates it was the meeting-place for the caravans from the east and the wagon trains from the west, and it had thus become a city of merchant princes, a wealthy commercial republic, like Florence and Venice in the middle ages—the common toll-gate for both the East and West.

But, though a tributary colony of Rome, it was so remote a dependency of that mighty mistress of the world that the yoke of vassalage was but carelessly worn and lightly felt. The great merchants and chiefs of caravans who composed its senate and directed its affairs, and whose glittering statues lined the sculptured cornice of its marble colonnades, had more power and influence than the far-off Emperor at Rome, and but small heed was paid to the slender garrison that acted as guard of honor to the *strategi* or special officers who held the colony for Rome and received its yearly tribute. And yet so strong a force was Rome in the world that even this free-tempered desert city had gradually become Romanized in manners as in name, so that Tadmor had become first Adrianapolis and then Palmyra. And this influence had touched even those children in the portico. For their common ancestor—a wealthy merchant of a century before—had secured honor and rank from the Emperor Septimus Severus—the man who "walled in" England, and of whom it was said that "he never performed an act of humanity or forgave a fault." Becoming, by the Emperor's grace, a Roman citizen, this merchant of Palmyra, according to a custom of the time, took the name of his royal patron as that of his own "*fahdh*," or family, and the father of young Odhainat in the portico, as was Odhainat himself, was known as Septimus Odænathus, while the young girl found her Arabic name of Bath Zabbai, Latinized into that of Septima Zenobia.

But as, thinking nothing of all this, they looked lazily on the throng below, a sudden exclamation from the lad caused his companion to raise her flashing black eyes inquiringly to his face.

"What troubleth thee, my Odhainat?" she asked.

"There, there; look there, Bath Zabbai!" replied the boy excitedly; "coming through the Damascus arch, and we thought him to be in Emesa."

The girl's glance followed his guiding finger, but even as she looked a clear trumpet peal rose above the din of the city, while from beneath a sculptured archway that spanned a colonnaded cross-street the bright April sun gleamed down upon the standard of Rome with its eagle crest and its S. P. Q. R. design beneath. There is a second trumpet peal, and swinging into the great Street of the Thousand Columns, at the head of his light-armed legionaries, rides the centurion Rufinus, lately advanced to the rank of tribune of one of the chief Roman cohorts in Syria. His coming, as Odhainat and even the young Bath Zabbai knew, meant a stricter supervision of the city, a re-enforcement of its garrison, and the assertion of the mastership of Rome over this far eastern province on the Persian frontier.

"But why should the coming of the Roman so trouble you, my Odhainat?" she asked. "We are neither Jew nor Christian that we should fear his wrath, but free Palmyreans who bend the knee neither to Roman nor Persian masters."

"Who *will* bend the knee no longer, be it never so little, my cousin," exclaimed the lad hotly, "as this very day would have shown had not this crafty Rufinus—may great Solomon's genii dash him in the sea!—come with his cohort to mar our measures! Yet see—who cometh now?" he cried; and at once the attention of the young people was turned in the opposite direction as they saw, streaming out of the great fortress-like court-yard of the Temple of the Sun, another hurrying throng.

Then young Odhainat gave a cry of joy.

"See, Bath Zabbai; they come, they come!" he cried. "It is my father, Odhainat the *esarkos*,* with all the leaders and bowmen and spearmen of our *fahdh* armed and in readiness. This day will we fling off the Roman yoke and become the true and unconquered lords of Palmyra. And I, too, must join them," he added.

But the young girl detained him. "Wait, cousin," she said; "watch and wait. Our *fahdh*

* The "head-man," or chief of the "fahdh" or family.

will scarce attempt so brave a deed to-day, with these new Roman soldiers in our gates. That were scarcely wise."

But the boy broke out again. "So; they have seen each other," he said; "both sides are pressing on!"

"True; and they will meet under this very portico," said Bath Zabbai, and moved both by interest and desire this dark-eyed Syrian girl, to whom fear was never known, standing by her cousin's side, looked down upon the tossing sea of spears and lances and glittering shields and helmets that swayed and surged in the street below.

"So, Odænathus!" said Rufinus, the tribune, reining in his horse and speaking in harsh and commanding tones, "What meaneth this array of armed followers?"

"Are the movements of Septimus Odænathus, the head-man, of such importance to the noble tribune that he must needs question a free merchant of Palmyra as to the number and manner of his servants?" asked Odænathus haughtily.

"Dog of a Palmyrean; slave of a camel-driver!" said the Roman angrily, "trifle not with me. Were you ten times the free merchant you claim you should not thus reply. Free, forsooth! None are free but Romans."

"Have a care, O Rufinus," said the Palmyrean boldly, "choose wiser words if you would have peaceful ways. Palmyra brooks no such slander of her foremost men."

"And Rome brooks no such men as you, traitor," said Rufinus. "Ay, traitor, I say!" he repeated, as Odænathus started at the word. "Think not to hide your plots to overthrow the Roman power in your city and hand the rule to the base Sapor of Persia. Everything is known to our great father the Emperor, and thus doth he reckon with traitors. Macrinus, strike!" and at his word the short Gallic sword in the ready hand of the big German foot-soldier went straight to its mark and Odænathus, the "head-man" of Palmyra, lay dead in the Street of the Thousand Columns.

So sudden and so unexpected was the blow that the Palmyreans stood as if stunned, unable to comprehend what had happened. But the Roman was swift to act.

"Sound, trumpets! Down, pikes!" he cried, and as the trumpet-peal rose loud and clear, fresh legionaries came hurrying through the Damascus arch, and the *pilum** and *spatha* of Rome bore back the bowmen and lancers of Palmyra.

But, before the lowered pikes could fully disperse the crowd, the throng parted and through the swaying mob there burst a lithe and flying figure—a brown-skinned maid of twelve with streaming hair, loose robe, and angry, flashing eyes. Right under the lowered pikes she darted and, all flushed and panting, defiantly faced the astonished Rufinus. Close behind her came an equally excited lad who, when he saw the stricken body of his father on the marble street, flung himself weeping upon it. But Bath Zabbai's eyes flashed still more angrily:

"Assassin, murderer!" she cried; "you have slain my kinsman and Odhainat's father. How dare you; how dare you!" she repeated vehemently, and then, flushing with deeper scorn, she added, "Roman, I hate you! Would that I were a man. Then should all Palmyra know how ——"

"Scourge these children home," broke in the stern Rufinus, "or fetch them by the ears to their nurses and their toys. Let the boys and girls of Palmyra beware how they mingle in the matters of their elders, or in the plots of their fathers. Men of Palmyra, you who to-day have dared to think of rebellion, look on your leader here and know how Rome deals with traitors. But, because the merchant Odænathus bore a Roman name, and was of Roman rank—ho, soldiers! bear him to his house, and let Palmyra pay such honor as befits his name and station."

The struggling children were half led, half carried into the sculptured *atrium* † of the palace of Odænathus which, embowered in palms and vines and wonderful Eastern plants, stood back from the marble colonnade on the Street of the Thousand Columns. And when in that same *atrium* the body of the dead merchant lay embalmed and draped for its "long home,"‡ there, kneeling by the stricken form of the murdered father and kinsman, and with uplifted hand, after the vindictive manner of these fierce old days of blood, Odænathus and Zenobia swore eternal hatred to Rome.

But how could a fatherless boy and girl, away off on the edge of an Arabian desert, hope to resist successfully the mighty power of Imperial Rome? The story of their lives will tell.

If there are some people who are patriots, there are others who are poltroons, and such a one was Hairan, the elder brother of young Odhainat, when, succeeding to his dead father's wealth and power, he thought less of Roman tyranny than of Roman gold.

"Revenge ourselves on their purses, my brother, and not on their pikes," he said. "'T is easier and more profitable to sap the Roman's gold than to shed the Roman's blood."

* The *pilum* was the Roman pike, and the *spatha* the long single-edged Roman sword.

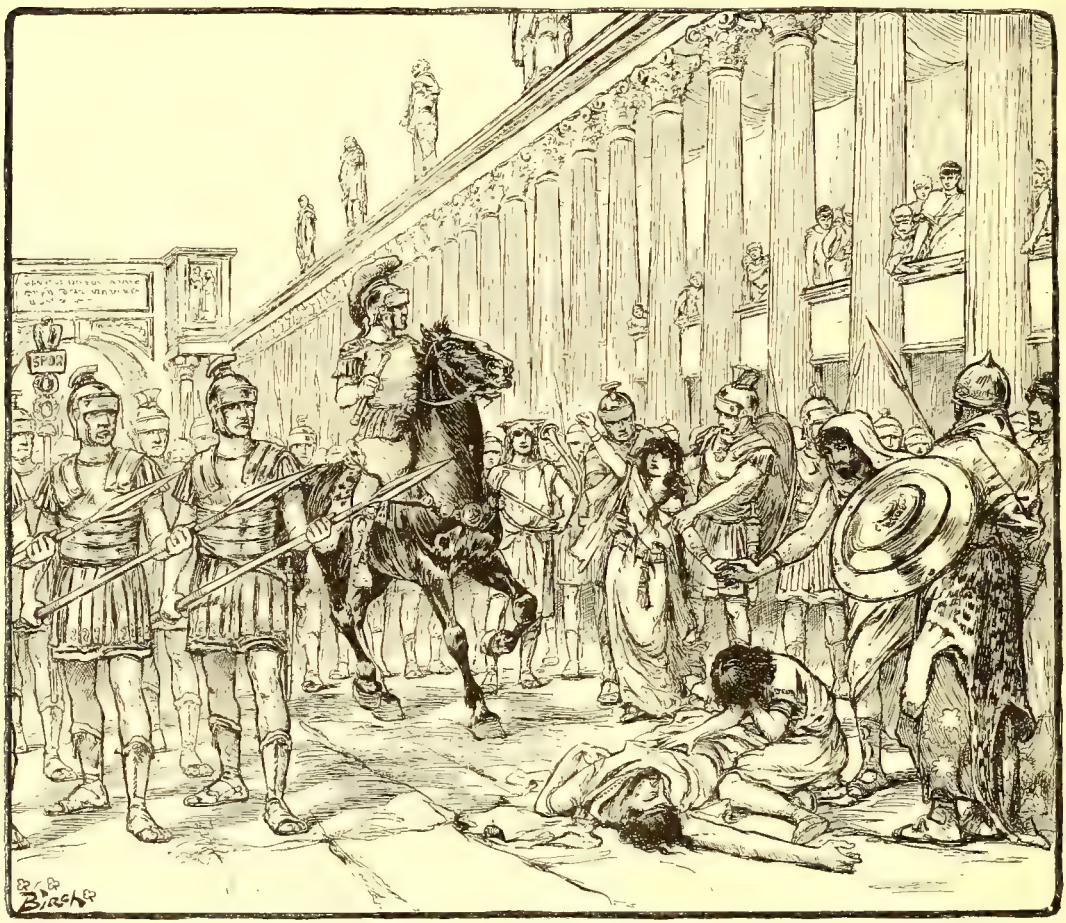
† The large central "living-room" of a Roman palace.

‡ The Palmyreans built great tower-tombs, beautiful in architecture and adornment, the ruins of which still stand on the hill slopes overlooking the old city. These they called their "long homes," and you will find the word used in the same sense in Ecclesiastes xii., 5.

But this submission to Rome only angered Odhainat, and to such a conflict of opinion did it lead that at last Hairan drove his younger brother from the home of his fathers, and the lad, "an Esau among the Jacobs of Tadmor," so the record tells us, spent his youth amid the roving Bedaween of the Arabian deserts and the mountaineers of the Armenian hills, waiting his time.

But, though a homeless exile, the dark-eyed her mingled Arabic and Egyptian blood,—for she could trace her ancestry back to the free chiefs of the Arabian desert, and to the dauntless Cleopatra of Egypt,—she loved the excitement of the chase, and in the plains and mountains beyond the city she learned to ride and hunt with all the skill and daring of a young Diana.

And so it came to pass that when the Emperor Valerian sent an embassy from Rome to



ZENOBIA'S DEFIANCE OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNE IN THE STREET OF THE THOUSAND COLUMNS.

Bath Zabbai did not forget him. In the palace of another kinsman, Septimus Worod, the "lord of the markets," she gave herself up to careful study, and hoped for the day of Palmyra's freedom. As rich in powers of mind as in the graces of form and face, she soon became a wonderful scholar for those distant days—mistress of four languages: Coptic, Syriac, Latin, and Greek, while the fiery temper of the girl grew into the nobler ambitions of the maiden. But above all things, as became Ctesiphon, bearing a message to the Great King, as Sapor, the Persian monarch, was called, the embassy halted in Palmyra, and Septimus Hairan, now the head-man of the city, ordered, "in the name of the senate and people of Palmyra," a grand *venatio*, or wild beast hunt, in the circus near the Street of the Thousand Columns, in honor of his Roman guests. And he dispatched his kinsman Septimus Zabbai, the soldier, to the Armenian hills to superintend the capture and

delivery of the wild game needed for the hunt. With a great following of slaves and huntsmen, Zabbai the soldier departed, and with him went his niece, Bath Zabbai, or Zenobia, now a fearless young huntress of fifteen. Space will not permit to tell of the wonders and excitement of that wild beast hunt — a hunt in which none must be killed but all must be captured without mar or wound. Such a trapping of wolves and bears and buffaloes was there, such a setting of nets and pitfalls for the mountain lion and the Syrian leopard, while the Arab hunters beat, and drove, and shouted, or lay in wait with net and blunted lance, that it was rare sport to the fearless Zenobia, who rode her fleet Arabian horse at the very head of the chase, and, with quick eye and practiced hand, helped largely to swell the trophies of the hunt. What girl of to-day, whom even the pretty little jumping-mouse of Syria would scare out of her wits, could be tempted to witness such a scene? And yet this young Palmyrean girl loved nothing better than the chase, and the records tell us that she was a "passionate hunter" and that "she pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert" and thought nothing of fatigue or peril.

So, through dense Armenian forests and along rugged mountain paths, down rock-strewn hill-slopes and in green, low-lying valleys, the chase swept on: and one day, in one of the pleasant glades which, half-sun and half-shadow, stretch away to the Lebanon hills, young Bath Zabbai suddenly reined in her horse in full view of one of the typical hunting scenes of those old days. A young Arabian hunter had enticed a big mountain lion into one of the strong-meshed nets of stout palm fibers, then used for such purposes. His trained leopard or *cheetah* had drawn the beast from his lair, and by cunning devices had led him on until the unfortunate lion was half-entrapped. Just then, with a sudden swoop, a great golden eagle dashed down upon the preoccupied *cheetah*, and buried his talons in the leopard's head. But the weight of his victim was more than he had bargained for; the *cheetah* with a quick upward dash dislodged one of the great bird's talons, and, turning as quickly, caught the disengaged leg in his sharp teeth. At that instant the lion, springing at the struggling pair, started the fastenings of the net which, falling upon the group, held all three prisoners. The eagle and lion thus ensnared sought to release themselves, but only ensnared themselves the more, while the cunning *cheetah*, versed in the knowledge of the hunter's net, crept out from beneath the meshes as his master raised them slightly, and with bleeding head crawled to him for praise and relief.

Then the girl, flushed with delight at this double capture, galloped to the spot, and in that instant she recognized in the successful hunter her cousin the exile.

"Well snared, my Odhainat," she said, as, the first exclamation of surprise over, she stood beside the brown-faced and sturdy young hunter. "The Palmyrean leopard hath bravely trapped both the Roman eagle and the Persian lion. See, is it not an omen from the gods? Face valor with valor and craft with craft, O Odhainat! Have you forgotten the vow in your father's palace full three years ago?"

Forgotten it? Not he. And then he told Bath Zabbai how in all his wanderings he had kept their vow in mind, and with that, too, her other words of counsel, "Watch and Wait." He told her that, far and wide, he was known to all the Arabs of the desert and the Armenians of the hills, and how, from sheikh to camel-boy, the tribes were ready to join with Palmyra against both Rome and Persia.

"Your time will indeed come, my Odhainat," said the fearless girl, with proud looks and ringing voice. "See, even thus our omen gives the proof," and she pointed to the net, beneath whose meshes both eagle and lion, fluttering and panting, lay wearied with their struggles while the *cheetah* kept watch above them. "Now make your peace with Hairan, your brother; return to Palmyra once again and still let us watch and wait."

THREE more years passed. Valerian, Emperor of Rome, leading his legions to a war with Sapor, whom men called the Great King, had fallen a victim to the treachery and traps of the Persian monarch, and was held a miserable prisoner in the Persian capital, where, richly robed in the purple of the Roman emperors and loaded with chains, he was used by the savage Persian tyrant as a living horse-block for the sport of an equally savage court. In Palmyra, Hairan was dead, and young Odhainat, his brother, was now Septimus Odænathus — "head-man" of the city, and to all appearances the firm friend of Rome.

There were great rejoicings in Palmyra when the wise Zenobia — still scarce more than a girl — and the fearless young "head-man" of the desert republic were married in the marble city of the palm-trees, and her shrewd counsels brought still greater triumphs to Odænathus and to Palmyra.

In the great market-place or forum, Odænathus and Zenobia awaited the return of their messengers to Sapor. For the "Great King," having killed and stuffed the captive Roman Emperor, now turned his arms against the Roman power in the east and, destroying both Antioch and Emesa, looked with an evil eye toward Palmyra. Zenobia,

remembering the omen of the eagle and the lion, repeated her counsel of facing craft with craft, and letters and gifts had been sent to Sapor, asking for peace and friendship. There is a hurried entrance through the eastern gate of the city, and the messengers from the Palmyrean senate rush into the market-place.

"Your presents to the Great King have been thrown into the river, O Odænathus," they reported, "and thus sayeth Sapor of Persia: 'Who is this Odænathus, that he should thus presume to write to his lord? If he would obtain mitigation of the punishment that awaits him, let him fall prostrate before the foot of our throne, with his hands bound behind his back. Unless he doeth this, he, his family, and his country shall surely perish!'"

Swift to wrath and swifter still to act, Zenobia sprang to her feet. "Face force with force, Odænathus. Be strong and sure, and Palmyra shall yet humble the Persian!"

Her advice was taken. Quickly collecting the troops of Palmyra and the Arabs and Armenians who were his allies, the fearless "head-man" fell upon the army of the haughty Persian king, defeated and despoiled it, and drove it back to Persia. As Gibbon, the historian, says: "The majesty of Rome, oppressed by a Persian, was protected by an Arab of Palmyra."

For this he was covered with favors by Rome; made supreme commander in the East, and, with Zenobia as his adviser and helper, each year made Palmyra stronger and more powerful.

Here, rightly, the story of the girl Zenobia ends. A woman now, her life fills one of the most brilliant pages of history. While her husband conquered for Rome in the north, she, in his absence, governed so wisely in the south as to insure the praise of all. And when the time was ripe, and Rome, ruled by weak emperors and harassed by wild barbarians, was in dire stress, the childish vow of the boy and girl made years before found fulfillment. Palmyra was suddenly declared free from the dominion of Rome, and Odænathus was acknowledged by senate and people as "Emperor and King of kings."

But the hand of an assassin struck down the son as it had stricken the father. Zenobia, ascending the throne of Palmyra, declared herself "Zenobia Augusta, the Empress of the East," and, after the manner of her time, extended her empire in every direction until, as the record says: "A small territory in the desert, under the government of a woman, extended its conquests over many rich countries and several states. Zenobia, lately confined to the barren plains about Palmyra, now held sway from Egypt, in the south, to the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, in the north."

But a new emperor ruled in Rome: Aurelian, soldier and statesman. "Rome," he said, "shall never lose a province." And then the struggle for dominion in the East began. The strength and power of Rome, directed by the Emperor himself, at last triumphed. Palmyra fell, and Zenobia, after a most heroic defense of her kingdom, was led a prisoner to Rome. Clad in magnificent robes, loaded with jewels and with heavy chains of gold, she walked, regal and undaunted still, in the great triumphal procession of her conqueror, and, disdaining to kill herself as did Cleopatra and Dido, she gave herself up to the nobler work of the education and culture of her children, and led for many years, in her villa at Tibur, the life of a noble Roman matron.

Such, in brief, is the story of Zenobia. You must read for yourselves the record of her later years, as it stands in history, if you would know more of her grandeur in her days of power, and her moral grandeur in her days of defeat.

And with Zenobia fell Palmyra. Centuries of ruin and neglect have passed over the once fairy-like city of the Syrian oasis. Her temples and colonnades, her monuments and archways and wonderful buildings are prostrate and decayed, and the site even of the glorious city has been known to the modern world only within the last century. But while time lasts and the record of heroic deeds survives, neither fallen column nor ruined arch nor all the destruction and neglect of modern barbarism can blot out the story of the life and worth of Bath Zabbai, the brave girl of the Syrian desert, whom all the world honors as the noblest woman of antiquity — Zenobia of Palmyra, the dauntless "Queen of the East."





FIVE little maids with hearts so light;
Five little bowls with milk so white;
Five little girls with an appetite;
Five little bowls all empty, quite.

THE BOYS' CLUB.

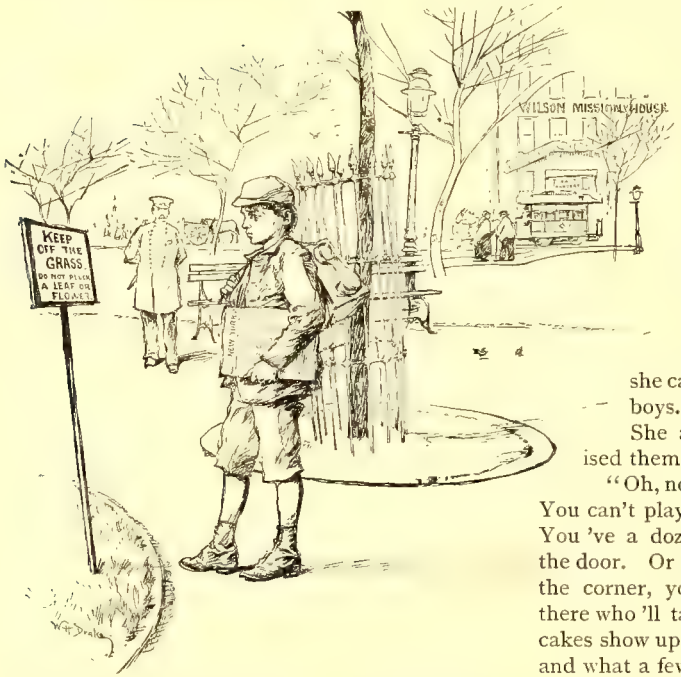
BY CHARLES BARNARD.

WHAT can an East-side fellow do with his spare time — that is, one who lives in the neighborhood of Tompkins Square in New York city? There is not a nut-tree there. Not an apple orchard nor a brook nor a good hill for coasting, nor even a barn where a fellow can play on rainy days. There does not seem to be any fun on the East side. There is the big square with its doleful signs, every one saying, as gruffly as you please, "DO NOT PLUCK A LEAF OR FLOWER," and "KEEP OFF THE GRASS." There are the hard, dull paths; they would be pleasant enough if they led anywhere in particular. There are trees; but there is that melancholy policeman. You can't climb one of the trees if you wish to ever so much. It would n't do any good if you did. They are only elms and maples, and not a chestnut or hickory among them all. If you do sit on the benches in the square there is nothing to be seen but the dreary houses. There is Central Park far away up town. How is a little fellow to tramp three miles to get to the entrance? How is a fellow to raise ten cents to ride up and back? There 's Rad Statfelder. He 's a rather small boy; he 's never been to the Central Park at all; he says he does n't believe there is any Park or anything else except the streets. What can a fellow do for fun in the streets? Nothing at all. Did the folks who invented cities forget all about boys?

Well, this is precisely what a certain excellent lady who lived, and still lives, in that very neighborhood asked herself. That is her house, the big brick one there looking out on Tomkpins Square. There is a school in the building, a kind of little housekeepers' school,* where girls learn the beautiful art of housekeeping and how to be ladies, even if you do make cakes and wait on the door, and shine silver, and all that. Somehow it seemed to the boys in the square as if the girls were having all the good times. There were no chances for the little fellows in the streets; and when the wind blew cold and it rained and mother was busy at home, what could a boy do? There was nothing but the street for him, and that horrid policeman always saying, "Come, move on; move on now!" A fellow would just like to know where he was to move to, any way.

One night a crowd of the boys gathered near the school. Evidently they seemed to think some-

* See articles entitled "Little Housemaids" and "Fraulein Smidt goes to School," in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1879, and September, 1884.



thing was wrong. They made a great noise, and some of them even threw stones and broke the windows. They did n't really mean any harm, but were dissatisfied with they knew not what. Somehow the world was all upside down, and there was n't any fun — or anything that was pleasant and comfortable for street boys. Well, that crowd of boys began to look like a regular riot, and yet the big black building stood as grim and dark as ever. Surely the lady who lived there would get frightened soon and telegraph for the police. All of a sudden, and just in the midst of the row, the door opened and there stood the lady herself. Yes; and then she came right out and spoke to the mob of boys. And what do you suppose she said? She asked them to come in, and promised them coffee and cakes. Coffee and cakes!

"Oh, no! No, you don't! that's an old trick. You can't play that on wide-awake East-side boys. You 've a dozen big policemen in there behind the door. Or if the policemen are all asleep 'round the corner, you 've some dull chap or other in there who 'll talk us to death before the coffee and cakes show up." All this is what the boys thought and what a few of them said.

"No, no police! No lecture!" replied the lady.

What! Only coffee and fun! Only a warm room out of the cold and the street! Coffee and cakes, and no lectures about bad boys!



COFFEE AND CAKES, AND NO POLICE!

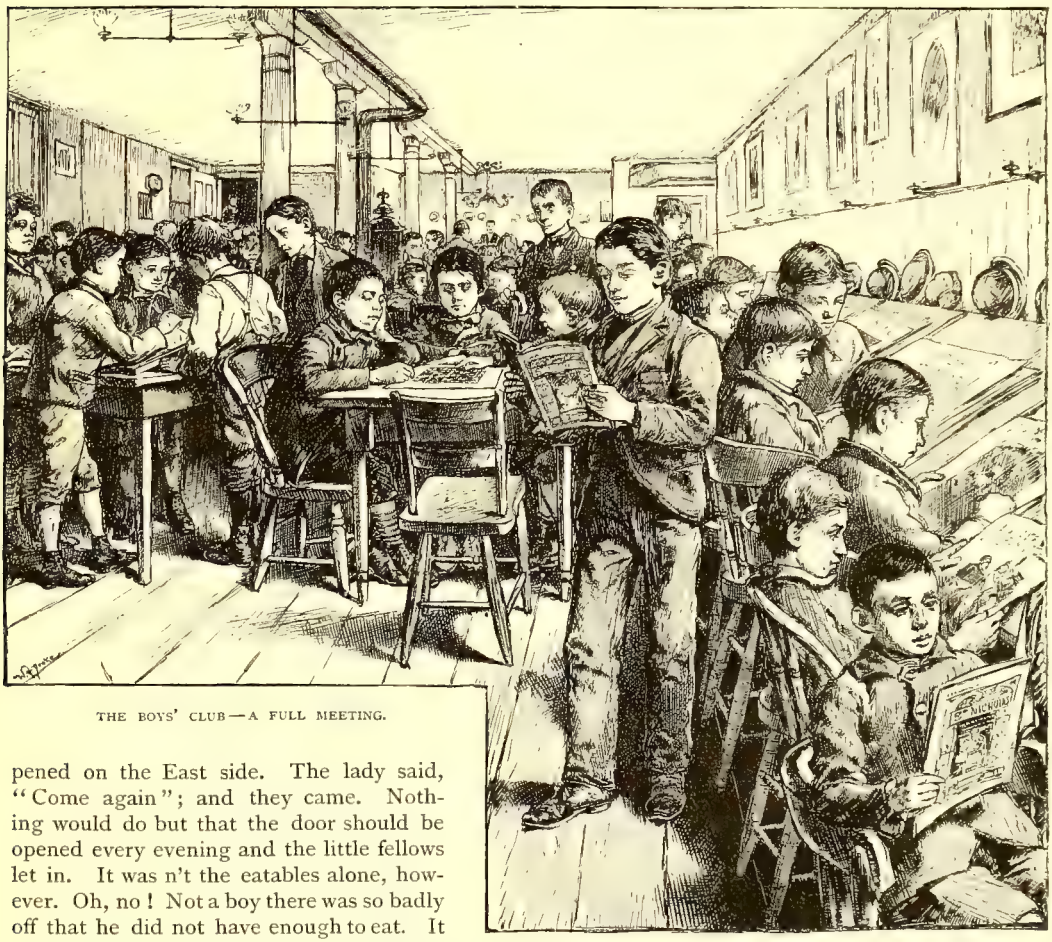
It was all true. The mob marched in, and sure enough there were the cakes.

The coffee, too, was delicious; and, after the fine feast, every fellow could go home if he wished. That was so strange that of course they wanted to stay. It was warm and light, and so nice and pleasant! If only a fellow had a game or two, or a book, or a picture-paper, he would stay and spend the evening and thank the lady kindly.

It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened on the East side. The lady said, "Come again"; and they came. Nothing would do but that the door should be opened every evening and the little fellows let in. It was n't the eatables alone, however. Oh, no! Not a boy there was so badly off that he did not have enough to eat. It was not the coffee, though the lady's way of making that was much superior to the home way. It was something else. They could n't tell just what it was. Perhaps it was the lights and the warmth, the pleasant room, the pictures, and a happy escape from the street. There was a policeman inside now, but he sat very quiet and never said a word. He was evidently one of the good policemen who have n't forgotten when they were boys.

After a while, other folks became interested in the good work and wished to assist in it. Certain young people who had happier homes than the East-side boys came in to help. They brought books and cards and picture-papers, and ST. NICHOLAS. They brought games, too, of all kinds; enough domino boxes to go around, checkers for every boy for the asking, and nothing to pay for anything. Some gentlemen who found out what was going on sent a full supply of comfortable chairs and tables. And soon a superintendent was put in charge, but the boys could talk and laugh just as much as they pleased.

So it happened that they called it the Boys' Club. And that is the name it goes by now. It is not a school; it is not a lecture-room nor any kind of a meeting. It is only a club for the East-side boys, where every fellow can read, or play



THE BOYS' CLUB — A FULL MEETING.

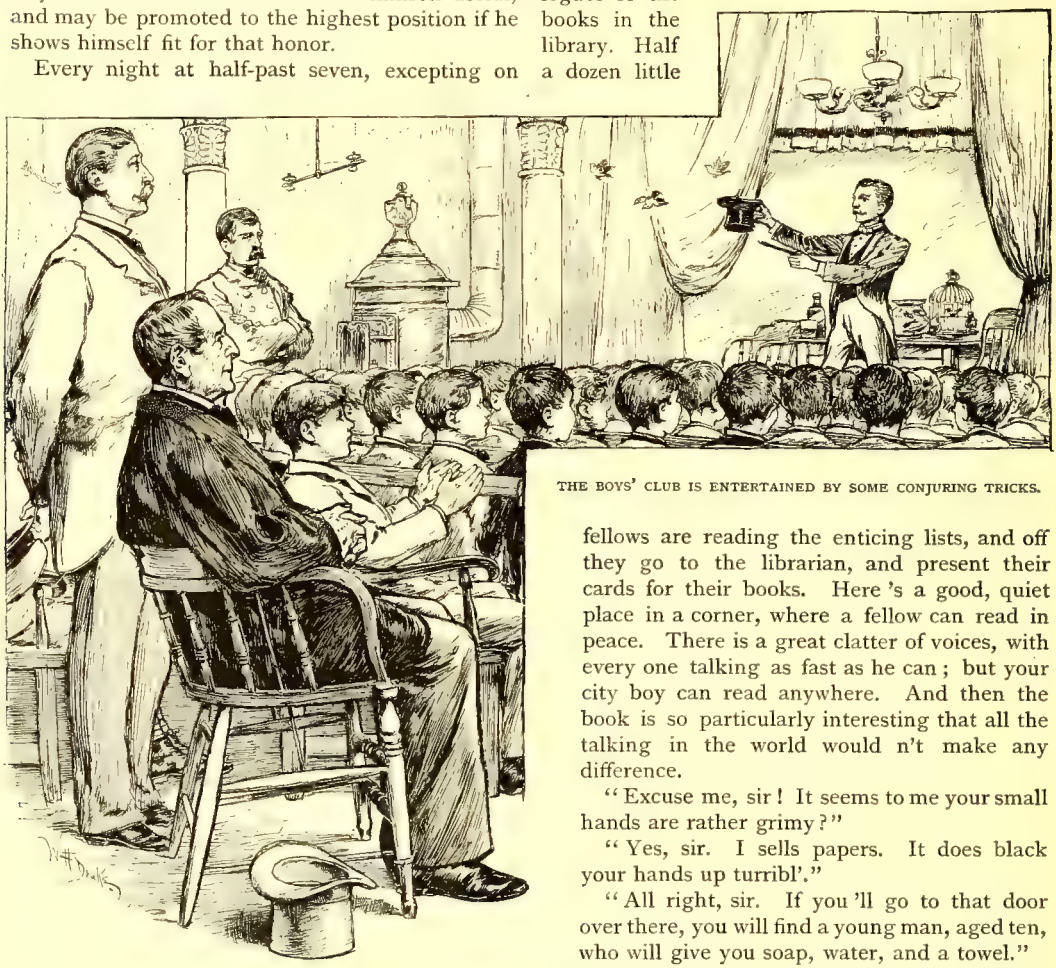
games, or talk, or tell stories, or do anything that is regular out and out fun, and not mischief.

The superintendent has one or two boys to help him,— one to look after the hats and caps, another to keep an eye on the wash-room, and another to take charge of the drawing materials used by the boys who are busied with the study of drawing. These officers, if you have a mind to call them so, take turns, so that every young member of the Boys' Club has a chance to make himself useful, and may be promoted to the highest position if he shows himself fit for that honor.

Every night at half-past seven, excepting on Sundays, the doors are opened and the boys file in, down the stairs to the big basement where the club holds its jolly meetings. Show your ticket at the door, give up your hat to the gentlemanly usher, aged nine, and take a check for it. Will you read the picture-papers, sir, or play checkers? Will you read a story-book, or indulge in "Go Bang"? A game, eh? all right; show your ticket to the librarian. He takes it and punches a hole in it, and keeps it while you have your game. Here are a table and five chairs.

"Hello, Rad Statfelder! Are you a club boy, too! Oh! there 's Mike Cassady and Jack Starkweather and Isaac Cohen. It 's 'Go Bang,' eh? Will you join the game?" Well, well; quite an international East-side party at the club this evening.

On the walls of the room are posted the catalogues of the books in the library. Half a dozen little fellows are reading the enticing lists, and off they go to the librarian, and present their cards for their books. Here 's a good, quiet place in a corner, where a fellow can read in peace. There is a great clatter of voices, with every one talking as fast as he can; but your city boy can read anywhere. And then the book is so particularly interesting that all the talking in the world would n't make any difference.



THE BOYS' CLUB IS ENTERTAINED BY SOME CONJURING TRICKS.

"Excuse me, sir! It seems to me your small hands are rather grimy?"

"Yes, sir. I sells papers. It does black your hands up turribl'."

"All right, sir. If you 'll go to that door over there, you will find a young man, aged ten, who will give you soap, water, and a towel."

Off he goes, and soon Mr. Newsboy returns looking quite the gentleman, with clean hands and a merry heart.

And so the superintendent looks after everything, and sees that all the fellows have a good time. Every boy can talk and laugh as freely as in his own home. Make all the noise you like, within reasonable bounds. It is good for the lungs. Who ever heard of a boy who could fold his arms and be truly good all the time. In the



THE MODELING CLASS.

Boys' Club every fellow can be as lively as he pleases, provided he does not interfere with any other boy's fun. Can they play "tag" and "follow my leader"? Well, no. Those are out-of-door games, and not fit for a young gentleman's club. Only house fun is in order; and, if any boy feels that he must race about the room, the fatherly policeman suddenly wakes up and Mr. Race-horse is invited into the street, where he can run to his heart's content. He can not come again to the club till he learns how young gentlemen behave in the house.



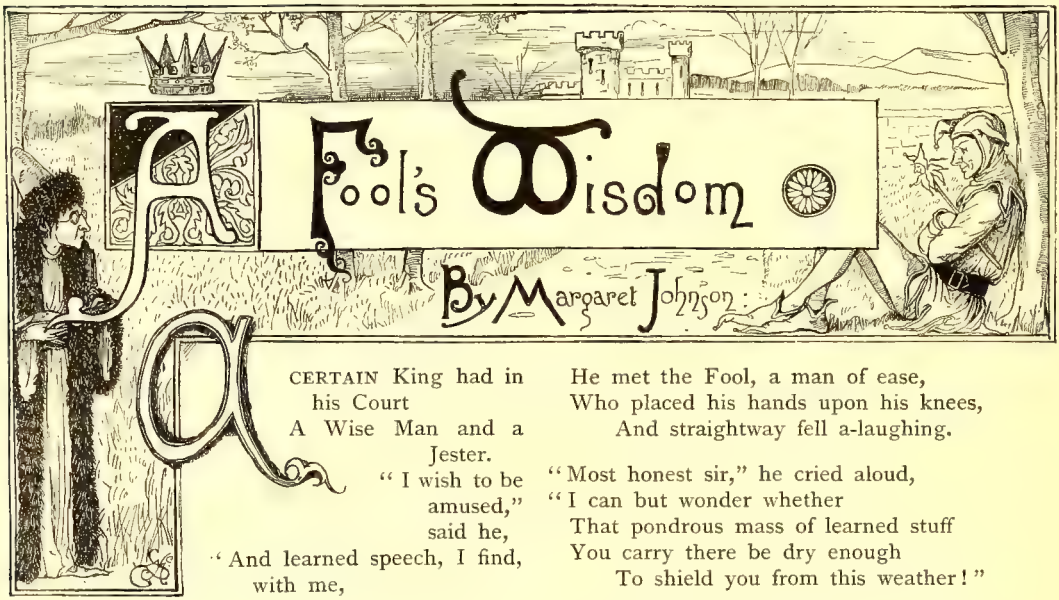
A BUSY YOUNG SCULPTOR.

Of course there are rules of some kind. To enter the club, the boy must apply for a ticket, and this ticket is only good for a month. If, during the month, a boy behaves badly in the club-room, he will lose his ticket, and, perhaps, not get another for a long time. All the boys who show that they wish to do the right thing, and treat the club and each other properly, have their tickets renewed every month. You see from this that, really, the club is practically free to any little East-side fellow who wishes to escape from the dismal streets, and is willing to behave himself for the sake of the good time the club affords him.

Of course it costs something to carry on the club. Certain good people of New York city help to pay the rent, the attendants, and to buy the books and papers, and to provide the gas and coal. A visiting committee of young men who are interested in the enterprise manages the business affairs. The boys pay nothing — and yet perhaps they do. They pay in happy faces, improved manners, and better lives when they grow up. Besides the people who support the club, there are others who go there once in a while and give the club a first-class entertainment. And if you could witness the breathless interest with which they follow the wonderful sleight of hand tricks of the gentleman who conjures a flock of pigeons out of the hat in which he has just cooked an omelette, and could hear the hearty applause with which they greet every new trick and every funny speech, you would say that the members of the Boys' Club are truly an appreciative set of fellows, and that the accommodating friends who provide the entertainment are themselves well repaid for their trouble and interest. On such nights every member of the club is on hand, you may be sure, and the hall is packed as full as it will hold.

Then on other nights there are lessons given in drawing and modeling to those whose tastes run that way. There is a big room opening out of the club-room, and in there are a number of tables around which the young artists gather with paper and pencil and have a first-rate time studying how to use the pencil, while a lady from the Decorative Art Society helps them over the hard places, and a friendly sculptor guides them in their modeling. In fact, there is no end to the delights of this truly jolly club. Our pictures will tell all that has not here been set down.

Well, now, young reader of ST. NICHOLAS, what should you do? Have you any spare games and old but really good books? How would you like to send them to the Boys' Club for the use of the small fellows of the East side? Or perhaps you live in some other great city where hundreds of poor little men run about in the dreary streets because they have no club. Could n't you manage to get up a club in your city? How can you do it? Why, you must invent a plan just as do all good American children who firmly believe in the great human motto: "Where there 's a will there 's a way."



CERTAIN King had in his Court
A Wise Man and a Jester.
"I wish to be amused," said he,
"And learned speech, I find, with me,
Induces a siesta."

With book and scroll, the Sage walked out,
One damp and rainy morning.
About his heels his mantle flapped,
But all his soul in thought was wrapped,
The ills of weather scorning.

As thus his tranquil way he went,
The cup of knowledge quaffing,
He met the Fool, a man of ease,
Who placed his hands upon his knees,
And straightway fell a-laughing.

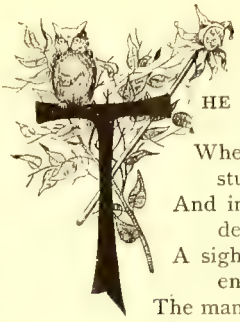
"Most honest sir," he cried aloud,
"I can but wonder whether
That pondrous mass of learned stuff
You carry there be dry enough
To shield you from this weather!"

"Peace, motley Fool!" the Sage replied.
"Men think you monstrous clever.
Would you were truly wise, like me!
Alack! I think you fain would be
A motley Fool forever!"

"Now, by my bauble," cried the Fool,
"Thou man of melancholy,
Save for our differing dress and mien,
There 's not a man can judge between
Your learning and my folly!"



"And straightway fell a-laughing."

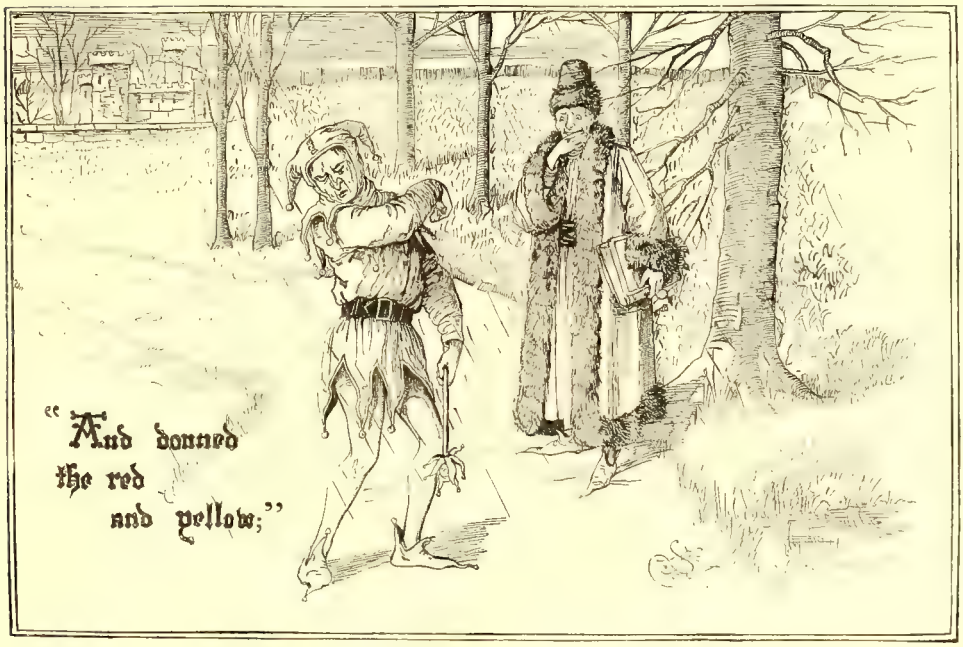


THE Sage raised eyes and hands to heaven;
When, as it chanced, he stumbled,
And in a muddy ditch, and deep,—
A sight to make the hardened weep!—
The man of learning tumbled.

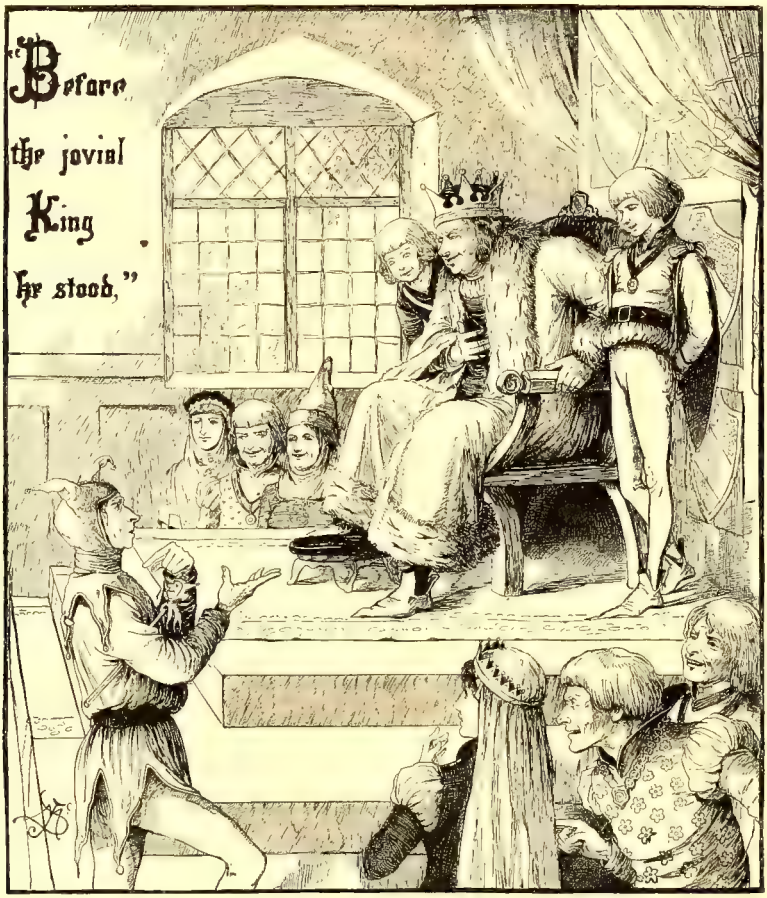
"Now, faith," exclaimed the laughing Fool,
His bells, hilarious, tinkling,
"I 'll prove my words are sound and true!
You shall be I, and I 'll be you—
We 'll fix it in a twinkling.

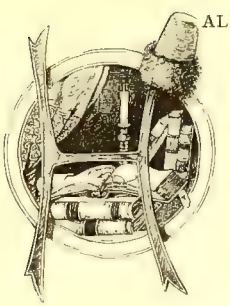
"Lend me your mud-bespattered gown,—
I never mind a wetting,—
And put you on this pretty suit,
My merry cap and bells, to boot,
'T will charm you out of fretting.

"You, sir, shall play the Fool to-day,
And I the learned miser.
We two will have some dainty sport,
And, take my word, in all the court,
No one will be the wiser!"



"And donned the red and yellow;"





HALF-willingly the Sage arose
And donned the red and yellow;
And down the street he went apace,
With gaudy dress and somber face,
A mirth-provoking fellow.

From all the town the merry folk
Who loved the Fool, ran after,
And hailed his maxims and his saws,
His arguments and learned laws
With clamorous shouts of laughter.

Before the jovial King he stood,
His vaunted powers displaying.
The courtiers laughed until they cried,
The monarch held his aching side,
And roared at each new saying.

"Good sirs," he murmured, spent with mirth,
"Give this rare Fool some money.
For, faith, and I can laugh no more.
In all my life, I ne'er before
Heard anything so funny!"

Abashed and mortified, the Sage
Drew back, with frown scholastic;
While still they took his mien severe
For some new quirk of humor queer,
Exquisitely fantastic.



MEANWHILE, the Fool discoursed to those
Who used the Sage to follow,
They heard, with nods of wise assent,
His reasonings gravely eloquent,
His sounding phrases hollow.

With spectacles astride his nose,
And air insinuating,
He urged and argued and explained,
And ever eager listeners gained,
To hear his solemn prating.



AT night he sought the vanquished Sage,
Whose welcome was but chilling.
"Well, sir," he cried, with twinkling eye,
"Are you convinced? Or shall we try
The game again? —*I'm* willing!"

No answer did the Sage vouchsafe,
But changed his clothes in sorrow.
And from the grinning Fool he ran,
To rise again, a sadder man
But wiser, on the morrow.



The end:



I HAVE a little laddie,—such a tiny little laddie!—
Yet he 's vowed to me quite stoutly that he 'll some day be a man.
And I 've told him that I knew it,
And felt sure that he would do it;
But, really, he 's so little that I don't see how he can!




EASTER
MORNING.

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

II.—A PRACTICAL CHEMIST.

CURIOSITY has been called a "low vice," but it must be true that we owe a great deal of our knowledge of scientific matters to that very trait. Fancy the first man that ever closely examined a piece of coal. He picks it up from the ground, carefully looks at it, turns it over and over, breaks it with a stone, looks at the pieces, smells them, tastes them; he is curious to discover just what the substance is and what it is good for. He shows a piece to his neighbor, but the neighbor does not know any more about it than does he himself. Then he tries to boil a piece, but it will not boil; a portion is accidentally thrown into or near his wood fire, where it burns until it becomes red, when it throws out heat. Then—lo and behold! he has found a new kind of fuel, destined to be one of the most important and useful articles the world has ever seen. And all this, we will suppose, resulted from a man's curiosity—his desire to "find out." The curiosity of which the poet speaks as being a "low vice" is the inquisitiveness displayed by shallow-minded people who like to pry into the personal affairs of their friends and neighbors. When we come to pry into the mysteries which surround us in the natural world, it is a very different matter; then we are well employed, and are exercising our minds in the right direction. Suppose that the men and women of past ages had never taken any interest in the earth, the ocean, the mountains; had never sought for ores and minerals; had never studied improvements in navigation; had never, when sick, ascended from the valleys and tried the health-giving breezes of the hills above them,—would we be as happy and comfortable as we are to-day? No, indeed!

Now, the first analytical chemist must have been a man of some curiosity. Of course, he did n't know very much, and he could not be compared with the chemists we have in these days; but he went to work to discover of what elements iron, coal, tin, zinc, copper, and many other things to be met with in our daily walks of life were composed. And work of that sort is precisely what is done by the analytical chemist of to-day.

You and I, when we look around the world, see hundreds—yes, thousands—of articles and substances the nature of which appears to us very strange. And yet all these different articles are composed of one or more substances out of a list of sixty; and these substances are called, by the analytical chemist, "elements."

To illustrate: Suppose your father said to your elder sister, "Louise, you shall have a diamond ring for your birthday." She, I suppose, would say that he was very kind. But suppose, before the birthday came, he should get to talking some evening about having been unfortunate in business, and should express grave doubts as to whether he could keep his promise. Louise, like a good girl, would tell him not to worry on that account; that she could wait. Then perhaps the talk would turn on the value of diamonds, and Louise might say that there was nothing like them in the world. Her father would maintain that there was, and would tell her that, if she desired, he would bring her a substance which was composed of precisely the same simple element as a diamond, and weighing three times as much as the ring he had promised her. The next night her father would show her a ring roughly made out of charcoal, and tell her (what might perhaps be news to her) that chemists had discovered that a diamond and a piece of charcoal were composed of the same simple element—carbon.

There are two kinds of practical chemistry: one is *analytical* chemistry, and the other *synthetical* chemistry.

The business of an analytical chemist is the separating or resolving of compounds into their constituent elements. If you gave a mineral or a chemical to a chemist, he could separate them and tell you of what they were composed. Suppose you gave him a piece of gypsum, and asked him to tell you what it was. By certain methods known to the profession he would discover the sulphuric acid which it contained. Then he would find lime in it, and, finding no other substance in its composition, he would promptly tell you the piece was sulphate of lime, which is gypsum, or plaster of Paris.

A synthetical chemist is one who takes the elements of which I have spoken and from them, by various combinations, builds up different substances. For instance: while the analytical chemistry, as I have just explained, would separate gypsum into its elements,—sulphuric acid and

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lime,—synthetical chemistry would take sulphuric acid and lime, and, by adding them together in the proper proportions, would make sulphate of lime, the common name for which is plaster of Paris.

"Well," you may say, "suppose the chemist can do all this, of what use is it?" I will give you an instance of its usefulness. In the city where I live the young people were greatly agitated one summer on account of several persons having been poisoned by eating ice-cream. Now, the analytical chemist was at the bottom of this ice-cream scare. The Board of Health had asked him to analyze some of the same kind of cream eaten by the persons who had been made sick. He made his report, stating that the poison had been caused by the vessels in which the cream was made; and forthwith all the people, for a time, ceased eating ice-cream. Just so, on another occasion, with soda-water. He examined the soda-fountains in the drug stores, told the Board of Health that the pipes, as they were arranged, could not be kept clean, and that they were sure to develop a certain kind of poison. People stopped drinking soda-water, the druggists lost a great deal of money, and were obliged to adopt new methods of serving the beverage.

But let us see how useful is the work of the analytical chemist in other ways. He tells the iron-dealer how much iron there is in the ore he proposes to sell; and the same in regard to gold and silver ore. He tells you whether your coffee and your sugar are good or adulterated. The boards of health in the different cities frequently call upon him to report on the purity of the candy of which the American boys and girls are so very fond. All kinds of precious stones are subjects of his investigation. Almost all the chemicals used by the various manufacturers are sold upon the basis of their purity as determined by the chemist; and a certificate of an analytical chemist often is required by the buyer before he will make a purchase.

A boy who desires to enter this profession can, in the larger cities, get some knowledge of its general principles in the public schools. This, of course, must be followed by a technical training in a college or school where the subject is specially taught. Take, for instance, the School of Mines, in New York. A boy can not enter there until he is seventeen years of age. The course of instruction occupies four years. The instruction is given by lectures and recitations. During the first year the student makes experiments with simple chemicals in the laboratory, listens to lectures, of which he is obliged to take full notes, and goes through blackboard exercises and recitations. During the second and third years he analyzes more complex substances, and during the fourth year he devotes his time to laboratory work. The annual tuition fees are about two hundred and fifty dollars. Board, including room-rent, fire and light, and washing, may be had in New York for from six dollars and fifty cents to thirteen dollars per week. The same general remarks will apply also to the great Institute of Technology in Boston.

And now a word or two about the chances of success in the profession. Analytical chemists are employed much more generally than they were years ago. Manufacturers are making more use of them. Most of the large chemical houses employ their own chemists. They are also employed at metallurgical and fertilizing works, in paint-houses, in oil-works, in sugar-refineries, in dye-works, in gold, silver, and iron works, in rolling-mills; and a great many railroads have chemists to analyze the iron or steel rails used for their roads.

Chemists as a rule receive from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars a year. This seems small when we consider to what expense a young man has been put to obtain the necessary education. Sometimes, however, in a manufacturing house where he has made himself particularly useful, a chemist may receive eighteen hundred or two thousand dollars, and, as superintendent of works, he might get five thousand or ten thousand dollars; but such cases are very exceptional. One reason why salaries are smaller in our large cities is said to be found in the number of competent chemists who have come from Germany, and who are willing to work for lower wages than their American brethren demand.

When a chemist has, after years of study and long practice, thoroughly qualified himself in his profession, he can give what is called "an expert opinion." This, as Sam Weller might say, "is an opinion as is much more valu'ble than an opinion as is not expert." In a lawsuit, for example, chemists would be employed by both sides, and an expert would receive from fifty dollars a day to twenty-five dollars an hour. If an expert examined a mine, made a report on the formation, gave his views on the likelihood of its paying the people who intended to purchase it, he would be paid perhaps five or six hundred dollars and all expenses. But, remember, there are very few "experts," and that those who enjoy that reputation have paid the price of long-continued study, of hard and enthusiastic labor, for the reputation they have made. A young man might obtain the best education to be afforded at a first-class college; he might open offices fitted up in the very best of style, and, sending out his cards, "Professor Jonas Quigley, Expert Analytical Chemist," might stand at his door on the tip-toe of expectation waiting for clients until he was old and gray, with-

out receiving a single call to exhibit his analytical ability. As I say, he must work long and hard, and have a real genius for his profession, before he can hope to become an expert.

In the Far West, where there are so many mines, an analytical chemist may gain both success and money in the examination of ores; but the great bulk of chemical work is done in the Eastern States, where there are so many manufacturing industries in which such services as he can give are in demand. The South is rich in phosphates and in metallurgical works; but, unless a young man has a promise of special employment, the Eastern States are considered the best. In the city of New York (where so many young men, in all businesses and professions, foolishly think fortunes are easily made), there is such a host of chemists, and such a constant struggle to get what work there is, that a beginner would probably meet with some discouragement. Some young men open offices, where they do a general business in assaying. They may previously have been employed in some old-established office having a large list of customers. Some of the clients of their old employer, seeing that the young men have started for themselves, may give them patronage, believing that they will thereby get the work done at a cheaper price.

One very important work performed by the analytical chemist — important for him on account of the pay he receives, and important for society in leading to the detection of a certain class of criminals — is the examination of the human stomach after death, in cases of suspected poisoning. This doubtless seems like very gloomy and unpleasant work, but chemists say that practically there is nothing disagreeable about it. They usually receive five hundred dollars for such an analysis, and they are required to testify on the trial.

I have said that the pay of the analytical chemist, as a rule, is small; but, perhaps, his profession makes up in interest what it lacks in monetary reward. His work is in a laboratory. He is dealing with the secrets of nature. He is performing all manner of experiments — now blowing with a blow-pipe on a bit of metal to test its nature; now experimenting with acids; now weighing the tiniest amounts of matter on scales specially constructed for such work; and so the analytical chemist passes on from simple experiments to others more difficult, until, after long experience, he is able to work such wonders that to an outside observer he appears in his laboratory more like a wonderful magician than a professor working in accordance with certain known rules and laws.

In this, as in every other business, there are those who will achieve prominence as well as those who will only drudge. But let it be borne in mind that it is an occupation in which both fame and fortune have been attained, and in which any young man whose heart is really in his work may, with study and perseverance, advance not only his own interests but those also of the profession which he has chosen.

"LOVE IS BLIND."

"MAMMY" is old and wrinkled and black,
With sooty, crinkly hair;
But just as dear to little Sue
As if she were young and fair.

And as I passed the nursery door,
The sweet child's voice I heard
Say, as she patted "Mammy's" cheek:
"Oo sweet 'ittle hummin'-bird!"

"UNCLE BEN."

By Mary Bradley.

"Of all the disagreeable people, of all the horrible, cross old men
That ever lived,"—said my angry Dolly,—"the very meanest is 'Uncle Ben'!
You need n't look at me, I 'm in earnest; just wait till I tell you what he said,
And what *he did* to poor Rip Van Winkle; and see, then, whether you 'll shake your head!
Horrid, *hateful*"—the naughty speeches came tumbling over each other so fast,
That instead of shaking my head at Dolly, it was Dolly herself I shook at last!

"Don't you know, oh, you little tempest! that 'Uncle Ben' has his work to do,
And is bound himself by regulations which he has no right to break for you?
He 's employed to keep the park in order, and dogs are never allowed, you know;
So what can the poor man do, I wonder, when naughty children bother him so?
You should n't have taken Rip Van Winkle, and you are the one that is to blame."
—"But *he* should n't have kicked him!" sputtered Dolly. "He should n't have called him a horrid name."

All in the heat of her indignation, flushed and defiant Dolly stood,
And Dolly's mother was morally certain that scolding would do no sort of good.
But Adam, the gardener gray and wrinkled, Adam the man whose words are wise,
Looked up from the grape-vine he was pruning, with grave rebuke in his honest eyes.
"We 're all poor creturs," said he, "poor creturs! Accordin' to Scripter we 're prone to err;
An' Ben Bogardus is no exception. So mebbe Miss Dolly is right—*so fur*.
But we ought n't to be too quick in jedgement until we know what a man 's been through:—
You would n't be quite so ready, I reckon, to rail at Ben, if you only knew."

"Knew what?" cried Dolly. "It's no use, Adam" (tossing her curls with a stubborn air),
"To talk like that, for it does n't matter. Whatever it is, I should n't care.
I think 'Uncle Ben' is perfectly horrid. I *always* shall, whatever you say;
So you need n't tell *me!*"
But Adam, regardless, kept right on in his quiet way.
—"You never heard tell of 'The Swallow,' did you? It 's nigh upon forty years ago,
That she struck on a rock in the further channel, one night when the sky was thick with snow.
There was n't a chance to reach or help her, though the town-folk swarmed up here in the park,
And we heard the screams, and the splitting timbers . . . awful sounds to hear in the dark!
I 'll never forget 'em," said Adam, slowly, shaking his head with a look of pain.
"Sometimes in the night, when I wake up sudden, it seems as if I heard 'em again.
An' often enough I 've dreamed about it—the pitiful sight I saw next day,
When the poor drowned creturs drifting shoreward, in an' out o' the water lay.
Men an' women, an' little children! I counted 'em up to thirty-five,
When we laid 'em out in the town-hall yonder; and there was n't a single soul alive.
Mostly strangers they were, an' traders, bound for York, an' come from the West;
But one was a neighbor—a little woman, with a bit of a baby hugged to her breast.
I can see her still," said the old man, gently (he glanced at Dolly and gravely smiled):
"And I 'll never forget how I felt when I saw it was Ben Bogardus's wife and child."

"Oh, Adam! it was n't! I can't believe it!" My Dolly's cheeks with her blushes flamed,
And her quick tears sprang. "You want to tease me, and I think you ought to be ashamed!"
But stern was the old man's face, and solemn the look and tone with which he spoke.
"It is n't the sort of thing, Miss Dolly, that I 'd be likely to say in joke.
No, no—it was poor Ben's wife and baby, just as I told you, that lay there dead.
Poor little things!—you can't much wonder the shock and the trouble turned Ben's head.

I 'm not denying he 's cross and cranky; but he 's lived a desolate sort of life,
And folks do say he 's been kind o' crazy, more or less, since he lost his wife.
Mebbe it 's true, an' mebbe it is n't; but this is the p'int I 'm comin' to —
We ought n't to be too harsh in jedgin', until we know what a man 's been through."

He turned him about, this wise old Adam, and clipped at the vines, and said no more.
My Dolly watched him, her bosom swelling with mingled feelings unknown before.
She pleated the ruffle of her apron with restless hands for a minute's space,
Then softly whispered, "*I 'm sorry, Adam!*" and ran away with a crimson face.

A little later I saw her plucking out of her own small garden-bed
Pinks and pansies and ragged-robins, and tying them up with a ribbon red.



I never asked, and she never told me, who was to wear this posy sweet,
But I took a turn in the park that evening, and there "Uncle Ben" I chanced to meet.
A festive something in his appearance — a spicy odor that toward me stole —
Made me aware of Dolly's posy carefully pinned in his button-hole;
And from that time forth, I 'm glad to tell you before my true little story ends,
My Dolly — (forgive her naughty tempers!) — and "Uncle Ben" were the best of friends.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

By Edmund Alton.

Chapter X.

EXTRAVAGANZA.

As THIS is the month ushered in by April Fools' Day, it will not be out of place to leave the more sober and imposing side of life among the law-makers and take a glimpse at some of the comicalities which we Senate pages enjoyed. Many of my companions were born actors, equally successful in both tragedy and comedy. One in particular, whom I will call "Tom," had an especial preference for the character in Shakespearean and other tragedies known as the "heavy villain," and he was usually encountered, cane in hand, wildly fencing the air with "two up, two down, and a lunge." One day, during an executive session of the Senate, we were all assembled in our favorite vestibule, when this page began declaiming in his usual high style and thrusting around at imaginary ghosts and foes. The door leading to the Chamber was shut, and he would occasionally make a violent charge at it. Having recited King Richard's famous nightmare and a few other choice selections (which we, standing in the marble niches, properly applauded), he cried out lustily:

> Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
> And I will stand the hazard of the die.
> I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
> Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.

Just at this moment the door slowly opened from within. Tom, however, had hunched his back, and, with his eyes fiercely rolling and head downward, like a goat preparing to "butt," was altogether too excited to notice our "alarums"; and as he declaimed the famous line,

> A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

he made a leap, and, with a terrific dive of the cane, took a certain well-known senator, who shall here be nameless, full in his senatorial stomach!

There was, in truth, a decidedly hasty "retreat and flourish" on the part of the senatorial Richmond, but we did not wait for the curtain to fall. We made a stampede through the swinging doors and down the corridor, followed by Tom, who, reversing the proper order of affairs, still flourished his "sword," and shouted at the top of his voice:

> Victorious friends, the day is ours!

Some of our tragic recitations were too sacred for the profane eyes of "outsiders." Of the many solemn councils held by us in the President's Room with closed doors; or of how we were surprised on several occasions by the unexpected arrival of President Grant; or how we fled through the open windows, retreated *via* the balcony and Marble Room, and appeared with innocent looks of wonder before the enraged group vainly trying to unlock the door, with the dead-latch down on the other side, I need not speak. These were trivial matters, although the President himself and Captain Bassett did not seem to take them as philosophically as we did. Few things could disturb *our* equanimity.

But, of course, we did not confine our acting to secret vestibules and dungeons. Our energy demanded still higher and more public stages of action; and even as the Senate throws aside its frigid dignity at night sessions, and everybody does about as he pleases, we also often found it impossible to curb our desire for a little more freedom of action than the rules allowed. Captain Bassett, however, did his best to prevent too much sacrilege in the day-time. His favorite amusement was to sit peacefully in his chair, and, when an erring page returned and sat down near the chair, to catch hold of the ear of that page and give it a gentle twist.

Senator Gorman, who was a distinguished figure in the last Presidential campaign, as manager of the Democratic interests, was formerly a page; and Captain Bassett once told me that he has many a time pulled the Honorable Gorman's ears as vigorously as he has pulled mine. I was glad to hear it.

In retaliation upon the Captain, I may state that there was one way in which we could appease him—by giving him peppermint lozenges or broken horehound candy. I always adopted that course. It was "fun" to see the Captain take a lozenge and convey it to his mouth, with his eyes turned heavenward and a demure expression on his countenance as though he were studying the curious pictures on the large glass blocks in the ceiling. Such is the man who pulled the ears of Senator Gorman and myself!

He has been in continuous service for more than fifty years. Next to him, in length of service and rank of office, comes equally good-natured James I. Christie, who is a sort of "Lieutenant," and, with the Sergeant-at-Arms, guards the Vice-Presi-

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dent on his right. We pages considered that *we* ranked next. The Captain and Mr. Christie are the most highly valued officers of the Senate. I do not know what it would do without them. The Captain started in as a page. At that time there was but one in the Senate, and Daniel Webster wanted young Isaac Bassett appointed as an additional page. The other senators thought it a great extravagance—two pages for forty-eight senators! It was enough to bankrupt the Republic! Captain Bassett declares that there was a hot debate over the suggestion of Webster. However, Webster fought hard and, with his great eloquence, succeeded. So young Bassett was appointed. Although his hair is now as white as snow, he loves fun and is still as merry as a boy. Just think of it! He was a Senate officer when the Senate met in the old Chamber, now occupied by the Supreme Court; when the House met in their old Hall, now occupied by statuary donated by the States;* when the evening sessions of both Houses had to be illuminated by "tallow dips." He has heard Webster, Hayne, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Douglas, and he has seen—why, I believe he has seen nearly all the Presidents.

The Captain's recollection of the days when senators dressed in swallow-tailed coats causes him to shudder when "innovations" are suggested. But these "innovations" are constantly going on. It has for many years been the custom to write the name of each senator on a strip of ivory-white wood, and fasten it on his desk by way of identification, as "Mr. Sumner," "Mr. Cole," "Mr. Fenton." Last year these wooden labels were removed, and silver plates substituted, bearing simply the surname without the "Mr.," as "Bayard," "Edmunds," "Ransom." I understand the Captain has not yet recovered from this horrible act of vandalism.

THE PAGES AS MAKE-BELIEVE LAW-MAKERS.

ONE of our favorite performances, in the comedy line, was to caricature the proceedings of the Senate. Frequently, upon finishing our filing, in the morning, as we would have nothing else to do, one of us would take the Vice-President's chair and call the "Senate" to order in right Parliamentary fashion. The proceedings of such a session were sometimes eccentric, but of course conducted strictly according to the rules of Congressional procedure; for the pages of my day had really a good knowledge of Parliamentary law.

Most of our sessions were characterized by scenes of disorder that, as one member of our little company disrespectfully remarked, "were worthy of the Lower House." In fact, they almost invariably broke up amid the wildest confusion—generally, however, because we ran them too near the hour for the assembling of the real law-makers, and were forced to decamp. Senators, Representatives, House and Supreme Court pages, and other "stragglers" would come in during our debates, listen spell-bound to our wonderful oratory and keen logic, and admire the aptitude shown by our presiding officer in applying the rules of the Senate.

It was usual for us to parody the actual debates of Congress, and we would often take up copies of the *Globe* of the preceding day, distributed on the desks of senators, and follow the order of events there reported, with "variations" and other "improvements" in language and gestures. As it would be unfair to omit so historic a matter as a session for debate by these make-believe law-makers, I will give you a brief and mild specimen, and you may judge for yourselves in what respects such a "Senate" resembled or differed from its great prototype.

A MOCK SENATE, AS HELD BY THE PAGES.

(Actual names are used because of the senatorial seats occupied by the pages. The senators with whose names this liberty is taken should not bear improper odium on that account. The bracket remarks are such as would be used by official reporters.)

TOM *(assuming the chair, and giving a loud rap with the gavel):* The Senate will come to order, and the Secretary will read the journal of yesterday's proceedings.

DICK *(acting as Secretary, reading solemnly):* Oh, frubjous day! Calloo! Callay.—

HARRY *(rising from the seat of Senator Cameron):* Mr. President.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom, of course): The senator from Pennsylvania.

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry): I move that the reading of the journal be dispensed with.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The senator from Pennsylvania moves that the reading of the journal be dispensed with. Is there objection? [*After a pause:*] The Chair hears none. The Chair will lay before the Senate a communication from the King of the Fiji Islands.

GEORGE *(from the place of Senator Carpenter):* I move that it be thrown into the waste-basket.

(Motion carried.)

SENATOR X. (Fred); *(standing in the aisle):* Mr. President.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The senator from Nowhere. [*Applause.*]

SENATOR X.: Mr. President, I rise to a question of privilege. In yesterday's *Coyote*, a sheet that pretends to be a journal for the dissemination of *news*, there is an article seriously attacking my reputation, accusing me of bribery and other high crimes and misdemeanors. Ordinarily I would take no notice of such a thing, but as everybody seems to believe it, [Voices: "*We do, we do!*" "*Is n't it true?*" *etc.*], I consider that I owe it to this body, of which I have the honor to be a member, to ask for the appointment of a special Committee of Investigation.

* The old Hall of Representatives in the Capitol now goes by the name of "Statuary Hall," to which Congress has invited each State to contribute statues of her most eminent citizens. Some States have availed themselves of the privilege; many have not yet acted upon it.

SENATOR HAMLIN (Bob): I suggest that the matter lie on the table for the present. The House of Representatives has consumed nearly all the revenues of the country for investigating purposes. And I wish to find out whether there is enough money left in the Treasury to meet this proposed expense. [A voice: "*Raise the Taxes!*"] I think, however, that the reporter who inserted the article should be excluded from the privileges of the gallery.

SENATOR X. (Fred): I am willing that the matter go over until to-morrow. [*A general sigh of relief.* Voice: "*You'll never hear of that again!*"]



THE PAGES AS MOCK-SENATORS.

VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) (*striking with his gavel*): The morning hour having expired, the Chair lays before the Senate the unfinished business of yesterday. [*The clerk reads the title of a bill to appropriate a million dollars for the purchase of the North Pole.*]

Joe, as SENATOR EDMUNDS, *is recognized by the Chair as having had the floor when the Senate adjourned the previous day.*

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): Mr. President, when the Senate adjourned yesterday I was speaking of—— [Several voices: "*Oh, we remember where you left off.*" *The mock-senator pays no heed to the interruption.*]—the sacred trust reposed in us as the guardians of the public funds ——

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry): Will the senator from Vermont permit me to ask him a question?

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): Does the senator from Vermont yield to the senator from Pennsylvania?

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): No; I can not be disturbed. [*To Senator Cameron* (Harry):] You made your speech yesterday. Now, let me make mine.

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry): I would like to ask you if ——

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe) (*emphatically*): Will you desist?—[*Great laughter and applause. The senator continues, after restoration of order:*]—and of the integrity and fidelity with which we should exercise that ——

SENATOR BAYARD (Jack): Before the senator leaves that branch of the subject I would like to ask him if he was not convicted of stealing from a sutler's wagon during the war of 1812. [*Great confusion.*]

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe) (*coolly, but with cutting irony*): Very likely; I was born in 1858! [*Laughter and applause.*]

SENATOR BAYARD (Jack): I meant no discourtesy. I merely asked for information. [*Renewed laughter.*]

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): I yield the floor to my friend, the senator from Nowhere (Fred), as he is under an important engagement to attend a base-ball match this afternoon.

SENATOR X (Fred) *having the floor, proceeds quietly to rub the intellectual part of his head with his handkerchief, brushes back his hair, adjusts his cravat, coughs, stretches his arms as if prepared for a "set speech," and at length begins:* Mr President—Mr. President—Mr. President—ahem!—achoo!—this here [*hits the desk*]—this question am one ——

SENATOR CARPENTER (George): Mr. President, I rise to a Parliamentary inquiry!

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): The senator will state it.

SENATOR CARPENTER (George): I wish to ask if the senator can massacre the English language with impunity.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): Certainly. He not only *can*, but *does!* [*Hands to the Clerk U. S. Constitution. Clerk reads Art. I., Sec. VI., Cl.* 1.]

SENATOR CARPENTER: But under the second clause of the preceding section we have authority to control such matters by a rule.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: But there is no rule on the subject.

SENATOR CARPENTER (*taking his seat with a crestfallen air*): Well, there ought to be. It should be made a penitentiary offense.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The senator from Nowhere will proceed.

SENATOR X. (Fred): I congratulate the senator from Wisconsin for his welcome suggest. I was hasty. I oughter know'd better. I will suspect the proprietaries of debate and be more carefuller *in futurio.* [*Cries of "Keep to English." "Please let some kind of*

language be left."] Now, then, what were I saying when I left off? — [*Prompted by a friend*] — Oh, yes. This question is one [Voice: "*No, it is n't! It are two!*"] who is likely to give large unsatisfaction to the sovereignty populace! [*Smiles, as if he had produced a fine burst of eloquence. Waits for applause. It does not come. Appears dejected. Face suddenly lights up, as with a happy thought. Strikes the desk, waves his arms wildly about like those of a windmill, and yells:*] Public extravergance, Mr. President,—(*another slap*),— public (*thump*) and private (*thump*) extravergance (*heavy thump*) caused the downfall of — of — [*refers to a paper*] of Rome [*thump! thump!!*] — Page, bring me GIBBON'S HISTORY ——. I will pass that portion of my remarks, Mr. President, for the present, until I have got the volume. Again, as the senator from Vermont so haply said, what is our responsibilities as legislaters? Now, that there last idea [Voice: "*Do you call that an idea?*"] suggests another. The provisoes of our glorious Constitution is too broad! [*Strikes a pile of papers and sends several of them into the face of his neighbor. Leans over his desk to apologize and knocks off a volume upon the head of the mock-senator in front. Applause and cries of "Bravo!" "Encore!" etc.*] It 's unwise for to have this unlimitless power over the public funds. There oughter to be some restrict put upon it, so as in order to prevent extravergance, and that there can't be no inadvantage taken! [*Applause by an attentive rural constituent in the gallery, who thinks it is the Senate itself in session.*]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [*rapping with his gavel and speaking fiercely*]: The Chair desires to admonish those occupying seats in the galleries against further demonstrations. [*Rural constituent gets scared and goes out. Other folks laugh at this; Vice-President continues to rap.*]

SENATOR X.: Now, then,——

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [*still rapping*]: The senator will suspend until order is restored. [*Rap! rap!! rap!!!——Here, two genuine senators enter, and pause to "take in the situation."*] Gentlemen in the rear of the seats will please be seated [*Rap! rap! rap!*] The Chair requests senators to take their seats. [*Rap! rap!!*] The senator from Nowhere will proceed.

SENATOR X. (Fred): Mr. President, from the way things are going, and the way things have went, we will soon be like unto Rome, and I shall now read from Gibbon, as the volume are here. [*Opens a book and is about to read.*]

SEVERAL MOCK-SENATORS [*jumping to their feet and simultaneously exclaiming*]: Mr. President, I rise to a point of order.

VICE-PRESIDENT [*recognizing Senator Edmunds* (Joe)]: The senator from Vermont will state his point of order.

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): My point of order is that the senator from Nowhere is out of order. He must speak to the bill. We can not waste our valuable time in listening to such trash.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): The senator is himself out of order.

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): No, I 'm not! [*Excitement.*]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): I tell you, you are! and I wont be answered back either! [*Increased excitement.*]

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe) [meekly]: Well, why am I?

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [*recovering his dignity*]: For using unparliamentary language. [*Cries of "Let the words be taken down," "Make him apologize," etc.*]

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): Well, I ask for a ruling on my point.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): The point of order raised by the senator is well taken. The senator from Nowhere will proceed in order and confine his remarks to the subject under consideration.

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): Does the Chair sustain my point of order?

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The point of order is sustained.

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): I appeal from the decision of the Chair.

[*Great uproar, cries of "Are you crazy?" A Supreme Court page sticks his head through the door and shouts out a disrespectful remark. Terrific hubbub, cries renewed: "Turn the rascal out!" Supreme Court page ejected.*]

SENATOR X. (Fred): Mr. President, are it in order to move that the senator from Vermont be lynched? [*Cries of "Treason!"*]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: It is not.

SENATOR X.: Then I make that motion. [*Renewed uproar, and general confusion.*]

VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [*rapping and shouting*]: The Chair wishes to remind senators that this is not the House of Representatives. [*Instantaneous silence.*]

SENATOR CARPENTER (George): As it is manifest that the Senate is not in a mood to listen to my friend from Nowhere, I ask that he yield for a motion to go into executive session.

SENATOR X.: Not by any means! I intend to finish this speech! [*Cries of "Go on! Hear! hear!"*]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The senator from Wisconsin moves that the Senate do now proceed to the consideration of executive business. Those in favor of that motion will say "aye" [*shrieks*]; those opposed will say "no" [*louder shrieks*]; the "ayes" have it. The sergeant-at-arms will clear the galleries and close the doors.

[*One of the mock-senators converts himself into the sergeant-at-arms, and moves about as if requesting people to leave the chamber.* SENATOR X. *screams that the* VICE PRESIDENT *had no right to "entertain any motion" while he had the floor.* THE VICE-PRESIDENT *says he understood the senator to yield, and suggests that the senator hereafter get an "interpreter" to explain his peculiar jargon. This provokes the orator's wrath.*]

SENATOR X. (Fred): I propose to be heard on this bill. I 'll not be gagged. I want to say that I believe there is n't any pole at the North. I believe that this bill are a wasteless misuse of the people's money! a piece of robbery! a job! [*Continued excitement.*] Let us spend what money we have on that nav —— [*flourishing his arms, and looking straight at Senator* CAMERON (Harry)].

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry) [*indignantly*]: Who 's a knave?

SENATOR X. (Fred): Nobody.

SENATOR CAMERON [*in an excited basso*]: What did you look this way for, then?

SENATOR X. [*baritone*]: I was saying ——

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [*rapping, and in a high tenor*]: Senators will please address their remarks to the Chair!

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry) [*in a shrill falsetto*]: I 'll not be insulted!

[*The remainder of his speech is lost in the confusion. Senator X. manages to say something about "that navy of ours." Senator Cameron (Harry) vociferates, and flourishes a paper-cutter as a weapon. More cries. All the mock-senators jump to their feet. Great excitement!*

The hand of the clock is not far from the hour of twelve. Captain Bassett hears the noise, rushes in from the lobby, and walks sternly toward our presiding officer (Tom).

A mock-senator on the floor rescues the dignity of the mock-senate by a motion to adjourn. And our presiding officer still has strength and pluck enough to put the question, give the table a soft blow with the gavel, and, amid general laughter and applause, announce an adjournment to the next day! EXEUNT!]

Soon the *real* Vice-President and the Chaplain appear; the Senate is called to order, and enters upon its dreary work; and the atmosphere again subsides into a lugubrious calm.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE LAW-MAKERS MARCHED UP THE HILL AND THEN MARCHED DOWN AGAIN.

DURING the fall of 1872, the country emerged from a presidential and congressional election, in which "economy in the administration of public affairs" had been a loud party cry. There is no doubt that there were abuses, and that there was room for retrenchment of expenses in certain features of the public service, and one of these abuses was what is termed the Franking Privilege. The Franking Privilege permitted congressmen and other officials to write their signatures on envelopes and other packages, and send letters and

documents through the mail without payment of postage. Such a signature was a "frank"; and some congressmen were rather careless and franked private matter of friends which ought to have paid postage, thus causing the Government to lose a great deal of money which the Post-office Department would otherwise have collected from the sale of stamps.

When the law-makers met in December, they set about correcting this abuse, and in January an act was passed, and became a law, utterly abolishing the franking privilege.

Now, General Benjamin F. Butler, who was then a member of the House, had an idea that, as congressmen were compelled, by the abolition of the Franking Privilege, to buy postage stamps, they ought to have their salaries increased. So, shortly after the passage of the Act, and on the 7th of February, 1873, he reported from the Committee on the Judiciary, a bill which was numbered H. R. 3852,* "to amend the salaries of the three Departments of the Government." It was read a first and second time and referred back to the Committee on the Judiciary. On the 10th of February, General Butler made a motion that the House suspend its rules in order to pass a resolution directing the Committee on Appropriations to include in the "Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill"† the provisions of Bill No. 3852. To suspend the rules requires a two-thirds vote, and, as the General did not succeed in getting that number, his motion failed.

On the 24th of that month, however, he saw his chance. It was night. The House had resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union ‡ (Mr. Dawes occupying the Chair instead of Speaker Blaine), and was proceeding to consider the amendments of the Senate to the general appropriation bill, entitled: "A bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government for the year ending June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, and for other purposes." That bill had previously passed the House, and gone to the Senate. But the Senate had made numerous amendments to it, and had sent it back to the House. One of those amendments provided that the salary of a Senate Clerk should be raised from $2592 to $3600, and the House Committee on Appropriations advised that the House concur in that amendment, with a further amendment increasing the salaries of a number of their own clerks.

That is where the snow-ball began. General Butler saw that a spirit of liberality had taken possession of some of the members, and he thereupon offered *as an amendment to the amendment of the Committee*, to be substituted for it, a long provision, which was almost word for word the language of Bill No. 3852, which he had previously tried to have passed, but without success. This amendment of General Butler's contained the salary-grab and back-pay provision. It provided that, on and after the 4th day of March, 1873, the pay of the President should be $50,000 instead of $25,000; that of the Chief-justice of the United States, $10,500, and of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, $10,000 each; that the Vice-President and Speaker of the House should receive $10,000 each; that the Cabinet Officers should receive $10,000 each, and three of the Assistant Secretaries, $6,500 each; and that the salaries of the Senators, and Representatives, and Delegates should be increased from $5000 to $7500 a year each, and that the members of the Forty-second Congress should be paid at that rate, from the beginning of the Congress, two years before (thus giving to each congressman, as "back-pay," $5000), and that $1,200,000 should be appropriated to cover this "back-pay."

Immediately after the reading of the proposed amendment, it was subjected to a fusillade of "points of order." Under the rules, these "points of order," if "well taken," and sustained by the Chair, or by the Committee upon an appeal from the decision of the Chair, would have been fatal. A general appropriation bill is too important to be hindered and delayed by all sorts of new fancies, and, to secure its speedy passage, the rules do not favor amendments which embody the substance of other bills, or do not pertain directly to the subject under consideration. When an amendment not permitted by the rules is offered, a member has merely to make the "point of order" and show that fact, and the amendment is left out in the cold.

* The bills of each House are numbered in the order of introduction, the numbers beginning and ending with every Congress.

† I have already explained that an Appropriation Bill is one that decrees or sets apart, out of the Treasury, a certain sum of money to defray expenses, either general or special, in one, or all, of the various departments of the Government.

‡ The object of going into Committee of the Whole is to permit freer discussion, as the strict rules of the House do not then apply. When the House goes into Committee of the Whole, the Speaker leaves the Chair and designates a member to take it. All the other members thereupon constitute a "Committee" (instead of the "House"), and they address their presiding officer as "Mr. Chairman," instead of "Mr. Speaker." After transacting its work, the Committee "rises," the Speaker resumes the Chair, and the House receives the report of the Chairman just as if it were the report of any other committee. In the Senate this formality of going into Committee of the Whole is merely "assumed," the presiding officer being always "Mr. President," and the journal merely stating that the Senate *as* in Committee of the Whole did so and so. But, whatever action is taken "in Committee of the Whole," by either of the Congressional bodies, must be done over again *by the "House" or "Senate,"* in order to be of effect; otherwise it is of *no more value* "than the report of any other committee."

This measure, therefore, that was destined to raise so much dissatisfaction among the people, was met at the very threshold by objections. Dawes himself was opposed to it, but as Chairman he had to apply the rules impartially. As Chairman of the Committee of the Whole, he overruled the points of order made. Mr. Holman, as one of the "objectors," appealed from the decision of the Chair. But the committee voted to sustain the Chairman's ruling.

At last, after much debate, it came to a vote on the proposition. The committee divided. That is, those in favor of it stood up and were counted by the Chairman, who said there were 93; and then those in favor sat down, and those opposed stood up and were counted, and they numbered 71 — in all 164. Thereupon Mr. Holman, who never knows when he is beaten, demanded tellers. So tellers were ordered and appointed,* and they shook hands and stood up in front of the Clerk's desk, and the committee again divided. That is, the "ayes" passed, one after another, between the two tellers, who touched each of them on the back as they passed through, and "counted" them. Then the "noes" passed through and were counted, and the tellers reported the result to the Chairman. There were 81 ayes and 66 noes — in all 147.

So the amendment proposed by General Butler was agreed upon, as well as the other amendments increasing the pay of officers and employees of Congress. When the committee had done this, a motion was made that it "rise," and, being agreed to, Mr. Dawes came down from the chair and the Speaker resumed it, and the House proper was again at work. Then Mr. Dawes stood in front of the Clerk's desk where the tellers had previously stood,— which space is called the "area of freedom,"— and went through the *formality* of reporting to the Speaker what had been done by the House while in Committee of the Whole, of which he had been Chairman. Thereupon the Speaker reported the information back to the members (who, of course, knew it quite as well as he did); and then the members agreed to the amendments again, thus making their adoption the action of the House, and so really passing the bill. And this explains to you the whole process of an action of the House "in Committee of the Whole."

From the House the bill went to the Senate, and then, after a long debate, the Senate asked for a Committee of Conference — that is, a committee composed of members of both Houses — to adjust the bill so that it should satisfy the majority in both Houses. Such a committee was appointed, and on Monday, the third of March, the Conference report came up for consideration in both the Senate and the House, and it was adopted, after a very exciting debate, by a vote of 36 to 27 in the Senate, and of 102 to 96 in the House, and the bill thus became an act. On the morning of March 4th the House, at 2:50 A. M., took a recess until half-past nine o'clock A. M.; and upon re-assembling, Mr. Buckley, from the Committee on Enrolled Bills, reported that the committee had examined the bill and found it duly enrolled.† It was then signed by the Speaker, and the Clerk brought it over to the Senate. Thereupon the parchment was signed by Vice-President Colfax, and I stood by the side of his chair and dried the ink of his signature with a blotter! That was the last I saw of it, but somehow it must have reached the President's room, for shortly afterward the President's private secretary appeared in the House and informed that body that the Act had been approved.

Within a few minutes after Mr. Babcock's announcement, the Speaker of the House declared the House of Representatives of the Forty-second Congress adjourned without day, and he and the other law-makers thereupon marched over to the Senate, as described last month, to attend the ceremony of the inauguration.

Such was the last memorable act of that Congress. If you want to find comments on it, pick up almost any newspaper of that year. If you want to see the law itself, you will find it in the *seventeenth* volume of the Statutes at Large, at page 485.

The people of the country were furious when they heard of the passage of this "salary-grab." The idea of the law-makers voting to themselves a million dollars just at the end of their terms, and then quietly dispersing, jingling the gold in their pockets! The more the people thought of it, the more indignant they became. There was one loud, prolonged outburst of wrath against the members of that Congress, which found vent in the newspapers, the "organs of public opinion," and which swept the country from one end to the other.

The fun of it all was yet to come. Many members had drawn their back-pay, including even those who had opposed the measure. As the storm of public condemnation increased in fury, those who had not drawn were afraid to touch the money, and those who had drawn began to feel uneasy and to wish they had not done it, and some even returned the money to the treasury.

Many of the representatives of the Forty-second Congress had not been re-elected at the election of

* Tellers are appointed by the Chairman, and it is the custom to appoint as the two tellers the member who has made the demand for them and his leading opponent.

† I have explained the enrolling of bills in a previous chapter.

1872, and never expected to be. These, of course, were not alarmed. But many members had been re-elected and wanted to be re-elected forever and forever, and they were very eager to do something to soften the wrath of their constituents. Their wild, anxious efforts at repentance were almost laughable. And I may as well remark here, that, notwithstanding all their efforts, many of them were never forgiven, but were put aside by the people of their districts at the very *next* election.

Let me show you the celerity with which the Congressmen acted upon that Salary bill, however, when they re-assembled. The first session of the Forty-third Congress began on Monday, the first day of December, 1873. On Thursday, the fourth, a resolution was offered, in the House, that the *repeal* of the "Salary bill," so called, should be taken into consideration.

That resolution was agreed to; and then was presented a pretty spectacle! Nearly every member seemed to have prepared a bill on the subject, and was anxious to gain the credit of having repealed the obnoxious law. But Mr. Hale, of Maine, was the victor, and, on the 8th of December, he introduced a bill providing for the repeal of the "Salary bill." It was referred to a committee, and was promptly reported to the House again, with a few changes, but really as a new bill; and then the discussion that ensued was very fierce and exciting. Some obstinate members spoke of the denunciation of the people as the outcry of a lawless mob! Others spoke less defiantly. But when it came to voting, nearly all, General Butler included, voted for the passage of the resolution repealing the bill! It was wonderful. And the same is true of the Senate.

This act repealing the Salary bill was passed in the House of Representatives, on the 17th of December, 1873, by a vote of 122 to 74! On the 12th of January, 1874 (the holidays having intervened), the Senate passed it, with an amendment, by a vote of 50 to 8! and the title was amended so as to read: "A bill repealing the increase of salaries of members of Congress and other officers." As so amended, it provided that "the increase of the compensation of public officers and employees, whether members of Congress, delegates, or others, except the President of the United States and Justices of the Supreme Court," should be repealed, and the salaries fixed as before the passage of the Act of March 3, 1873.

The very next day after its passage by the Senate, it reached the House. The representatives promptly concurred in the amendment of the Senate by a vote of 225 to 25! and on the 20th (one week later) it was approved by the President.

And so the law-makers, after boldly marching up the hill, deemed discretion the better part of valor, and marched down again. Perhaps no better instance could be given of the statement made in a previous chapter that, "in this country, the people are the real rulers."

(To be continued.)

THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN.

By Grace F. Coolidge.

A PLUMP little robin flew down from a tree,
To hunt for a worm, which he happened to see;
A frisky young chicken came scampering by,
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer-looking chicken is that!
Its wings are so long and its body so fat!"
While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard:
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said, "No,"
But asked in his turn if the robin could crow.
So the bird sought a tree, and the chicken a wall,
And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

"THE GRAND PACIFIC."

(A True Incident.)

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

'T WAS a rather small engraving of a very large hotel
That little Grace was studying so earnestly and well;
And at last she softly murmured,— this funny little mouse,—
"So that big, 'normous building is Gran'pa Cific's house!"

"Who *are* the Cifics, anyway? Mamma, I want to know;
I 've heard so much about them — I 've never seen them, though.
And it 's always Gran'*pa* Cific. I think there ought to be
A dear old Gran'ma Cific that I might go and see."

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

INTRODUCTION.
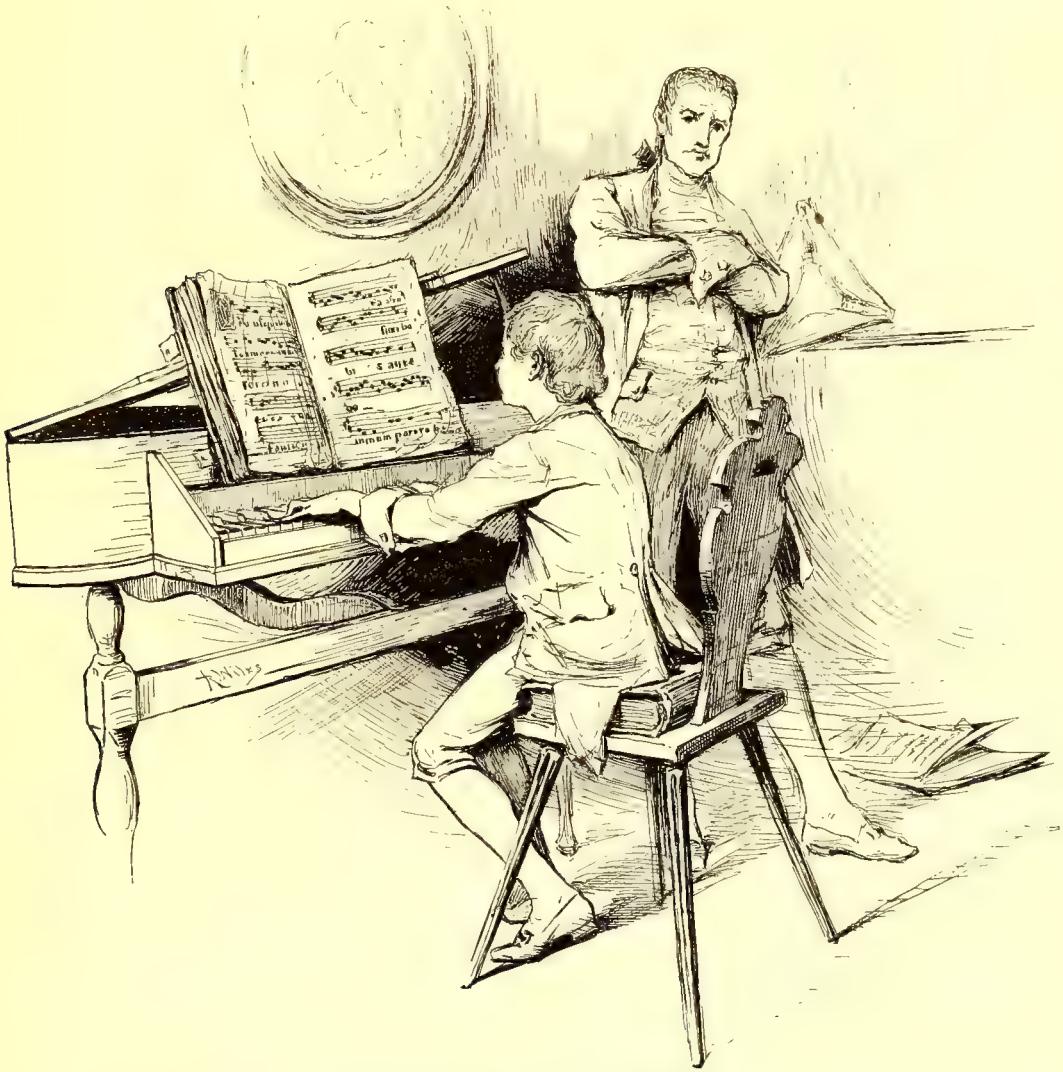
OF the girls of our day, there are comparatively few who do not, as part of their education, give some study to the pianoforte; and of those so engaged, whether loving music or not, there are few who do not hate the drudgery of exercise and scale, and wish that the time devoted to them might be given to almost any other form of torture. It is so discouraging to play the same ancient exercise day after day, and still seem no nearer to Chopin or Wagner than six months before. You come to look upon the piano as a deadly enemy and to dislike it more than anything in the world unless it be those black notes on the paper before you, unmanageable as so many giants. You wish for some fairy godmother to suddenly lay a spell upon the keys so that they should play enchanting melodies under your touch; but alas! one might as well wish for the moon. There is no help for the toil; no one ever played without it, not even Mozart or Beethoven. But whatever one's work may be, there is everything in the feeling which one brings to it, and so, perhaps, you who are working at the piano would be glad of anything that could make practicing a little interesting and the piano your friend. Now, would it not encourage you if you could know that the greatest performers on the piano worked day after day as steadily as you do — indeed, much more steadily than you generally work? Would it not cheer you to hear that Mozart had to play scales — which he afterward said should flow like oil — and that he had to go through exercises when he was a little boy, and that every performer, however great or humble, has plodded on just as you are plodding now? Anyhow, it is surely more interesting to play the music of a man whose life you know, and who seems to you like a friend, than that of one who is only a name to you. In a brief glance at the lives of some of these men, then, we shall see how they were trained to play or compose, how they felt when they made melody, whether they loved their art and were willing to drudge for it! Most of the men we shall read about were pianists, but as every one who plays should know the men who are first in every department of music, we shall also learn something of the genius who is greatest in oratorio and also of him who is supreme in opera.

I. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

One of our greatest composers, and a man who, above all others, should be called the musicians' musician, is Johann Sebastian Bach, born at Eisenach in 1685. We might almost say that music was born again in Bach, so much does his art owe to this illustrious man. He inherited his genius, his family for generations before him having been musical. Indeed, to be born a Bach seemed to mean to be born a musician. More than fifty of this family were *great* in their art, but Sebastian is the one,

above all, to whom musicians have turned, and will always turn, as one of the founders of instrumental music.

Little is known of Bach's childhood, which was passed in the little Eisenach village, among a quiet, religious people, not far from Wartburgh, where Luther used to live. It was fortunate for the child that he was surrounded by many who were interested in music. It was in the air, and he must constantly have heard it, and have fed his love for it. Still, notwithstanding the boy's genius and the fact that his atmosphere was so favorable to its cultivation, he did not acquire his art any too easily. He had only begun to receive instruction from his father on the violin when the latter died, leaving Sebastian an orphan in his tenth year. The child now went to live with his brother Johann Christoph, who was an organist at Ohrduff. He gave Sebastian lessons in singing, and clavichord* playing — the piano not then having been invented. The little pupil astonished his master by his progress, soon knowing his exercises by heart, and begging



YOUNG BACH PLAYING UPON THE CLAVICHORD.

* The clavichord was an old-fashioned stringed instrument, played with keys, something like the old-time harpsichord and spinet — all of them direct ancestors of the modern piano.

for something more difficult. For some strange reason his brother always denied this request. Christoph had a manuscript which contained the works of the celebrated clavichord composers of that day. Sebastian was not discouraged when his brother refused to lend him the score. Fired by his love for music, he managed to get the manuscript from the closet in which it was kept, and, child as he was, he copied it all. As he was allowed no candle, he could only write on moonlight nights, and it was six months before the work was finished. When his brother found the manuscript in his possession, he was cruel enough to take the child's precious copy from him.

In 1698, Christoph died, and our young musician was thrown upon the world at fourteen, with his own living to get. Through his beautiful voice he obtained a position as chorister at St. Michael's church, Lüneberg. This was a great advantage, for, besides his musical studies, he received an education, and also had opportunities to hear the best music. Bach felt how necessary it is for one who desires to progress in music to hear the best masters of his art. Just as we, who now study the piano or violin, attend philharmonic and symphony concerts, so Bach never missed a chance to hear the best performers of his day. He frequently trudged long distances to neighboring cities, often staying after his money was spent, toiling home hungry and forlorn, but with the memory of the music haunting and inspiring him.

In 1703 he was made organist at Arnstadt. While there he studied very diligently, drudging at the works of the great composers, and striving to perfect his execution. It is said that often during the service his musical fancies led him so far from the score that the choir found it almost impossible to sing with him; still the congregation were only too glad to have so fine an organist. In 1718 he removed to Weimar, where he staid for nine years. He had now become the first organist of the day. When playing at Dresden, on a certain occasion, one too ambitious man ventured to compete with him. This was a Frenchman named Marechaud, who had delighted the Dresden people with his playing. Marechaud was a conceited man, and doubtless pictured in his own mind an easy victory over his youthful rival. But when the time for trial came only Bach appeared. Marechaud had vanished from the city that morning. It is supposed that, having heard Bach play, he fled to avoid a failure after his previous triumphs.

Bach's improvisations on the pianoforte were marvelous. (By improvisations or improvising we mean composing as one plays — or, as the phrase goes, "on the spur of the moment." The greatest pianoforte players have excelled at improvisation.) His manner at the instrument was beautifully quiet and subdued. One thought not of the man, but of the music. There was no need for gestures or motions of any kind; he could trust his music to express the emotions of his soul.

It may surprise some of us to hear that before Bach's time people fingered almost as they pleased, seldom using the thumb or little finger at all, a most convenient method for the performer. But we should have found Bach a strict teacher, for he not only refused a pupil unless he showed musical ability, but he only took a small number, so as to give the utmost attention to each. He insisted, as the best teachers now insist, on each finger being equally trained; and the hands must be held in such a position over the keys that each finger is ready to play. We have called him "the musicians' musician," and rightly, for he will always be studied by real students of music. Schumann tells young musicians to "make Bach their daily bread," and so Mozart, Beethoven, and all the masters have done. One could scarcely exhaust Bach's if he spent a life-time in studying him. We have no space in which to speak of his vocal compositions except to say that he revolutionized church music, and that his cantatas and oratorios are unsurpassed. This great genius and simple, modest man, who would have been received with honor by the world, seldom traveled, and passed a quiet life at home. Two of his rare trips he made to Halle, hoping to meet Handel, but each time he missed him. He devoted himself to his music and to the musical education of his son, remembering perhaps his own boyish struggles and rebuffs. His son Emanuel inherited great musical talent, and was the first to insist on a "singing" style of playing. He said the piano should sing the melody, and he set his face against all thumping and drumming. Bach manufactured and tuned his own instruments besides copying his own and other musical works. At last his eyes gave out under the long strain put upon them, and two years before his death, like the great Handel, he became totally blind. He died July 28, 1750, and was buried without a stone to mark his grave. Forty years afterward he was forgotten, and half his almost matchless compositions were lost. He was too great for his time, and not till the end of the eighteenth century, and then chiefly through the effort of Mendelssohn, were the great master's works brought before the public. Now every one who knows anything of music knows Bach's importance in the history of his art.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

By Lieut. Frederick Schwatka.

Second Paper.

The Eskimo children have but few toys, and these are only of the rudest kind. Yet it is surprising to see the amount of enjoyment they get from these trifling affairs, so easily are they amused.



ESKIMO CHILDREN PLAYING WITH THE PIN AND CUP-BALL.

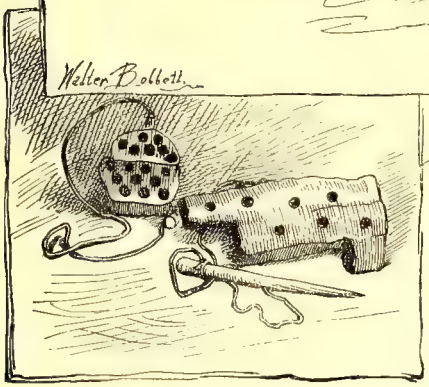


FIG. 1.— THE PIN AND CUP-BALL.

One of the most common toys that I found in use among them was called *noo-glook-took* or *noo-glook-tahk*, or, as it might be called in our language, "Pin and Cup-ball." In Fig. 1 is seen an end and side view of the toy. It consists of two pieces, generally of walrus ivory, united by a string of reindeer sinew about six inches long. The ivory or wooden pin is about as long as the forefinger, and its smaller end is sharpened to about the size of a knitting-needle. One end of the ivory "cup-ball" is bored as full of holes as possible, and the object of the game is simply to impale the "cup-ball" on the pin by thrusting the latter in one of the holes. This is done, as shown in the illustration, by swinging the "cup-ball" backward and forward once or twice and then bringing it around with a gentle sweep, the end containing the holes being turned toward the pin.

Simple as this little toy is, it requires considerable dexterity and skill to make the run of a number of successful points, which is often accomplished by a little Eskimo. Sometimes he will swing it completely around two or three times, alternating on different sides of the hand, and an expert player will in this manner swing it so rapidly that it looks like a revolving buzz-saw, and will then, with a sharp crack, impale it on the pin. I remember

* Copyright, by Frederick Schwatka, 1885.

that I tried it once, and brought the heavy ivory ball so sharply against the end of my thumb-nail that it stung for half an hour after. The most expert, however, will always succeed in sticking it on the pin, or in catching it on the pin's point between the holes, so that the ball will bounce back. A number of holes are also cut obliquely in the sides of the ball, as shown in Fig. 1, so that if it flies sidewise it may be caught by the pin through one of these; and, in fact, those who desire to show unusual skill try to impale the ball on one of these side holes. Should they fail in this endeavor, the thumb-nail or thumb-joint usually gets a whack that makes the player squirm for some time; but, with that indifference to bodily pain so characteristic of savages, they go right on with their play, notwithstanding the hurt. In a village of half a dozen families, you will nearly always see a group of little children, especially the girls, twirling away at this game. As soon as one misses they pass it on to the next, the number of successful catches showing who is victor for that particular round.

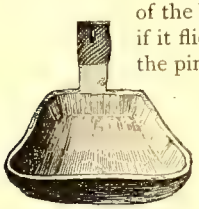


FIG. 2.—A MUSK-OX CUP.

Another childish amusement is to take one of the musk-ox cups, shown in Fig. 2, and, partially filling it with soup or stew, whirl it around on a board or flat rock in the center of a group collected to play the game; the person to whom the handle of the cup points when it has stopped turning is the victor, and can appropriate the contents of the cup. This game is not so much played by the children as by the old women of the tribe, and I am sorry to say that this simple game is often used by them as a means of gambling. When the person to whom the handle has pointed has taken out the article placed in the cup (or alongside it, if it be too large), some other article must be placed in it or alongside it, and a brisk twirl is then given it that sends it spinning around again for four or five times before it settles to a rest and the handle designates the new victor. I have said this is a kind of gambling, because the lucky one often puts in the musk-ox horn cup things much more valuable than are taken out, the only idea of value among the Eskimo being the present necessity for an article. A needle that is wanted for use immediately is more valuable in their eyes than the horn cup which holds it, although it may have taken them a month to make the cup.

The making of these curious cups of musk-ox horn is worth relating. If my readers will look in some well-illustrated book on natural history, they will see that the horn of a musk-ox, as it approaches his head, commences to flatten out in a wide plate that is crimpled at the edges. The Eskimo take this widened base of the musk-oxen's horn, boil it in their kettles, and then scrape it with knives to get it to the proper thickness, after which it is bent in the shape seen in Fig. 2, and is then left to dry. Little toy ones are often made for the babies to play with, but most of them are large and hold from a pint to a couple of quarts. The little girls often play with the *im-moo-sik*, as they call this cup, the victor's winnings being a little bit of soup poured into the cup.

Another game, also called *noo-glook-took*, is played by the men and boys. A piece of walrus ivory, about as long as the forefinger and probably a little larger in diameter, is pierced near the middle with holes running entirely through, and as thickly placed as can be without cutting it in two. Through each extremity is passed a stout sinew string, one end of which holds it fast to the roof of the *igloo*, or tent, while the other is tied to some heavy object, as a walrus's skull or a stone, which acts as a weight and keeps both strings taut.

Some member of the playing party then puts up something as a prize — a pair of walrus's tusks, or, perhaps, a reindeer coat. The players, who stand in a circle around the perforated ivory cylinder, arm themselves with long, sharpened sticks, with points small enough to enter the holes (such as seal-spears with the barbs removed, or iron ramrods), and are then ready to commence; and as the prize-giver gives a sudden shout of "Yi! Yi!" they all begin jabbing at the holes. Finally, some lucky fellow succeeds in thrusting the point of his stick, spear, or ramrod through one of the holes, when he loudly shouts "Yi! Yi!" and pushes the cylinder aside to show that he is winner, and the jabbing ceases. The victor now puts up some new prize,—a musk-ox robe, or a sledge dog, or a sealskin line,—and the game goes on as usual until all are ready to stop. This is a favorite game during the long winter evenings when food is plentiful and everybody is merry.

Many of the little Eskimo girls have dolls, dressed very much like themselves, and made entirely by their own hands. The face is of tanned sealskin, about as black as their own, two round beads being sewed in for eyes and a couple of long ones for nose and mouth. The rest of the doll is clothed in reindeer skin, the same as is its little mistress when she is out in the winter's cold. The little Eskimo girls do not seem to take as kindly to their dolls or to derive as much amusement from their assumed care and trouble with them as do our little girls of the temperate zone. They seem to prefer other and rougher enjoyments.

I give here a picture of a doll, which was given

me by a little Eskimo girl, in return for a present that I had made her, as is the usual Eskimo custom; and I think my little girl readers, when they see its hideous countenance, with its glistening bead eyes and straight bead nose, and especially the fierce grimace of its straight bead mouth, will cease to wonder why their Eskimo sisters do not grow enthusiastic over their dolls. In fact, I can readily



"NOO-GLOOK-TOOK," AS PLAYED BY MEN AND BOYS.

imagine that most of you will say that you don't see how in the world they can like them at all.

The face of the doll's hood is trimmed with black fur, taken from the back of the reindeer. The rest of the dress, except a little trimming around the bottom of the coat, is made of white reindeer-fur, taken from the flanks of the animal. The belt is of black sealskin, secured by a brass-headed tack, and the gloves of dark-colored reindeer-fur. The stockings are made from the flat glossy fur taken from the legs of a young reindeer, and many of these show very creditable ornamentation, considering the limited display of colors to be found on a single reindeer skin. Over the feet are drawn sealskin leather slippers, securely fastened by a puckering string, drawn tight and tied. These prevent the water from getting at the reindeer stockings, the fur of which would be spoiled by the moisture. Except for its hideous face, the Eskimo doll, queer as it looks to you, is generally a very good miniature representation of the Eskimo girl.

The number of toys that represent articles of daily use, and which are so common among us, such as toy wagons, toy sleds, toy railroad trains, and a hundred others, are very limited among the Eskimo; and most of their amusements, as I have said, are confined to their simple games. If you should wish to make a toy sledge, you, of course, would need to have some wood to build it from. In my first article, I told you of the scarcity of wood among the Eskimo, and what funny notions some of them have about timber growing on the bottom of the sea and the drifting ice breaking it off. Well, since wood is so scarce that all they can get must be utilized to make their real sleds, harpoon and spear shafts, etc., leaving none or very little to be made into toy representations of these things, little Boreas looks elsewhere for material for his coasting sled; and he makes it of—what do you think?—the very funniest material imaginable—*pure ice* cut from the nearest lake or river.



AN ESKIMO DOLL.

If the sleds of ice, judging from the one in the illustration, seem rather bulky, they are much stronger than you would imagine, and the boys can coast downhill without breaking them, provided the changes in the slope are gradual and there are no stones or ice-hummocks protruding through

the snow. Even the grown people occasionally use these primitive sledges when dragging their effects over the smooth salt-water ice near the shore line of the sea. The snow-knife, which I represented among the tools that are used to build the *igloo*, or native snow house, is the implement employed to cut or chip out the ice-sledge. There is one advantage to be found in this kind of a sledge that partially compensates for its great weight: the bottoms of the sledge-runners are always perfectly smooth and slippery, being of pure ice; and when the sledge party is on hard and level snow, but little pulling is required—much less, in fact, than one would think—to make rapid progress with such a bulky and cumbersome vehicle.



A SLED MADE OF ICE.

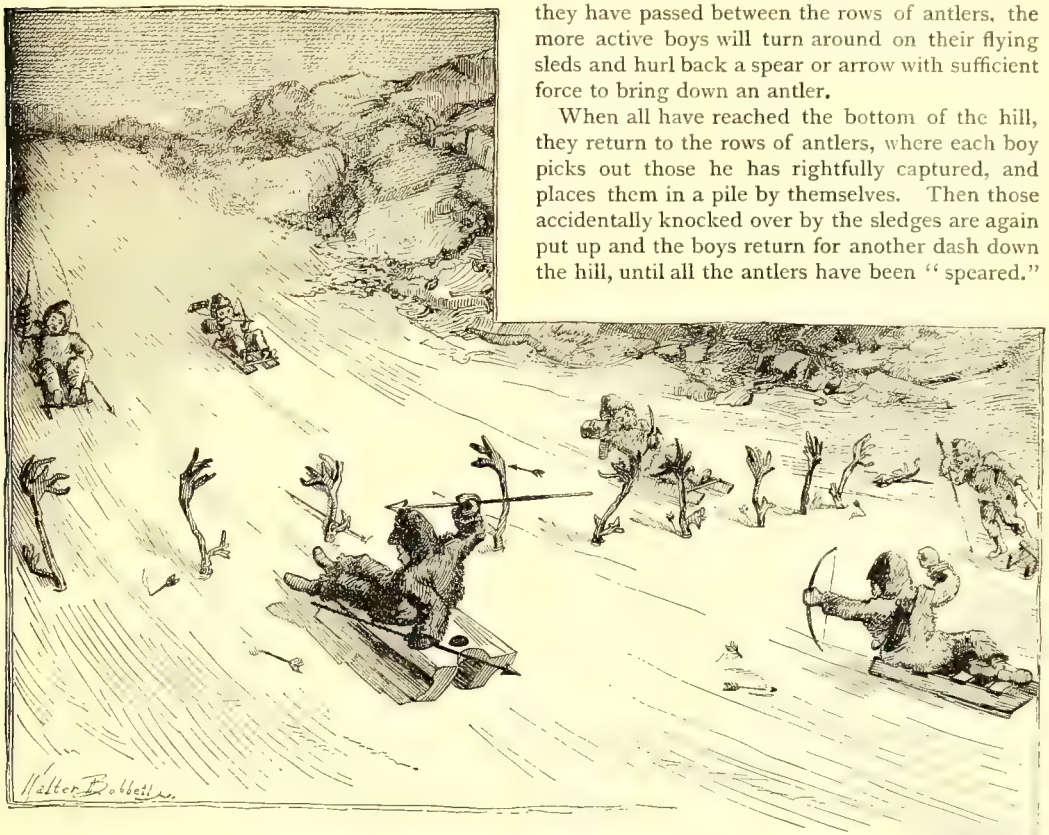
So much easier will a sledge pull when it has runners of ice, that, in the Eskimo country, the ordinary wooden sledges always have the bottoms of their runners iced before they start on a day's sledge journey. First, the sledge runner is shod with a strip of bone cut from the lower jaw of a whale into a long, thin piece, like a batten, or small board, and a trifle wider than the runner. This is made fast to the runner by thin thongs of whalebone. The sledge is thrown on its back, the slats being down, and the native sledgeman prepares the runners for the journey, by carefully icing them. He has a small bucket or musk-ox ladle full of water, and, picking up a piece of snow about as big as his fist, he dips it in the water to render it soft and slushy, and then presses the slushy mass over the bone shoe of the runner with the open palm of the hand until it is completely covered around and along the whole length of both runners. The open hand is kept working backward and forward over two or three feet of the runner's length, smoothing and leveling this opaque mass until it is frozen hard (a process which generally takes only about half a minute in cold weather); then the operation is renewed farther on along the runner. The slushy snow being completely frozen, the next operation is to put on the ice itself. This is done by the sledgeman taking a big mouthful of water and, while he works the palm of his hand backward and forward very rapidly, slowly spurting the water over the frozen, slushy snow; this distributes the water evenly and smoothly, and the watery spray freezes almost as soon as it strikes the cold runner. Thus iced, it is really wonderful how much easier the sledge will run than when it is not so treated. My largest sledge was so heavy, even when unloaded, that I could hardly turn it over sidewise; yet, when Toolooah, my sledgeman, had carefully iced it, I could with one hand take this ponderous affair, weighing nearly half a ton, and slide it backward and forward a distance of two or three feet without any unusual effort. If Toolooah iced the sledge on the side of a hill, and, thoughtlessly turning it over, allowed it to point downhill, away it would go like a frightened horse, unless it was stopped.

Our worst luck would be to have some half-hidden stone tear the ice from one of the runners, when it would drag as if a treble-sized load had been added. But whether little Boreas's sled be made of ice or wood, he is nearly as fond of a sled-ride as the little boys in better climates, and probably would be found as often in the week enjoying one, if his winter time were as short; but as his winter is three or four times as long as ours, he grows tired of the sport, in time.

Most of the sled-rides of our boys are on some of the nice sloping side-hills, while nearly all of those of little Boreas are behind well-trained dogs, which carry him along as fast as a pair of good horses. They go "coasting" quite often, however, if they can find a good hill for the purpose, which they can not always find, because most of the tops and ridges of the hills in their country are kept clear of the snow by the terrible gales of wind that they have so often.

One sport that amuses the Eskimo boys very much would probably be called in our language "reindeer hunting." Having found a long and gentle slope on a side-hill, they place along the bottom of the hill a number of reindeer antlers, or, as we sometimes incorrectly call them, deer-horns (for you boys must not forget that the antlers of a deer are not horn at all, but bone). These antlers of the reindeer are stuck upright in the snow, singly or in groups, in such a manner that a sled, when well guided, can be run between them without knocking any of them down, the number

of open spaces between the groups being equal to at least the number of sleds. The quantity of reindeer antlers they can thus arrange will, of course, depend upon their fathers' success the autumn before in reindeer hunting; but there are nearly always enough antlers to give two or three, and sometimes five or six, to each fearless young coaster.



"REINDEER-HUNTING"—A FAVORITE GAME OF ESKIMO BOYS.

The boys with their sleds, numbering from four to six in a fair-sized village, gather on the top of the hill, each boy having with him two or three spears, or a bow with as many arrows. They start together, each boy's object being to knock down as many antlers as possible and not be the first to reach the bottom of the hill. You can see that, in such a case, the slower they go when they are passing the antlers the better. They must knock over the antlers with their spears or arrows only, as those thrown down by the sledge or with the bow or spear in the hand do not count. They begin to shoot their arrows and throw their spears as soon as they can get within effective shooting distance; and, even after they have passed between the rows of antlers, the more active boys will turn around on their flying sleds and hurl back a spear or arrow with sufficient force to bring down an antler.

When all have reached the bottom of the hill, they return to the rows of antlers, where each boy picks out those he has rightfully captured, and places them in a pile by themselves. Then those accidentally knocked over by the sledges are again put up and the boys return for another dash down the hill, until all the antlers have been "speared." Sometimes there is but one antler left, and when there are five or six contesting sleds the race becomes very exciting, for then speed counts in reaching the antler first. When all are down, the boys count their winnings, and the victor is, of course, the one who has obtained the greatest number of antlers.

(To be continued.)



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes April, laughing brightly!
Bless me! No. She 's weeping slightly; —
Now, she laughs! Can I be dreaming?
See, with tears her face is streaming!
Dry your eyes, dear April, do; —
Happy eyes so bright and blue! —
Pretty April, does it strike you,
That the children are just like you?

A BIG DRINK FOR SO LITTLE A FELLOW.

"THE ants here," a young Sandwich Islander writes me from Kohala, Hawaii, "kill flies by clinging to them, as was mentioned in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS. One day, noticing a row of ants drinking at some water spilled on a marble slab, I watched them. They would drink from five to ten minutes, and gradually their bodies would swell until they were at least twice the usual size, and a good-sized drop of water showed plainly when they were between me and the light. Often one would start to go away, but return and take a little more."

"Why did they take so much?" he asks. "Are they like camels, and can they drink water enough at one time to last them several days, or do they, in some way, feed it to their grubs?"

Who knows?

THE LADY-APPLES HEARD FROM!

THE lady-apples have been heard from. Grace J. G., of Portchester, N. Y., sends word that every autumn Jack Frost shakes down large quantities of the lovely fruit from a lady-apple tree on her father's lawn; and Lizzie M. D., a little Jersey girl, says that "no tree but a lady-apple tree can bear lady-apples," and the little beauties are never found growing on the same trees with ordinary apples.

E. R. B., whose uncle in the town of Fall River, Mass., has a number of lady-apple trees, says "they grow just like any other apple, only they are so pretty!"

Another little girl, who lives in Morrow, Ohio, writes that, like the Little School-ma'am, she has some lady-apples growing, and has gathered them. "We have five large trees in our garden," she adds, "that my grandpapa planted for my mamma, a long time ago, and they bear a great many apples. If any of your little readers will send me ten cents in stamps, I will send them some cuttings off of the trees. I will send you a few apples, dear Jack. Please be sure to taste them, that you may see how good they are."

You will be glad to know, my chicks, that the lady-apples came safely, and were much enjoyed by the Deacon, the Little School-ma'am, and by "Jack himself," though few of my family indulge in such luxuries.

A FUNNY FOSTER-MOTHER.

ITHACA, N. Y., December 30, 1884.

"I WANT to tell you, dear Jack," writes a young girl, "something interesting about squirrels. A boy went out shooting, and, seeing a squirrel in a tree, shot at it and killed it. It stuck in one of the branches, and he climbed up the tree to get it. He heard a queer noise in a hole in the tree. He looked in and found two baby squirrels, which he took home. He had a pet cat, and she seemed to take a great fancy to the squirrels. She let them go in the same basket with her kittens, and it was a funny sight to see her wash their faces. They soon learned to love her, and played like kittens, and would run after a string, or chase a ball. One of them was given to me, and I never had a more knowing or interesting pet. The lively little fellow ran all about my room; and every night he went to sleep in a leather bag which hung in my closet. But as he grew older he began to get destructive, and finally I was obliged to let him go. Once, as I was walking in the woods, I heard a chattering above my head. I looked up, and there was Bunny. I called him by name, and he came down, sat on my shoulder a minute, and then was gone. I have never seen him since. I live in Ithaca, on Cayuga Lake. It is a beautiful place, and I would not like to go back to the city.

Your constant reader,

KATHARINE SAGE.

Give my love to the Little School-ma'am."

AN ILLUMINATED FROG.

THE letter here shown you must tell its own story, my friends. If any of you can throw any outside light on this remarkable frog, or offer any other explanation than that given by Mr. Carlyle, I shall be pleased.

The fact is, I never saw an illuminated frog myself, nor do I well understand how Mr. Fire-fly managed to light up his enemy, so to speak, from the interior. Still, a frog's skin is very thin and

transparent; and, as the Deacon says, strange things *do* happen. Our dear Little School-ma'am has the real name and address of the writer, who vouches for the truth of his narrative.

DEAR CHILDREN: "What is an illuminated frog?" I think I hear you and our good friend Jack-in-the-Pulpit ask.

Now, an illuminated house is a house that has lights in all the windows; and when all the houses in a large city are thus illuminated, as sometimes happens on great public occasions, it is a grand spectacle indeed. No boy or girl who has ever seen such a sight is likely to forget it; and so I never shall forget seeing an illuminated frog when I was a little boy, although the occasion was so strictly private that no one saw it but myself. In all my life I have never heard or read of any one else having witnessed a like exhibition.



AN ILLUMINATED FROG.

It happened a great many years ago, away down in the South, where frogs are so numerous that you can count dozens of them hopping about the garden-walks, in the twilight, at any time after a recent summer rain has enticed them from their holes. At such times, in warm climates, the air is filled with insects of many kinds, and the frogs scramble out from their queer little houses, not for the purpose of enjoying the scenery, or the exercise they get in their sudden and vigorous journeys from one spot to another, but to hunt the insects which form their favorite food.

I was very fond of catching fire-flies, or, as the children of the Southern States call them, lightning-bugs. While I was engaged in such a chase one evening, a little fellow suddenly flashed his tiny dark-lantern almost in my face, and the stroke which I made with my cap in his direction resulted in bringing him to the ground in front of a large frog that was sitting quietly waiting for whatever might come along for his supper.

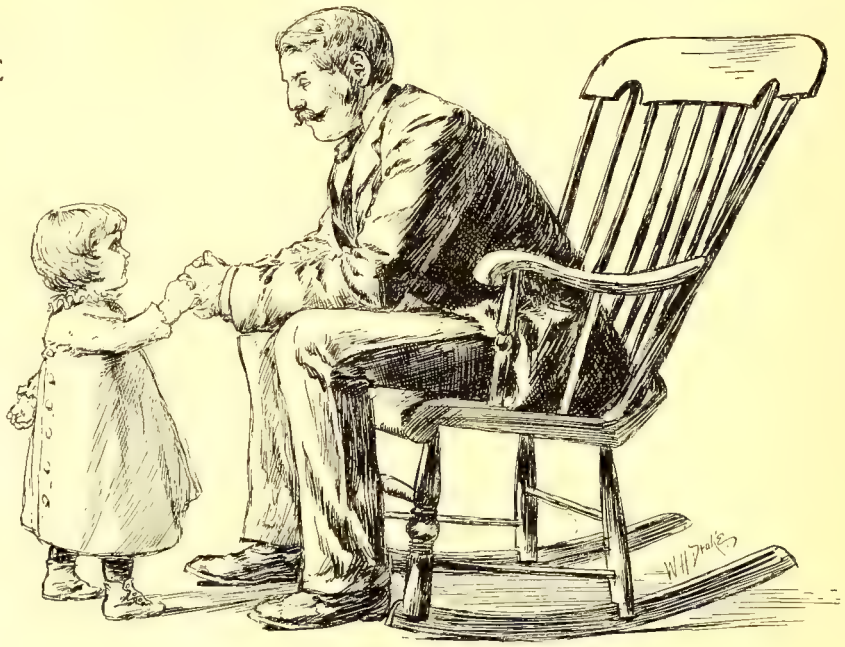
The fire-fly apparently and unfortunately struck a light on the gravel of the walk to see what he had fallen upon. The old toad nodded his head quickly toward him, as if to say, "Good-evening!"—and the little fly disappeared on the instant. At the same time, the toad straightened himself up and puffed out his white vest, as much as to say, "Do you think I would swallow such a thing as a fly, or a streak of lightning, or anything of that sort?" and in the self-same instant I saw—an illuminated frog!

The frog had swallowed the fire-fly, for all his innocent looks to the contrary; and the poor little victim, finding himself suddenly transferred into such a new and dark and close place, had flashed his ever-ready lantern to discover what manner of living prison he had fallen into! The flash was produced only twice while I was looking on in wonder and amazement, and at each such flash I saw in the darkness the strange spectacle of a luminous frog, with every line on his queerly marked hide brought out into plain and bright relief.

With the second flash the light of the little prisoner went out, the toad hopped into the grass, and I hastened into the house to tell the assembled family of my first discovery in natural history.

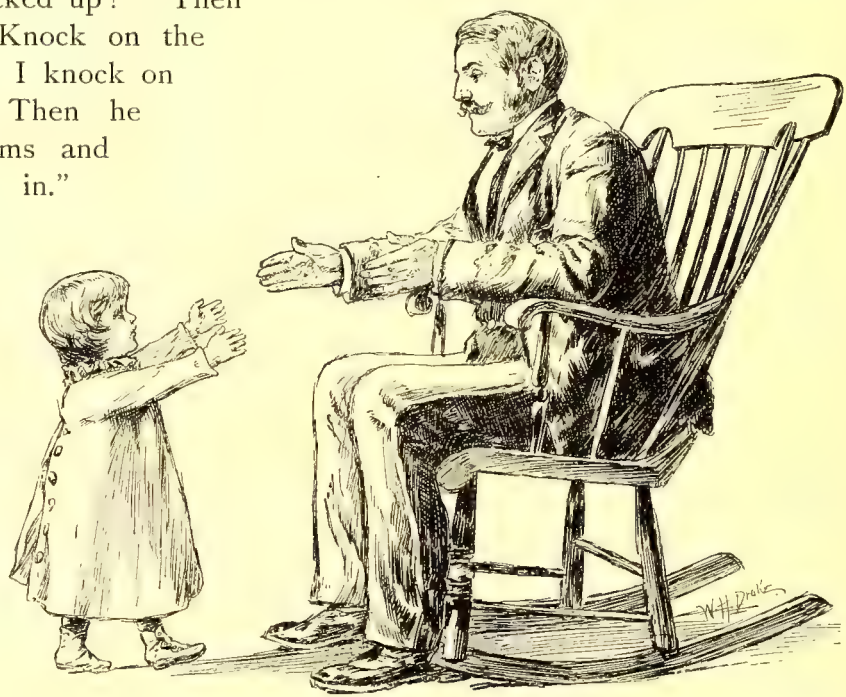
M. CARLYLE.

MY LITTLE HOUSE.

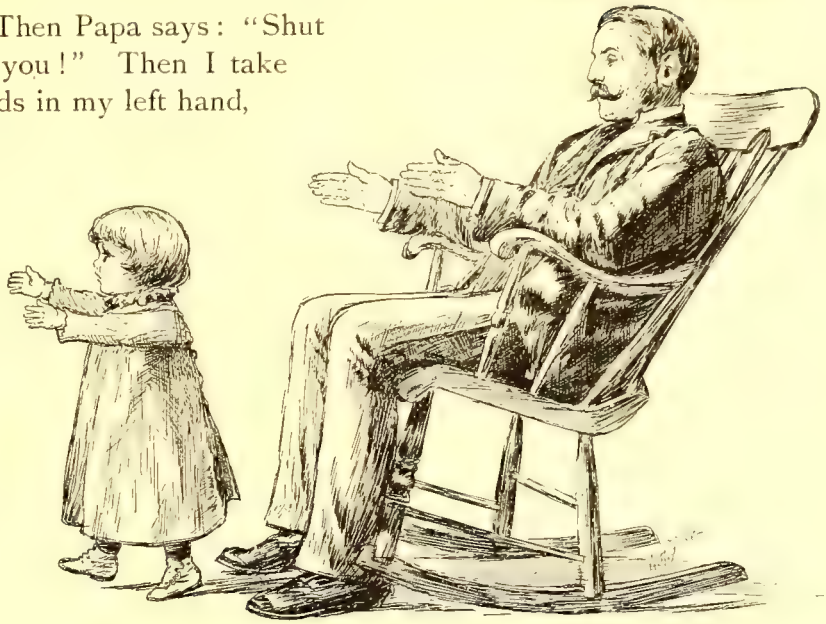


Dear little boys and girls about as old as I am,—(I am nineteen; but it is months),—I want to tell you about a little game I can play with my Papa.

Papa holds out his arms as if he were going to take me; but his hands are clasped tight shut, so I can not run in. Then he says, "Come into your little house!" Then I say, "All locked up!" Then Papa says, "Knock on the door!" Then I knock on his fingers. Then he opens his arms and says, "Come in." Then I run in, and he hugs me up tight, and gives me a kiss.



Then I say, "Knock out!" and I turn around and knock on the door again. Then he opens his arms and



so I run out. Then Papa says: "Shut the door after you!" Then I take one of his hands in my left hand, and one of his hands in my right hand, and shut them up tight. Then he always has one of his thumbs standing straight up; and he says, "Lock the door!" Then I take the thumb that is standing up, and tuck it down in his hand. I like to come into my little house. Any little boy can play this game with his Papa.

'Feck-shuntly, Hy.

Hy is my little name. My other name is Hahdy Bahdy; and my big name is Hah-lin-H-Bah-lid-Ju-ner-Mas-sa-too-sitts.



THE PRIZE STORIES FOR GIRLS.

THE prizes offered on page 68 of the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, for a story for girls written by a girl, have been awarded by the Committee, as follows:

FIRST PRIZE.— Forty Dollars — to the story entitled "Myself, or Another?"
Written by: Marion Satterlee, New York City.

SECOND PRIZE.— Twenty Dollars — to the story entitled "Helen's Prize Dinner."
Written by: Anna McClure Sholl, New Brunswick, N. J.

THIRD PRIZE.— Fifteen Dollars — to the story entitled "Nothing but a Girl."
Written by: Sallie Whittier Hovey, Portsmouth, N. H.

FOURTH PRIZE.— Ten Dollars — to the story entitled "What a Little Bird Told Me."
Written by: Helen V. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.

FIFTH, SIXTH, AND SEVENTH PRIZES.— Five Dollars each — to the stories entitled "Mrs. Lafferty's Discovery," "The Mysterious Wardrobe," and "Marjorie's Ball."
Written (respectively) by: Carrie C. Peddle, Terre Haute, Indiana; Clara Belle Cahill, Lansing, Michigan; Mamie Magovern, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Committee desires to state that the stories entitled "What Susub Found," "How She Was Cured," "Nell's Decision," "Kate's Discipline," "The Queen of the School," and "Bridget" are deserving of especial notice and praise, though under all the conditions of the competition they did not win prizes. And if space permitted, the Committee would be glad also to add a list of forty or fifty stories which came next to those named above in order of merit, and were well worthy of commendation as the efforts of young writers.

The Committee, in the name of the magazine, sincerely thanks the hundreds of young friends who so promptly and heartily entered into the spirit of ST. NICHOLAS's effort to obtain a good short story for girls written by a girl.

The stories which won the first and second prizes are to be printed in the next two numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN connection with the story of "Zenobia," which appears in this number, due credit for certain information, hitherto unrecorded and first used in this paper, should be given to Dr. Robertson Smith's article on "Palmyra," in the new Vol. XVIII. of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, advanced sheets of which were kindly placed at the service of the author of "Historic Girls," by the Messrs. Black of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons of New York.

Old Palmyrean coins, containing the heads of Odænathus and Aurelian, Odænathus and Zenobia, and Zenobia and her son, the boy-emperor Wahballath, are still to be found in some of the coin collections of to-day, though very rare. Has any boy or girl reader of ST. NICHOLAS ever seen one of them?

Rev. William Ware's story of "Zenobia" will be found very interesting by the older ST. NICHOLAS readers, although recent discoveries have materially changed some of the data on which his story is based.

MISS HUNTINGTON has just issued a new edition of her "Kitchen-Garden Book," at a reduced price. It contains some new songs and games. Our readers will doubtless remember the article on Miss Huntington's Kitchen-Garden School, which appeared in the number for April, 1879, and also another paper entitled "Fräulein Mina Smidt goes to School," which was printed in the number for September, 1884.

A FRIENDLY correspondent has sent us the following verses, inscribed to the little Infanta Marguerita, whose portrait, copied from Velasquez's painting, it will be remembered, formed the frontispiece of our December number:

THE INFANTA MARGUERITA.

DEAR little maid of two centuries past,
As we look to-day on your sunny face,
We thank you for standing stately and prim,
Dressed in your satin gown, velvets, and lace.

Marguerita, Princess Infanta of Spain,
With pretty round cheeks so rosy and fair,
Did you long to run in the fields and play?
Did your little feet weary of standing there?

Of what were you thinking, dear little maid?
Did you watch your face on the canvas grow,
While ladies amused you with stories quaint
Or played on the mandolin soft and low?

There 's a happy look in your bright black eyes
As you stand so sweetly before us here,
Coming from out of the great long-ago,
To bring us a greeting on our New Year.

RHODA.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. Easton, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: Many children like to read about cats, and perhaps they would like to hear about my cat, whose name is Barkis. He is now nearly seven years old. The Old Colony Railroad passes at the foot of our garden. One day in the summer-time, when Barkis was about a year old, we saw from our back door a cat all covered with mud, crawling along by the side of the railroad track. It looked so pitiful and in such an awful condition that we went out and brought it into the house. At first we could not believe that it was Barkis, he was in such a terrible condition; all covered with mud and dirt. Oh, how we pitied the poor kitty! We washed him and made a nice soft bed for him; and folks said, "Oh, get some one to shoot him!" We could n't bear to do that, so we took the best of care of him, and, strange to tell, he got well again, and is now not lame at all; but he could never after sing or purr. We suppose he was on the track when the train came along, and was struck by the "cow-catcher" and thrown into the air, coming down into a mud puddle. If he could talk he would probably have had quite a story to tell of his adventures that day. I will tell you how he came to get the strange name he goes by. When he was quite young we taught him to roll over and then stand up on his hind feet whenever we said to him, "If you want a piece of meat, roll over." We would never deceive him, and he is always willing. Father was always a great lover of Dickens' writings, and one day when he saw kitty minding so readily, he said, "'Barkis is willin',' call him Barkis." We all laughed, and ever after called him by that name. Your friend and reader, L.

Philadelphia, Penn., Jan., 1885.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have been taking you for eleven years, but I have never written to you before.

I have a pair of skates, and I can skate a little. I have three card albums, and I like to arrange the cards in them. I got nineteen new cards for Christmas. I enjoy reading you very much indeed. I like Frank Stockton's stories about the best of any. I am thirteen years old. Your friend, Bettie B.

Peking, China, Nov. 30, 1884.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have been taking you ever since I was two years old, and now I am almost seven, but I have never written to you before. I like to read the letters the little children write you, because I have no brothers or sisters of my own, and I get lonely sometimes, and like to hear what other children are doing. I have never had as many pets as they all have, because I have gone about too much to keep them, but I have three birds now: two of them are brown, with white spots like snow-flakes all over them, and red bills. They sit close together, and love each other all day. All the Chinese children walk about the streets carrying birds on sticks; they are so tame they would not fly away. They have tame crickets in cages, too, that sing, and they put whistles on the pigeons' tails that make a sad moan when they fly; they think it sounds pretty, and then it keeps the hawks from them. They use the pigeons for messenger boys, and tie letters around their necks. The men here carry hawks on their shoulders, and when they fly off, they call, and they come back. The streets are very dirty and full of holes, so the foreigners here used to walk on the city wall; now they wont let them, so we go about either in carts without springs, or in chairs carried by coolies. I think I ought to know something about geography by this time. I was born in Maryland, and we lived three years in New Mexico and Colorado, then three years in Europe, and last summer we left Switzerland for China, coming by America, and we were three months traveling. I hope my letter is not too long. A certain old body is writing for me.

Your loving little friend, Dollie Rockhill.

Dear St. Nicholas: Will some of the little folks who read your "Letter-box" try to make out lists of words having the same termination? How long a list can they make of words ending in *ing*, *ess*, *en*, *gs*, etc.? How long a list of words ending in *tion*? To give an illustration:—The Reed cousins had their occasional family gatherings, and at these reunions papers previously prepared by some of the cousins were collected into what they called "The Miscellany," and read for the amusement or improvement of all. At one of these meetings the following paper was read, prepared by Mary McCord, of Wassaic, Dutchess County, New York, who died July 18, 1883. It is here given as a sort of verbal curiosity:

A Conglomeration.

The Miscellany, friends, has a vast circulation,
Though only a semi-occasional publication.
This, of course, is a great aggravation
To all of literary reputation.
However, we hope, with its solid foundation,
With an editor of so much education,
And correspondents of every station,
We 'll soon be spread over *all creation*.
For it 's a magazine of wondrous diction:
It contains in its columns both truth and fiction.
Wit and wisdom are there. Without exaggeration,
You 'll find it brilliant beyond imagination.
My esteem for The Miscellany 't is proper here to mention,
And also for a moment to invite your kind attention
To a fact that 's quite important if viewed in this connection,
And which rightly may tax your most earnest reflection.
As I was standing wrapt in meditation,
Upon a subject of some consideration,
The Editor stepped up with great deliberation,
And made this astounding proclamation.
Said he: "I came to make the proposition
That you would better, in addition
To your former *miscellaneous* production,
Write still another for our instruction.
For on Thanksgiving Eve,—'t is a family invention,—
To assemble the cousins is our intention.
The Miscellany, then, of high commendation,
Must be read in their hearing for their edification.
To give us something, then, you must form a resolution;
So we 'll look to you for a contribution.
To puns or conundrums we have no objection;
As to poetry — we 'd like a bit in that direction."
Now, this was the very first information
That I had received of a determination
On the part of the Editor — with some reservation —
To collect together his beloved relation.
True, among the Reeds for a generation
It has been a custom of great veneration
To meet together for joy and exultation
On this great day of feasting and libation.
But now there is such a multiplication
Of uncles, aunts, and cousins without limitation,
That of late there seems to be no inclination
On the part of many for its perpetuation.
So, although by this unexpected declaration
He rather aroused my consternation,
Yet I attempted, without procrastination,
To get up something for their information.
Now, I really had the expectation
That writing would be a mere recreation;
But I 'm obliged to say, on retrospection,
That that idea doth need correction.
For, after a deal of cogitation,
There seemed to my thoughts no concentration.
I began to be in mighty flustration!
Why, it almost stopped my respiration!
Then I rushed to my room to make preparation;
I rocked to and fro in great agitation;
I seized my pen with some exasperation
And tried to arouse my imagination.
I thought of every land and nation,
And tried to write about civilization.
I looked in vain and with lamentation
To find a fit subject for contemplation!
How I deplored my inanition,
And lack of skill at composition!
I groaned aloud in desperation,
I thought of politics and legislation,
Of tariff laws and of inflation,
Of science, too, and conservation.
But to my troubles came no cessation,
Nor any theme worth commendation!
And there I continued in uneasy position —
Can you imagine my sad condition?
But all for naught. 'T is my solemn conviction,
To the flow of ideas there 's wondrous restriction.
My brain was blank — without habitation;
Not a thought was there, to my indignation;
I waited and waited for inspiration,
But it would not come at my invitation.
So, at last, with the utmost resignation,
I gave it up as a plague and vexation,
For by this time I was in great tribulation,
And my brain in the greatest fermentation.
And, oh! my dear friends, have some commiseration
For the feelings of one in this situation.
'T is so dreadful to find, on examination,
That you can't say a thing to create a sensation.
I 've tried to give you a brief presentation

Of my trials in composing this concatenation;
But pray excuse me if you 've any realization
Of the difficulty I 've had in its compilation.
If you see in these lines too much repetition,
I confess to a failure of my ambition.
But learn from this the application,
Not to write lines with the same termination.
Now, I know you 'll decide, without hesitation,
That writing is not my forte or vocation;
But let me tell you, as my only justification,
For the lack of ideas there is no compensation.

NOTE.— There are 100 lines in the above, every line ending in *tion*, and no word is repeated. Yours truly, W. H.

PESCADERO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old; I live on a ranch, and I can see the light-house from here. We are only about three miles from the beach. There is a small island about half a mile from the shore, and there is a fog-horn on it, which whistles every time it is foggy. I am learning to read music by note. My brother and cousin are getting a collection of birds' eggs and butterflies. I like ST. NICHOLAS very much indeed.

CLARA S.

LONDON, ENGLAND, December, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I always look forward to the end of every month, when Papa brings you. A little time ago I played the "Cuckoo" in a toy symphony. We had great fun, and were twelve children, altogether. I have several little friends who take you, and like you quite as much as I do myself. Your constant little reader,

M. L.

SCRANTON, PA., Dec., '84.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and I think you are the best of all magazines. In one of the St. NICHOLASES there was a receipt in the Letter-box that a little girl wrote; it was how to make a vase with a tumbler with salt and water. I tried it, and it was quite a success. I suppose some of your other boys and girls read ST. NICHOLAS, and I hope they will try it. I am ten years old. Your faithful reader, CLARE.

WE acknowledge with thanks the receipt of interesting letters from the young friends whose names are given herewith: G. M. M., Josephine Battey, Elma Dame, Alice V. Cary, Edward S. Sears, L. M. Holly, Josie, Mary L. Steinfort, W. S., Emma Taylor, Bessie E. Simpson, Birdie E. S. S., Julian W. Cheners, Elden Shaw, Edie W. Longfellow, M. Carrie Rives, Ned Selkregg, A. M. Sanborn, Benjie N. Butcher, Emma H., Ada H., Susie F., I. H. F., R. Earle Olwine, Fannie L. Morey, Maud Guild, Hattie Figley, James Woolfenden, Horty O. M., H. A. G., M. G. & A. V., Carrie Barney, Joe Howells, Jr., A Royal Mosnat, Arthur S., Bianca Noa, Lib, Frank G. Mellen, Minnie Anderson, R. E. H., J. C. T., Bertie J. Brush, May E. R., Claribel, P. J. G., Nellie L. B. Hill, Mary Armstrong, Eddie St. John, Graham Shaw, Ethel B. Sterne, May, Alice Burr, Emmie B. Taylor, Margaret S. L., Adele, L. Maude Westphal, Wager Fisher, Alan W. R., Vincent J. Walsh, Grace M. Searles, Mabel Bosworth, Charley Parsons, W. G. R., J. T. Wagner, Louise G. B., E. M. Gillingham, S. V., S. R. & M. D. S., Jessica, Mattie P. Williams, John Gird, Caroline Newcombe.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-NINTH REPORT.

THE following letters, in response to our request that some Chemist would volunteer his aid to members of the "A. A.," bring us fresh gratitude and hope.

13 BROAD ST., BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 26, 1885.

Dear Sir: In answer to your question, "Can we have a Chemist?" I will reply, Yes; I will be happy to assist you in any way in my power and to answer, as best I can, any questions that the members may wish to ask, provided they have not a commercial bearing; so long as the questions are strictly scientific, I will answer them with pleasure.

I have taken much interest in the Association from the start. Professor Agassiz was one of my teachers.

S. P. SHARPLES (State Assayer).

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1424 11TH ST., N. W.

Dear Sir: In the last report of the Agassiz Association, I find a request for a chemist. If my services will be of any use to you, you are welcome to them, for the work of the Association, in the success of which I am much interested. Yours truly,

WM. H. SEAMAN, M. D., etc.

(For ten years Professor of Chemistry at Harvard University Medical College.)

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL, BOSTON, January 29, 1885.

Dear Sir: If I can render any service to the beginners in chemistry of the Agassiz Association in helping them over the difficulties they may meet, I gladly volunteer it. In making this tender, I am far from asserting my ability to answer any question I may be asked, neither would I wish to render what may be styled strictly professional assistance.

But if any student of your Association who desires assistance in his amateur studies in chemistry will write me a note stating his difficulties and inclosing a stamp for reply, he shall receive what attention I may be able to give. Yours very truly, C. J. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 28, 1885.

My Dear Sir: In the ST. NICHOLAS for February I see a desire expressed on the part of the Agassiz Association for a "Chemist," and I shall be happy to serve the members of the Association in such capacity, in case you shall not have already secured the service of another. I have for years past been actively engaged in interesting my young friends in such matters, and shall be glad of the larger opportunity which this organization of young naturalists offers.

Sincerely yours, PETER COLLIER.

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308 WALNUT STREET, CHICAGO, ILL., January 29, 1885.

Dear Sir: In the February ST. NICHOLAS the inquiry was made for a chemist, to whom "puzzling questions" might be referred.

I will volunteer my services, and will devote what time I can to the work. Yours, etc., A. J. SHERMAN.

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY, LAKE FOREST, ILL., February 2.

Dear Sir: If any of the members of the Agassiz Association desire to consult me upon questions pertaining to physics or chemistry, I shall be glad to aid them. Of course, many of the boys and girls may ask questions that I can not answer fully, but then I can always give the scientists' answer, *I don't know.* Yours,

LE ROY F. GRIFFIN, Professor Natural Science.

STATE COLLEGE, ORONO, MAINE, February 4, 1885.

Dear Sir: I shall be pleased to assist the members of the Agassiz Association in chemistry as well as in hemiptera. The one is my business, the other my recreation. Yours very truly,

HENRY L. FERNALD.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONVENTION.

THE Philadelphia Assembly of the A. A. is now issuing a complete report of the proceedings of the late Convention of the Association held in Philadelphia. It will contain all papers and speeches in full. A limited edition is published at 25 cents a copy, postage paid. This will not cover cost of printing. The Assembly, however, "thinking that it would be a great loss to the A. A. at large *not* to have the proceedings published," has most generously advanced the money.

For all members of the A. A., these books will contain much interesting material pertaining to the Natural History papers and

discussions of the best methods of Chapter work. Those that have not already secured copies may address Philadelphia Assembly of the A. A., P. O. Box 259, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Subject for Investigation.

Professor W. H. Seaman hopes to enlist the co-operation of many of our members in a series of simple observations. He writes:

During the past year there have been several articles on the value of rings in the trunks of trees as a means of determining the age of the tree. It has occurred to me that the A. A. might contribute valuable information, and I suggest the following:

Does the number of rings of growth in a tree-trunk agree with the number of years the tree has lived?

Every Agassiz member who knows of a tree being cut down whose age is *certainly* known, is invited to send answers to the following questions to Wm. H. Seaman, 1424 11th St., Washington, D. C. The results of the answers will be published. Put the number of each question before the answer, but do not write the question.

1. What is the exact locality of the tree?
2. When was it planted, or when was it first noticed, and how do you know this time?
3. How many complete rings and how many partial rings in its trunk?
4. Give name of tree (*i. e.*, oak, apple, etc.)

Wm. H. Seaman.

Notes.

163. *Colors of Flowers.*— I have been reading *The Colors of Flowers*, by Grant Allen. If color is so very important a factor in attracting insects, why can no insect be induced to visit artificial flowers? Is it clearly proved that insects can not be so induced?

I have tried it myself unsuccessfully, and have never heard of a successful case; but I wish that other members would try also.— C.

164. *Phytocollite.*— One of my latest specimens is phytocollite. It now resembles jet, but when taken from the ground, where it formed layers with a clayey soil, it looked like a black jelly. It burns slowly in a Bunsen burner, but, after hardening in the air, burns readily with a clear yellow flame, then leaves a light, white ash, and has the odor of bituminous coal. It has a conchoidal fracture, and a resinous luster. It comes from Scranton, Pa.

I find the study more and more interesting.— Ellen C. Wood.

165. *Flying Squirrels.*— I am positive that some flying squirrels do not hibernate; I keep mine in an old chicken-house, with only wire screens over the windows, and in the coldest weather (about 30°) they were as lively as ever.— Mark Manley.

166. *Squirrels in Winter.*— For water in winter, wild squirrels eat snow, and gnaw ice that has formed in the crevices of trees. I have seen gray squirrels gnaw off small twigs and lap up the sap that flowed from the wounds.— Mark Manley.

167. *Caterpillars in Ice.*— While skating, a great many caterpillars were observed on the ice. One was secured that was about half an inch in the ice. It was an inch long, black, with light spots on sides, and was rather lively. Is this common?— Curator, Ch. 20, Fairfield, Iowa.

Exchanges.

Birds' eggs.— Wm. Monk, 1225 Dorchester Street, Montreal, Canada.

Polyphemus cocoons, moths, eggs, and minerals, for minerals.— F. V. Corregan, 47 E. 7th Street, Oswego, N. Y.

Pipestone, for minerals.— Sioux K. Grigsby, Sec. 750, Sioux Falls, Dakota.

Chinese nuts, agatized wood and ores from California, for eggs, star-fishes, etc.— Geo. S. Eddy, Leavenworth, Ks.

Birds' eggs blown through one small hole in side, for same. Correspondence desired.— Frank W. Wentworth, 161 York Street, New Haven, Conn.

Birds' eggs (side blown).— Geo. H. Lorimer, 120 York Street, New Haven, Conn.

Slate, in natural state, for minerals or plants. Write first.— Chapter 731, box No. 1, Baird's Mills, Tennessee.

A small stone from California for one from any country in Eastern Hemisphere. Please label distinctly.—Linta Booth, Piedmont, Oakland, Alameda Co., Cal.

Butterflies, moths, cocoons, for entomological specimens. Cocoons and pupæ specially desired.— H. W Furniss, 327 W. North Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Minerals and insects.— E. R. Larned, 2546 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Miscellaneous specimens.— Miss MacFarland, 1727 F. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Amazon stone — smoky topaz, petrified leaves, etc. Please write.— Walter D. Burnham, 338 S. 15th Street, Denver, Col.

Correspondence with view to exchange.— Howard Crawley, Sec. Ch. 8, 307 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Minerals and shells. Correspondence with Southern and Western Chapters.— H. E. Sawyer, Curator Ch. 112, 37 Gates Street, South Boston, Mass.

Shells from W. Indies, Spanish moss, and fossil coral for minerals, etc.— S. A. Howes, Battle Creek, Mich.

Tertiary fossils for gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc ores.— F. L. Yoakum, Palestine, Texas.

Feldspar, Iceland spar, green calcite, and iron pyrites, for butterflies — moths or cocoons.— Malcolm MacLean, 417 Washington Street, Wilmington, Del.

Silver and gold ores, iron and copper pyrites, for birds' eggs.— Henri N. Barber, Polo, Ogle Co., Ill.

Good specimens of Lepidoptera for same.— W. P. Cook, Fuller Street, and Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Correspondence for Ch. 135 should be addressed to E. T. Gibson, Jackson, Mich.

Reports.

587. Concord, N. H., January, 21, 1885. For the last month we have had very interesting and profitable meetings, considering the size of our Chapter.

We have been reading up about different kinds of precious stones and about star-fishes, sea-anemones, and such sea-side curiosities. We read articles about whatever subject interests us, and take notes, which are copied into a book. One good source of material is the *Popular Science Monthly*, and most of our articles lately have been taken from that.

735, N. Y. R. We have decided to take up one of the kingdoms every two months, and have lectures delivered on it. Last month we studied butterflies; we are now looking up minerals. The Society seems to get on very well, and all seem glad to come. As we had very little money in the treasury, we started a paper, which has already brought us in about five dollars. We hope soon to increase its circulation. This money is to be used for buying books; that is, some mentioned in the Hand-book. We wish to exchange a specimen of copper ore from Lake Superior for a specimen of tin.— Jessie P. Andresen, Sec.

708, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Two months have passed and our Chapter is getting along nicely.

We have now twenty active and six honorary members.

Twelve meetings have been held, and twenty-one essays read.

We have a cabinet and have three hundred specimens in it.

We are now preparing a play which we are to have soon for the benefit of our Chapter.— Yours truly, Peter T. Bourne, Sec.

688, Landis Valley, Pa. We are getting along slowly, but surely. At present our library numbers 82 volumes, among which are the *Geological Survey*, by Powell (U. S.); 19 Agricultural Reports from '63 to '83; 64 reports on fisheries, ordinance Smithsonian Reports, etc. The 82 volumes did not cost us a cent; some of them will be very useful to us, especially the reports on Entomology in U. S. Agricultural Reports.

Our Chapter has the use of a small printing-press, with which we print our blanks, etc.

As I write I see a domestic fly on the window; these I noticed all winter, and on parting the leaves of tobacco I noticed many of them beside a wasp, and a few varieties of spiders in a sort of stupor beneath the leaves. Our relic collector goes by signs; when he sees small chips of flint, quartz, etc., on the ground, there he is sure of finding some Indian implements.— H. K. Landis, Sec.

87, N. Y. B. It gives me the greatest pleasure to record so eventful a year in the annals of New York B. Our Chapter has made an immense stride in the past year. Better organization, increased interest, sounder finances, mark every step. Several notable events in the year stand out in bold relief. The adoption of the new Constitution of the A. A.; the A. A. convention in Philadelphia; and the adoption of the new Constitution and By-Laws by the Chapter. The Convention of the A. A. will forever be a source of pride to the members of our Chapter in general and to the delegates in particular; and will do much to effect public recognition of its excellent work. The voluntary lectures and essays by members mark a great advance upon the almost compulsory delivery of former years. The library is increasing and shows many valuable acquisitions. We have at present 71 volumes treating of the various branches of science; 581 magazines, and 61 essays written by members. It has been more diligently patronized than in former years. The treasury is in excellent condition; we have $123.95 in cash. The expenses of the year amounted to $85.24. We have had 18 discussions on various subjects. The Curators' Committee did fine work in exhibiting selections from the cabinet. This makes the members acquainted with the cabinet, which, being in a private house, is necessarily more or less inaccessible to them. The evening entertainment, although successful beyond expectation, was not as representative of our work as the annual exhibition held upon Prof. Agassiz's birthday, which gained us many friends. We have had two excursions,— one to South Orange and one to Rockland Lake,— which, with the moth-hunts in East New York, gave the members an excellent chance to combine pleasure with work. The thanks of every individual member are due to the friends to whose disinterested encouragement we are indebted for our existence, our continuance; their kindness being the bond of union which unites our small efforts. Let us work as good and true young men, appreciative of the good that we are receiving.— Frederic Schneider, Rec. Sec.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
761	Paterson, N. J. (A)	4	Mrs. T. H. Crosby, 289 Broadway.
762	Baltimore, Md. (J)	6	W. H. Hugg, 90 North Paca Street.
763	Newton Centre, Mass. (B)	8	Ernest Nickerson, Box 188.
764	Baltimore, Md. (K)		W. E. Moffett, 27 1st Street.
765	Detroit, Mich. (G)	10	Wm. W. Bishop, 74 Pitcher St.
766	Alleghany City, Pa. (A)	8	Frank Woodburn, 170 North Avenue.
767	Chicago, Ill. (X)	6	J. Cook, 236 Dearborn Ave.
768	Wheeling, W. Va. (A)	6	F. S. Dalzell, care City Bank.
769	Chester, S. C. (A)	24	Prof. H. A. Green.
770	New York, N. Y. (T)	8	W. E. Matheson, 70 Union Pl.
771	Sloatsburg, N. Y. (A)	6	W. W. Allen, Box 12.
772	Vineland, N. J. (A)	5	John S. Gage, Box A.
773	Baltimore, Md. (L)	6	Miss E. O. Williams, 167 Park Avenue.
774	Concord, N. H. (C)	4	Harley B. Roby, 7 Bailey's Block.
775	Effingham, Ill. (A)	4	Homer Clark, Box 109.
776	Oakland, Cal. (C)	4	S. R. Wood, 2018 Telegraph Avenue.
777	Seneca Falls, N. Y. (A)	8	Claude Christopher.
778	Embla P. O., Baltimore Co., Md. (A)	4	C. S. Lee.
779	University of Va. (A)	6	James T. Underhill.
780	Jamestown, D. T.	6	Frederick Lyon.
781	Brooklyn, N. Y. (K)	4	C. H. Town, 3 Montague Terrace.
782	Clinton, Iowa (B)	5	Miss Laura E. Bachelder.
783	Owego, N. Y. (A)	8	F. Storrs Hansell.
784	Providence, R. I. (D)	4	E. A. Burlingame, 337 Broad Street.
785	Champaign, Illinois (A)	7	Willie Scott.

DISSOLVED.

710	San Bernardino, Cal.	20	A. S. Guthrie.

REORGANIZED.

275	Washington, D. C. (E)	12	Alonzo H. Stewart, 204 4th Street, S. E.

Address all communications for this department to the President of the Association,

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, LENOX, MASS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

FOR OLDER PUZZLERS.

I AM composed of seventy letters, and form a couplet by Shakespeare.

"14-27-70-24-30-33 and ministers of grace defend us!"

"For stony 29-26-37-11-57-22 can not hold love out."

"I do beseech you to 43-4-9-63-20-46-51-28-60-19 my purposes aright."

"Or like a 1-41-45-18-61? Very like a 1-41-45-18-61."

"The lady 47-16-55-44-21-46-66-23 too much, methinks."

"An old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his 54-52-8-40-58 an inland man."

"So 1-17-34-31-21-49-12-25 and so wild in 66-38-3-59-35 attire."

"Still 2-39-6-10-32-69-70 on my daughter."

"Slaying is the word; it is a deed in 53-39-22-67-68-7-27."

"—That quench the fire of your pernicious rage with 42-56-64-15-18-61 fountains issuing from your veins—."

"I do not set my life at a 5-50-69-23 fee."

"There's a 13-48-62-36-4-36-40-65 that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will." F. A. W.

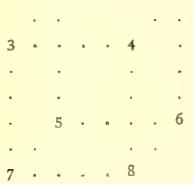
HOUR-GLASS.

THE centrals, reading downward, spell a name famous in history.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wept noisily. 2. Pertaining to a canon. 3. Beloved by good housewives. 4. A mariner. 5. In trepidation. 6. What worth is said to make. 7. An assembly. 8. A vessel used by soldiers for carrying liquor for drink. 9. Buying provisions.

C. G. B.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, cheated; from 2 to 6, forces along; from 5 to 6, escapes by stratagem; from 1 to 5, an instrument of correction; from 3 to 4, to clothe; from 4 to 8, eaten away; from 7 to 8, guarded; from 3 to 7, to accompany; from 1 to 3, compensation for services; from 2 to 4, to color; from 6 to 8, dismal; from 5 to 7, to consume.

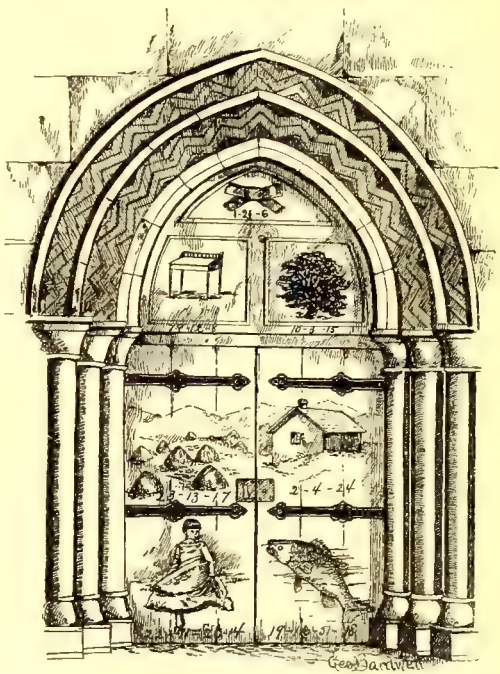
IDA G.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals name two very famous writers born in April.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. An exhibition. 2. A nimbus. 3. To affirm. 4. Species. 5. Huge bodies of water. 6. The forepart of a ship. 7. A river of Spain. 8. In the distance. 9. A float. 10. A distributive adjective pronoun. DYCIE."

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer is a maxim of "Poor Richard's," commending industry.

CHARADE.

OFT, with my *second* nestling near,
While under foot my *whole* you press,
You by my *first* are borne along.
(—When safe at home my riddle guess.) "ŒDIPUS."

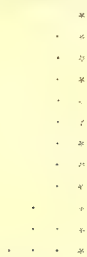
PI.

In what poem by John G. Whittier do the lines occur from which the following "pi" is made?

Fro weske het doucls dah kedra eth shill,
Nad vedex het laves twih arinnig,
Adn lal eth wsodo weer ads wtih simt,
Nad lla het brosok palincoming.

SADIE M. W.

MONUMENT PUZZLE.



The central letters (indicated by stars), when read downward, spell the name of a brave general in the Revolutionary War.

Cross-words: 1. In Clinton. 2. A reptile. 3. An antique vessel. 4. The foot of beasts of prey having claws. 5. A number. 6. A beverage. 7. A monkey. 8. A young animal. 9. Devoured. 10. Imagination. 11. Certain shell-fish. 12. Apparel.

"ROBIN HOOD."

HALF-SQUARE.

1. Of the same country. 2. The surname of a prominent character in the play, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." 3. A salt consisting of meconic acid and a base. 4. To attain. 5. Earthnuts. 6. Rends. 7. Rank. 8. A cold substance. 9. An exclamation. 10. In elevate.

"[illegible] M. Travis."

INVERTED PYRAMID.

Across: 1. Of the nature of a parasite. 2. A series of violent declamations. 3. Became dim. 4. The cry of a certain animal. 5. In pyramid.

Downward: 1. In pyramid. 2 A preposition. 3. To tear. 4. The nationality of Mohammed. 5. An Eastern salutation. 6. A notion. 7. A boy's nickname. 8. A verb. 9. In Alcibiades.

"LYON HART."

DIAMOND.

1. In debate. 2. An abbreviation of the name of a month. 3. Fretted. 4. Allured. 5. A girl's nickname. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In debate.

CHARLOTTE.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON.

In each of these examples, the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

1. LAMNEEEOSRYY. Relating to charity.
2. TAAVIEELL. To mitigate.
3. BLATTEEDDII. Weakened.
4. CONIIPPAARTT. The act of sharing in common with others.
5. SCATTLLIINNO. The act of emitting sparks.

MARION V. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

Concealed Proverb. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Beheadings. Mayne Reid. 1. M-eat. 2. A-rid. 3. Y-ore. 4. N-ear. 5. E-den. 6. R-ace. 7. E-spy. 8. I-bid. 9. D-ale.

St. Andrew's Cross of Diamonds. I. 1. P. 2. Par. 3. Paris. 4. Parasol. 5. Risen. 6. Son. 7. L. II. 1. L. 2. Pip. 3. Petal. 4. Literal. 5. Pared. 6. Lad. 7. L. III. 1. L. 2. Nap. 3. Natal. 4. Lateral. 5. Pared. 6. Lad. 7. L. IV. 1. L. 2. Lip. 3. Libel. 4. Liberal. 5. Perry. 6. Lay. 7. L. V. 1. L. 2. Dab. 3. Debar. 4. Labored. 5. Bared. 6. Red. 7. D.

Anagrams. Authoress, Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1. Uncle Tom's Cabin. 2. Little Foxes. 3. The Minister's Wooing. 4. Oldtown Folks.

Double Diamond. Across: 1. C. 2. Rat. 3. Lines. 4. Men. 5. S. Downward: 1. L. 2. Rim. 3. Canes. 4. Ten. 5. S.

Double Acrostic. Primals, Michel; finals, Angelo. Cross-words: 1. ManiA. 2. IntroductioN. 3. CraG. 4. HingE. 5. EquaL. 6. LoO.

Cube. From 1 to 2, ferreous; 2 to 6, suspense; 5 to 6, sparable; 1 to 5, fabulous; 3 to 4, trailing; 4 to 8, garrison; 7 to 8, shagreen; 3 to 7, theatres; 1 to 3. faint; 2 to 4, shrug; 6 to 8, consumed; 5 to 7, shuts.

Word-squares. I. 1. Baton. 2. Atone. 3. Toads. 4. *On dit*. 5. Nests. II. 1. Rouge. 2. Owner. 3. Under. 4. Geese. 5. Erred.

Numerical Enigma. A dry and cold March never begs its bread.

A Letter Puzzle. Start at the letter "i" in "price." Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

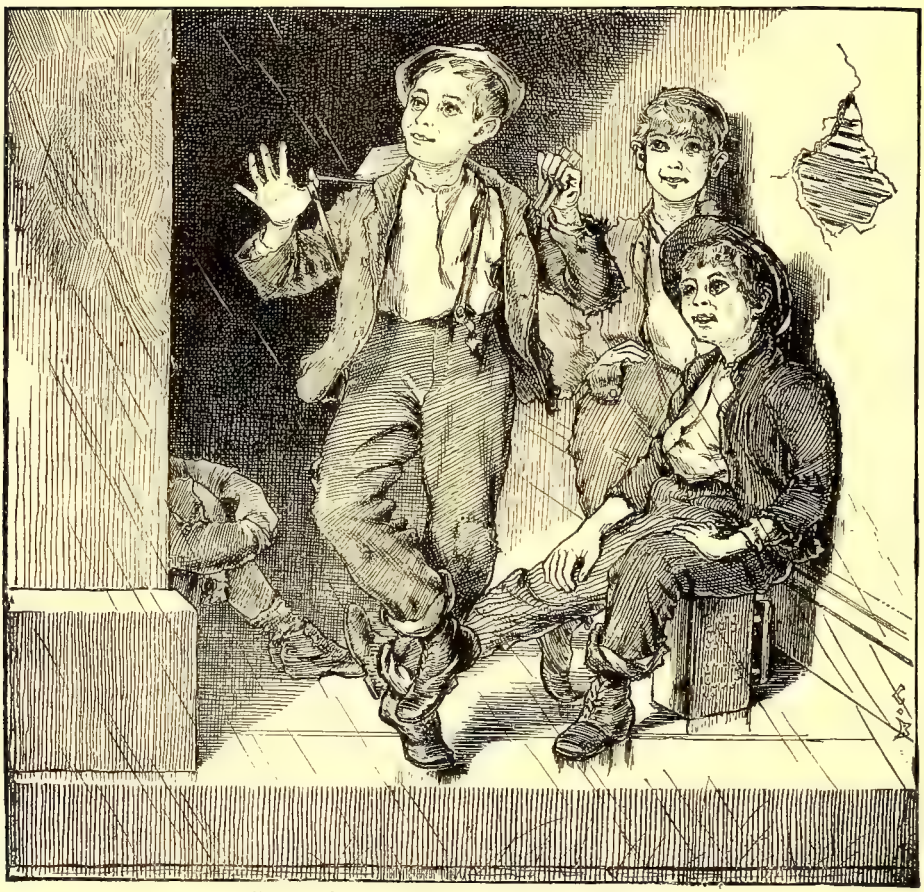
An Octagon. 1. Nap. 2. Forum. 3. Nostril. 4. Artiste. 5. Pursued. 6. Mites. 7. Led.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the February Number were received, before February 20, from "Navajo"—Paul Reese—Maggie and May Turrill—Clara and Mamma—"Judith"—"Œdipus"—J. N. W.—Dorie and May Higgs—Archie and Thirza—Ernest B. Cooper—"Pepper and Maria"—Dora Chase Congdon—Mamie Hitchcock—Trebor Treblig—Hugh and Cis—Willie Serrell and friends—Paddy and Joe—"St. Paul"—Lucy M. Bradley—Ida C. L.—Francis W. Islip—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—Marion Stuart Smith—Harry M. Wheelock—Bessie Yates.

Answers to Puzzles in the February Number were received, before February 20, from M. R. Bailhache, 1—W. A. Pickell, 1—E. A. Patchen, 1—M. Reynolds, 2—F. E. Loeb, 1—H. L. Haughton, 1—C. Langstroth, 1—C. and A. Loeb, 1—S. Seabury, 1—T. S. Y. L. A. M., 1—Robert McK. Barry, 2—M. D. Bush, 1—L. S., 2—Ada M. Smith, 2—N. Lewis, 1—M. F. F., 3—George W. Chandler, 2—A. B. Corbin, 1—S. E. Day, 1—Bessie Packard and Ethel Saltus, 3—E. and J. Rhoads, 1—J. Foote, 1—M. Bloomfield, 1—"Sparta," 1—B. Everly, 1—"Socks," 2—Laura E. Maas, 2—L. Wells, 1—H. H. Tryon, 1—M. Rogers, 1—A. E. Hartranft, 1—Amelia Norris Frink, 2—Harry G. H., 1—M. L. R. Satterlee, 1—"Two Sisters," 2—J. O. Starkweather, 1—C. D. Mason, 1—Ferd. G., 1—Emma L. Gilbert, 7—H. W. P., 3—H. Figley, 1—Mayme C., 1—L. Wippert, 1—M. Guild, 1—M. Cassler, 1—Julius L. Troy, 2—"Psyche," 6—C. Clark, 1—Manny Neuburger, 2—Frank M., 1—"Marguerite," 1—Lulu Philibert, 2—A. Neuburger, 1—"Midget and Brownie," 3—S. R. Bent, 1—Willie S. Covell, 2—P. G. Peltret, 1—A. Morgenthan, 1—H. H. C., 1—"Puss," 3—M. E. Dickman, 1—Carrie Barney, 2—Prof. Plunkett, 1—A. L. Zeckendorf, 1—Anna E. Ross, 2—"My Sister," 1—"Sinbad the Sailor," 5—Florence Abbie Clarke, 6—Percy Varian, 7—E. Hoffman, 1—"Oakland Crowd," 5—F. G. Mellen, 1—Genivieve Alling, 2—"You B.," Hamburg, 1—Morris D. Sample, 9—Emma Findlay, 2—Flora McDonald, 3—E. J. Brush, 1—Laura Smith, 1—J. L. Kendrick, 1—M. Mebs, 1—Ben. Ives Gilman, 8—M. A. Granger, 1—Edith and Lawrence Butler, 3—"Pyramus and Thisbe," 4—Lou Henry, 2—Helen C. S., 1—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 9—H. L. Stebbins, 1—J. W. Stebbins, 1—F. A. Foster, 1—Carrie C., 1—K. Jordan, 1—G. Goldsmith, 4—K. E. Clulow, 1—Edith L. Granger, 3—J. S. H., 1—Fred B. Defrees, 2—Annie Pierce, 3—Nellie E. Miner, 3—E. B. Haggin, 1—H. Payne, 1—N. M. Suydam, 1—A. Lehow, 1—M. W. Nicholas, 1—Ellie and Susie, 2—Edith and Myra, 6—H. P. Cofran, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Susie E. Hepner, 4—E. C. Brownell, 1—S. Symington, 1—Gertrude Perkins, 3—Rose and Roger Perkins, 9—L. Kendrick, 1—M. E., 1—Edward Hamill, 8—"Merlin," 1—Jer, 3—M. F. S., 1—J. H. Farwell, 1—Jessie Mackeever, 7—Lily M. W., 1—J. P. Hedley, 1—Nona Fritz, 7—C. Parsons, 1—Willie Tahourdin, 2—Bertha and Mamma, 7—Arthur E. Hyde, 5—Grace L. Dickie, 3—Petsy and Beatie, 3—F. R. Nickerson, 1—Lillie Parmenter, 5—Geo. Habenicht, 2—Mamma and Marian, 5—John V. Simeral, 2—M. McGaw, 1—R. H., Papa and Mamma, 2—Laura Gordon, 2—Nellie Wood, 7—Josie E. Wilhelm, 3—James Conner, 3—Ida Maude Preston, 10—J. A. H. H., 9—"Juventus." 8—"Josie," 1—Josephine Casey, 4—Bob Howard, 6—Budge, Bab, and Auntie, 7—Barry H. Jones, 3—W. S. Symington, 2—M. R. and L. W., 1—E. Muriel Grundy, 9—Eleanor B. Linsley, 4—Tiny Puss, Mitz, and Muff, 9—"Penetrator," 3—"Puz," 7—C. Powers, 1—T. Snell, 1—Herbert Gaytes, 10—"Jamie" and Mamma, 5—"Phil O. Sophy," 8—"R. I. Chard," 10—Emmie B. Taylor, 2—L. Jay, 1—"S. O. Theytellme," 3—Fanny R. Jackson, 9—Edith Y. and Jennie D., 4—Willie Sheraton, 3—Harry and Hallie C., 2—Jessie L. Frost, 2—F. B. Buckwalter, 1—Lulu M. B., 1—E. and M. Peart and J. Spiller, 5—Sallie Viles, 9—"Snipe," 2—Pernie, 8—Bijou, 2.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.



"HOORAY! AFTER THE RAIN, COMES THE *'shine'!*"


A joyful Easter

